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*The Juvenile Missionary  
Magazine (and Annual).*

London missionary society

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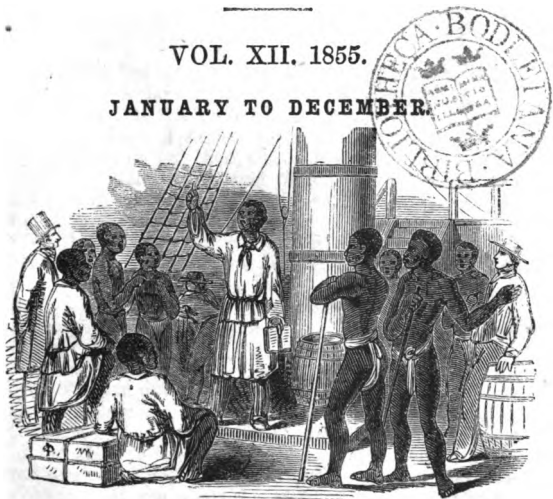




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JANUARY TO DECEMBER.



*Preface, page iv.*

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## PREFACE.

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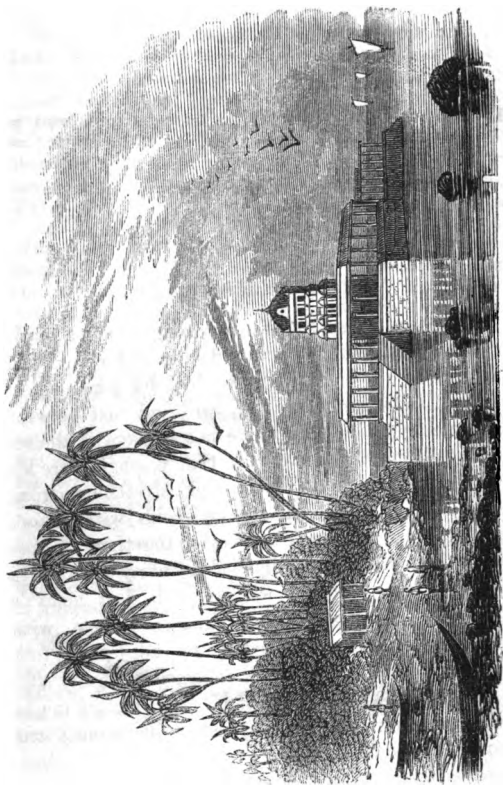
THE Editor has much pleasure in presenting to his readers the Twelfth Volume of the Juvenile Missionary Magazine. This volume he has tried to make as interesting and as useful as those of former years, and he believes he has been able to do so. And, although this has cost a great deal of trouble, he rejoices to know that he has not laboured in vain. In the first place, he is encouraged by the fact that tens of thousands of dear young people throughout this country still read it, and keep it, and talk about it to each other, and are led by what they read to pity the heathen and help the Missionaries. And this is the more pleasing when it is remembered that other publications filled with pictures have appeared since this Magazine was begun, but that many prefer the book which was intended rather to improve the mind than to please the eye. Then, in the next place, it is very gratifying to know that our Magazine goes to nearly all parts of the world; that it is read at our Missionary Stations, in some of them by the children themselves, and in others where they do not speak English, it is translated for them by the Missionaries. If you could be at some of those Stations when the monthly Magazine parcel is opened, you would be delighted to see with what a cheerful smile and a bright eye many of the children welcome their favourite book, and how joyfully they run home to their huts to read it to their parents. But then, there is another thing which encourages the Editor, and which will please his young friends. It is that much of what is published every month in the Magazine is translated into other languages and printed in other lands. In Wales, in France, in Holland, in Switzerland, and in Germany, there are thousands

who thus read in their own tongue what the Gospel is doing among the heathen.

Now, it is quite impossible to say, or even to think, how much good is thus done. And surely a book so instructive and useful, the object of which is to tell people about the wretched heathen, and the way in which many of them have become Christians, ought to be spread as far as possible by those who love the cause of Missions. We therefore again ask our readers to help us. This they can easily do, by getting one new subscriber each; and surely if they have received knowledge from its pages, and pleasure in reading them, they will wish others to share these benefits. When the heathen are converted, and learn the wonderful things which the Bible teaches them about God and man, sin and salvation, heaven and hell, many of them begin at once to tell their ignorant countrymen what they know. Look at the Vignette on the title page of this volume. There you will see a man standing upon the deck of the Missionary Ship speaking to a group of naked savages. Now, who is the speaker; what is he talking about, and who are the people listening to him? The speaker is a native of Erromanga, the island where good Mr. Williams was murdered. He has been to a Missionary Station, and has become a Christian; and now he has returned to the dark land of his fathers with his heart filled with the wonderful things he has learned from God's book. Some of his heathen countrymen have come on board, and he cannot stay until he gets on shore, but he must begin at once to speak to them about the love of God and the salvation of sinners. Now, we want all our readers to feel as this converted Erromangan felt, and, as far as they can, to act as he did. They may spread the knowledge of what God has done and is doing for those who are lost in ignorance and sin, and this may be done by circulating our Magazine, and in every other way helping forward the cause of Christian Missions among the heathen.







*Temple of Rama, India.*

THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1855.

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THE TEMPLE OF RAMA.

WE are not going to give our young friends a lesson in Geography, but if they would fully understand this Engraving they must please to look for a moment at a map of India, and there they will find that between that country and Ceylon there is a passage of the sea called the Gulf of Manaar. In that passage there are two small islands, and a line of rocks stretching across, named Adam's Bridge. These two islands, with Adam's Bridge, almost join India and Ceylon together. Across here, it is said, the god Rama led the army of monkeys of which some account was given in last month's Magazine. Having, as the Hindoos believe, with this singular army, destroyed the ten-headed and ten-armed giant of Ceylon, Rama returned a mighty conqueror to his own land. That his great victory might not be forgotten, a temple has been built on one of the islands over which he passed. It is this temple which is represented in the wood-cut as jutting out into the sea. Hither the people of India flock by hundreds, and by thousands, from all parts of the land. You

may often meet large companies of them, with horses, donkeys, and bullocks, laden with provisions for the way; men, women, and children, toiling along on foot over hill and dale, across plains and forests, through city and country, blowing horns, and shouting as they go, at the top of their voices, the praises of Rama.

The Hindoo temples are not all alike. Many of them are very small and ugly. Others are large and noble buildings. Some of them are surrounded by a wall, and have a lofty tower with an enormous gate at the entrance. The temple of Rama, you see, has neither wall nor tower; it has two divisions, which may be called after the names of the two parts of Solomon's temple, *the holy place*, a large court formed of huge stone pillars supporting a roof of stone, and *the most holy place*, a closet with a dome on the top. Into the outer court any one may enter, and there are steps leading down to the water that the worshippers may bathe in the sacred stream; but into the inner room no one but a Brahmin can go. If you could look into this little sanctuary you would see that it is very dark, for there is no window to admit any light. Right before you stands the idol. It is only a block of stone made after the figure of a man. It has eyes, but it sees not; ears, but it hears not; hands, but handles not; neither is it able to deliver any that call upon it. Yet multitudes journey hundreds of miles for no other purpose than to worship it.

The worship is performed morning and evening by the priest. He begins by washing the idol. The water for this purpose is brought with much state. At some of the great festivals it is carried on the back

of an elephant, attended by a crowd of Brahmins and musicians. It is called holy water. After the idol has been washed with this a mark is put upon it with the ashes of sandal-wood and cow-dung. It is then anointed with oil, lamps are lighted before and around it, and offerings of rice, fruit, or flowers, are presented, the priest all the while ringing a bell, and bowing again and again before the idol. The Brahmin does all this *alone*. The door is closed, and the worshippers wait in silence till he has done. He then comes out, and gives to the people some of the food and flowers which have been offered to the god. The food they eat, and the flowers they stick in their turbans. Last of all, the priest brings some of the holy water in the hollow of his hand. This is drunk by those who can reach it, and the assembly then breaks up. How unlike that worship which the Bible tells us is alone pleasing to God—the offering of the heart, the worship of a Being who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth.

Many of the people of India now know that worship such as they are in the habit of offering is nothing worth. Some time ago a Missionary was walking with one of the idol makers through the courts of a temple. This man laughed heartily about the idols, and said that he himself was much better than the gods he made. "I have *life*," said he, "but the gods have none. No one believes in these gods now." "They used to do," observed the Missionary. "Yes," replied the man, "before the padres (*i. e.* the Missionaries) came, but now no one cares about them. They like to have a little show and fun at the feast time, that is all." "Yes," said the Missionary, "and the

Brahmins encourage them in this, though they know better, in order to fill their pockets with the offerings of the people." "Exactly so," said the god maker. "You have just hit the mark."

The young people also are beginning to despise the idols. When the writer of these lines was in India, a fine intelligent boy from one of the Mission-schools came to him one day, when the following conversation took place. "How long have you been in the school?" "Three years." "Do you like to go there?" "Yes." "Why?" "Because I learn the truth." "Do you worship idols now?" "No. My father does, but I do not." "Then have you given up worship altogether?" "Oh no, I worship the true God." "How do you worship him?" "I sit down by myself, read a chapter in the Gospel, and then pray." "Very good. What do you say when you pray?" (After a moment's hesitation). "I say something like this:— O thou great God who dwellest in heaven! bless me, pardon me, teach me, save me, for Christ's sake. Amen." What a simple, but yet what a suitable prayer! Reader, did you ever offer such a prayer as that, *alone*, and *from the heart*? If not, learn wisdom from this Hindoo boy, and go and do likewise.

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## CHINESE GLEANINGS.

### THE GODS OF CHINA.

You have read in this Magazine a good deal about the different religions of China, and many of you will remember that there are three — Confucianism, Taouism, and Buddhism. But the millions of ignorant Chinese worship

"lords many and gods many," which do not exactly belong to any of those three false systems. In the present paper we shall tell you a little about some of these gods.

For ages it has been common in China, when persons die who were thought to be very good or very kind while they were alive, to worship them as gods after their death. There was, for example, a woman, who lived many hundred years ago in that country. This woman was very kind, and the people loved her for her kindness. After her death they worshipped her, and they worship her still; especially the women in the south of the empire. She is now called the "hearer of prayers," and also "most merciful, most compassionate." Then there is another dead woman whom the sailors of the province of Fuh-keen worship, and her names are "the good mother," "the protectress of sailors, and "her ladyship, the queen of heaven."

But bad people, as well as the good, are sometimes worshipped by the superstitious Chinese. There were, for instance, nineteen noted robbers, very wicked men, who lived some long time ago, but, it is said, they were reformed by the doctrines of Buddha, and, after death, became gods. And, if you were now to visit the city of Canton, and to go into the great temple there, you would see images of these nineteen thieves on each side of the great image of Buddha himself.

Then there is the God of Thunder, the Chinese Jupiter. As he stalks through the heavens, he is said to carry with him several kettle drums. These are hung round him, and when it thunders the people think that he is playing upon his drums. A flash of lightning they call "the thunderer's whip." The "Northern Emperor," who is said to rule the dark and gloomy sky, is another common object of superstitious reverence. But besides these, they worship

"sprites, elves, ghoules, gnomes, and genii, male and female." Then again there are the gods of particular towns and districts, and almost every place is thought to be under the protection of one or other of these, who are very watchful over the inhabitants, and very kind to them. There are also gods of the land, and of the grain, gods of the rivers, of the woods, the hills, the winds; gods of wells, of letters, of horses, of war, of fire, of small-pox; gods of cannon and military standards, and gods of roads and of the city walls. One god rules over the great Southern Ocean, and stills the stormy sea. Another is the King of the Dragons; but what these dragons are, and where they are to be found, we are not told. Then great warriors and the Emperor's ministers are worshipped; and even devils and evil spirits, because the people fear their anger. Ghosts, too, come in for their share of homage from this superstitious people. These are thought to haunt quiet valleys and high mountains, old empty houses and crumbling ruins. One class of spirits take great care of little children in storms. These, of course, are worshipped. If you were to go into a Chinese house, you would find there a tablet put up to "the lord of the place." Near the gate of every town, and at the entrance of every street, you would see a little shrine, with incense burning in it to the idol. "Every remarkable tree," says Mr. Gillespie, "in town or country, is supposed to be filled with spirits, who haunt the spot, and hover among the leaves and branches; and the stranger who visits the villages, while admiring those fine old trees, sees some rude shrine in every grove, and the people there, as they did in Isaiah's time, serving their gods 'under every green tree.'"

The Chinese fancy that almost every strange thing, or every person who can do what they cannot, is a god. Some time ago, Dr. Hobson, a medical Missionary at Canton, was called to visit a woman who had swallowed poison. When he got

to the house, the people said, "She is dead; you may go away; you cannot bring her to life again." But he used the stomach-pump, and she got better. When the ignorant crowd saw what was done, they cried out, "He is a god!" Another Missionary was giving away tracts in a village, and amongst them there was a copy of the Ten Commandments. A man read it, and was so struck that he said he would worship it, and when the Missionary went to the village again, he found that he was actually doing so.

Some years ago, a picture of the Emperor Napoleon was found in a Chinese hut, and the people were worshipping it as a god. A Missionary at Hong Kong used to conduct worship with the children of his school in a room where there was a clock standing on the chimney-piece. One of the boys for a whole year thought that this clock was the Missionary's god, and that the prayers he daily offered were addressed to it.

And the process of god-making is constantly going on in China. Not longer ago than the war in that country with the English, there was a Chinese general named Chin, who was killed in battle. It is said that, about a fortnight after his death, this general sent down a message from the skies to say that he had been promoted by the supreme ruler of heaven to be the second general in chief of the board of thunder, so that he would still help his country by destroying its enemies. Now the foolish people believe this wicked falsehood, and they have built a temple to this man at Shanghai, where he is now worshipped, and most likely he will be worshipped until the Gospel has taught the people "that there is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." There was even a Catholic priest who, after his death, was declared, in a decree of the Emperor Kang-he,



to be "President of the Astronomical Board in the Invisible World."

You would, perhaps, like to know a little about the kind of service the people give to these gods, but you must wait for this until our next number.

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### THE ERROMANGAN BOY.

CHILDREN all over the world are very much alike. In the cities of India, in the forests of Africa, and in the islands of the Southern Sea, in spots where fathers are savages and mothers are monsters, where war and murder and cannibalism fill all hearts with fear, and the land with cruelty and blood, the babe sleeps or smiles upon its mother's bosom, and the boys and girls romp and play pretty much as they do in countries like our own. Youth there as here is a season of sunshine and joy; and it is only when they are taught and trained to do wickedly that they become as fierce as their fathers. Now, the Missionary, when he goes to a savage land, tries, as soon as he can, to get the children away from the bad example and influence of their parents, that he may bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord: and, by the means he uses, thousands of the young who, had they been left to themselves, would have lived and died as ignorant and cruel as their fathers, have grown up to be wise, and good, and happy. This is the case in the South Sea Islands. There all the Missionaries agree in saying that the children are most willing to be taught, and very quick in learning; that they love their teachers, and afford them as much comfort and encouragement as the children of favoured Britain. Amongst others who bear this testimony is the Bishop of New Zealand, who, in a speech which he delivered a

short time ago at a Missionary meeting in Bath, said that that there was not a single child in the South Sea Islands—even in that island (Erromanga) where John Williams lost his honoured life—who could not be trained up to love Jesus Christ, and to serve him. He then gave the following instance of the kindly spirit which may be found even there.

At one of the islands visited by the Bishop, he met with an English sailor living in a hut which the kind natives had built for him. Near this hut there was a hot spring bubbling up, and every day some of the people brought provisions to the sick sailor, and carried him down to the pool and put him into it. Among the natives who showed this kindness to the stranger, there was a little boy about twelve years old. This boy had come from Erromanga. Why he happened to do so, the Bishop did not find out; but so it was, that the boy devoted himself to the care of the sailor. When the Bishop first saw this boy he was bending down before the door of the hut, and watching every look and motion of the sick man, that he might know what he wanted, and do all he could to lessen his sufferings. The sailor asked the Bishop to carry him in his ship to Sydney, but the boy would go with him, and when they reached that place, and the sick man was taken to the hospital, the boy begged and cried that he might go there too.

After the boy and his friend were parted, the Bishop took the little Erromangan under his own care, and “we all,” he said, “found the same thing when there was sickness: the native boy was always ready to help; and so he went on, winding himself round our hearts, until there was not one of us who would not have adopted that little boy, loving him for his devotion. However, we carried the boy back to his native island, at a spot five miles from

the spot where John Williams died. One of the natives came off, and told us that he did not know where we could find the boy's father; that he had been driven back into the bush, and robbed of what little property he had; and he advised the boy not to come on shore. Well then," continued the Bishop, "he became my own son. I took him to my own home, and to my own heart, but it was not long that he continued with us. He accompanied us to sea in our voyages, and gradually sank and died; and it was my enjoyment to hear him call me by the same names that he would have called his own father and mother in his own country." These words, the Bishop said, were much like those of "papa" and "mamma." They expressed more fondness than the terms "father" and "mother." When the poor boy was well, he had been, as you have seen, most attentive and kind to the sick sailor. He never seemed to think about himself, if he could only help and comfort others. But when he became sick and weary, he was always afraid of giving trouble to those about him. When any one was watching by him in the night, he would seem uncomfortable, and would say to them, "Why do you not go to bed? You will be very tired." But at last the hour of his departure came. He knew that the solemn change was near. It was in the middle of the night. He called to the kind friend who had taken care of him by the name "papa," and then putting his arm around his neck, he peacefully closed his eyes, and passed into a better land. "I felt," added the Bishop, "as if he had been my own child, so completely had this poor boy entwined himself around my heart."

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## NOTES FROM THE WEST INDIES.

## No. I.

ABOUT twenty years ago, when slavery was abolished in the West Indies, the London Missionary Society sent Missionaries to Jamaica and British Guiana. The people, at that time were not made free at once, but were placed under what was called an apprenticeship, and had to work for their former owners without any wages. This the people could not understand, and did not like. They said "People are made 'prentices to learn to work at some trade. We can work already, and don't want to be made 'prentices." This so-called apprenticeship was to be for six years, but it lasted only four; and in 1838 all the people became free.

Many of the stations formed by the newly arrived Missionaries were in places where the people had never before been favoured with the means of religious instruction. Formerly they had no one to teach them, and no time to learn. Even if any person came among them who could teach them "a little bit," they could not meet together to learn without setting a watch, lest "manager" should catch and punish them. But, after they became free, they could go to the Missionary's house in the evenings, to learn to read and to receive religious instruction. They had also full liberty to attend public worship on the Lord's day without waiting for leave from the overseer. And as all their little ones too under six years of age were now free, they could go to school every day. These were, indeed, new things to them; and though they were not yet so free as they hoped to be, the people felt that, in some respects, "old things were passed away." Many who had spent the best of their days in slavery now began to learn the alphabet; and not a few of them persevered until they could

read for themselves portions of the Word of God. Some years after that time, when talking with an old man who had begun to read a little, I said, "Now, old man, you should try hard to remember what you *hear*, for you will never be able to read well enough to learn anything from a book." "Massa," said he, "what makes you say so? I can read in the little book (First Class Book), 'None but Jesus Christ can save and keep my soul.' Is not dat something?" "Yes, Anthony, you are right, *that is* 'something;' go on with your reading, and pray to Jesus that he would 'save and keep your soul.'" This man has long been a consistent disciple of Christ; and often has he been overheard reading, perhaps the account of Nicodemus's visit to Jesus, a Psalm, or other easy portion of the Holy Scriptures. He cannot read fluently; he goes on in the task but slowly, word after word—"For God—so loved—the—world—that—he gave—his—only begotten Son—that—whosoever—believeth—on him—should—not perish—" But, "Is not *that* something?"

That old man may be taken as a specimen of a great many who, though getting old when they were blessed with freedom and the means of instruction, gladly improved the favourable opportunities they now had for getting knowledge of the best kind. Among this class the labours of the Missionary were very successful. While the greater number of that generation have passed away, many of them, it is hoped, to the heavenly state, the few of these "old-time people" that still remain are among the most consistent members of the Missionary churches.

Among my first acquaintances at the station to which I was appointed, was a young man named Harry. He was usually called "Captain Harry," because he generally had charge of the boat when it went to town. He was then in the vigour of manhood; and I well remember with what

wonder I saw him carry off upon his head, to the boat in which we were going to our station, a large box of books, which it required four men to lift from the ground. But the black people carry everything on their heads, from the smallest parcel, and even a bottle, to the heaviest load; and unless the burden is very heavy, they never put a hand to it, but walk along quite freely without appearing to feel the slightest difficulty.

But our friend Harry had a mind not less strong than his body, and in all things connected with the working of the plantation, and the management of the people, he was more useful to the owner than even a white overseer. But, under the wicked system of slavery, he was in the same dark state as his brethren in bondage. His soul, like those of others around him, was "without knowledge." For some time I saw Harry very often, almost every day; and I never met with one, either white or black, more apt to learn, or more ready to understand anything to which he applied his mind. He was soon able to read, and also to write a little; but he was not then so diligent as he might have been. And, for some time before the belief of the Gospel quickened his desire for mental improvement, he was not so favourably situated for receiving instruction, as the Missionary had removed to a distance from the place where he lived. But when he felt the quickening influence of the love of Christ, he soon became a good reader of his Holy Word. But, before this, strong drink had nearly been his ruin. He became, however, a *teetotaler*, which, under the blessing of God, has, I feel assured, proved a great good to him as well as to many others.

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## COAL MINES AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

I ONCE went to a singular Missionary meeting. It was held in a little chapel in a village where nearly all the men and boys worked in coal mines; and, though some of them had washed their faces and put on their best clothes before they came to the meeting, there were other black-faced people who looked more like dark Africans, or South Sea islanders, than like Englishmen. But though some of them had their faces black they had bright eyes, and appeared to have warm hearts in the good work of sending the Gospel to the wretched heathen. But there was one thing in this meeting which made it different from any other meeting I ever attended. It was this—

Just a year before, when the first Missionary meeting had been held in that village, one of the speakers told the people that, if they got Missionary boxes and put into them something every week, they might easily raise a good deal of money without missing what they gave. He then offered to give a box to every person who would promise to get five shillings in the course of the year. The people seemed pleased with the plan; and when the meeting was over, so many came to ask for boxes that the minister had not enough for them, and was obliged to send up to London for more. Well, at the meeting where I was these boxes were brought in. Most of them were heavy; and before the speaking began, the people would have their boxes opened and the money counted, that every one might know how much he had got for the good cause. And I am sure you would have smiled if you had been there, and had seen how busy the ministers on the platform were in shaking out the money from these boxes, and then counting it; and you would have been delighted to have seen how bright and cheerful many a coal-digger's dark face became when

it was announced how much money there was in his box. It took a long time to do all this work, for there were many boxes; and, therefore, the speaking did not begin until late in the evening; but it was one of the pleasantest parts of the meeting, for the poor people were full of joy when they found that they had altogether collected in their boxes between eight and nine pounds!

But while I am writing about coal mines and Missionary boxes, I will tell you a little story which will please you, and I hope do you good:—

There was a gentleman who lived in a part of the country where coal is dug, and one day he thought he should like to see a mine, and he was lowered down into one many hundred feet deep. When he got to the bottom the people there looked very dark and dirty, and he did not know who they were. But there was one of them who knew him, and who ran up to the place where he was standing with great glee, and said, "Oh, sir, I never expected to see you here!" It was one of the boys of his class in the Sabbath School. Having got permission to show the gentleman over the mine, the little fellow set out and took his teacher to every part worth seeing. But he was so overjoyed at the job, and skipped along so fast, that now and then he left the visitor in darkness till he came back to him again with the little safety-lamp which was hanging from his hand. He showed the gentleman where the miners were at work, and pointed out the thick pillars of coal which were left for a time to keep the roof from falling in. It is very likely that he took him to the stables where the horses were kept, and told him how many of them there were, and how long they had been down in that deep, dark place, and how blind they had become from not having had any use for their eyes. But at last the teacher and his little guide came to the bottom of a shaft—that is, the deep pit up and down which the coal and the work-people are drawn—and



the gentleman was glad enough to see the light of day glimmering once more from the top, and had no wish to go back again through the dark diggings which he had left. But the boy had not yet shown him everything in the mine. "There is," he said to his teacher, "one place more that I *must* show you ;" but the gentleman told him he was tired, and did not care about seeing anything else : yet the boy was so earnest that he consented to go. In a short time he found himself in a large, gloomy-looking cavern, where there was a single candle burning very dimly in that dark place.

"Here," said the boy, "we have our prayer meetings ;" and then he showed the visitor several seats cut out in the coal, upon which they were accustomed to sit while the Bible was read. And then, pointing to a box also cut out of a solid block of coal, he said with evident pleasure, "Here, sir, is our Missionary box !"

Now, who does not think that such prayer meetings and that Missionary box were the best things in the coal mine ; that God smiled upon them ; that He blessed those dear boys who, by these means, sought to get good for themselves and to do good to others ; and that, in that deep, dark place, there was more real happiness than in many of the mansions of the rich or the palaces of princes.

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### A YOUNG FRIEND TO MISSIONS.

LAST year an American citizen, named General Pierce, was chosen President of the United States : the highest office that a man can hold in that country. But a few months after he had received this honour he met with a terrible affliction. While travelling on the railway with his wife and his only child, who was called Benjamin, the train was thrown off the lines, and his little boy was killed before his

eyes. How bitter his grief was few can tell, and it was all the more so because Benjamin was a clever and a lively child, and had shown himself worthy of their love. Although he was only eleven years old, he used to talk as wisely as if he were much older; and although, after his father had become President, he mixed with very gay company, and had everything which worldly people desire, he was not deceived by what he saw, for he knew that money and honour cannot make any one really happy. One day a friend of the family told him he ought to think himself very fortunate now that he was going to live in the great town of Washington, and in the "White House," the palace of the President. But the boy answered, that all he wanted was a cottage, and that his father could not do anything that would please him more than by getting him such a home to live in. Some time before this he had often said that he wished to be a farmer. "But," he was asked one day, "how will you manage to buy the farm?" "I will work, and thus earn the money," he said. "Perhaps," his friend replied, "your father will *give* you enough to buy it." "No," answered Benjamin; "no, I will work; my father has not more money than he wants, and when he gives me any I give it to the Missionaries."

How do you suppose this little boy, whose father was a rich man, knew or cared about Missionaries? I will tell you. His parents used to send him regularly to a Sunday School, where he often heard of their labours among the heathen, and therefore he took so much interest in them as to give his pocket-money to help to send them Christian teachers. But Benjamin was not the only Sunday scholar who has learned that it is their duty and their happiness to assist in this good work. Many, happily, have gone from our Sunday Schools to heathen lands, and are labouring there now with comfort and success.

## THE BOY WHO GOT GOOD AT A MISSIONARY MEETING, AND IMMEDIATELY BEGAN TO DO GOOD.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

About nine months ago a Missionary attended a meeting in the north of England, and in his speech gave an account of the schools and the scholars in the far distant land from which he had come. At that Missionary meeting there were very many young people, and, among them, a few lads who got good to their own hearts by what they heard; and the following letter, which they have just sent to the Missionary, will show how they are now trying to do good to others. They say—

“Dear Sir,—We had the pleasure of listening to your address last winter in our chapel, and our hearts became interested in the heathen abroad. We felt anxious to imitate the little boy you told us about, who not only liked to go to the house of God, but who wished to *do something* for the house of God. On the following Sabbath we *resolved to try* if we could, during the next year, collect enough money to support a boy in the Mission school. Now, dear sir, we are very happy to say that we have *succeeded*. We have in hand 3*l.* 9*s.*, which we are going to send to the Mission House in London; and we wish you, on your return, to select from among the applicants to your school a *nice little boy* who shall be admitted as *our scholar*. We also pledge ourselves to raise, year by year, the sum required for his maintenance while a scholar; and if you succeed in putting knowledge in his head, and if God, by His Holy Spirit, give him grace, and he becomes a native teacher, we further pledge ourselves to raise the *additional* sum that may be needed for his education and support as a student in the college.

“We will often think about him, and pray to our Father in heaven to bless him, and fit him for much usefulness;

and if we may never see him here, we will hope to meet him in the midst of that happy company who, having "sought the Lord by prayer from every Sabbath school," shall live together for ever in heaven to praise the Lord.

"We are, dear Sir,

"In the name of the others,

"H. C.

"A. A."

Now, you lads who attend Missionary meetings, do you not bless God, who has given those dear boys such a heart of love towards the schools in heathen lands? O, how happy they must be in thus loving and trying to bless others! You may be sure God will bless them, and throughout all their lives, ay, and in eternity too, they will never, no never, regret what they are now doing. I hope you will read their letter, and study it, and many of you ask yourselves, and your youthful companions, if you cannot do something *heartily* and *systematically* "year by year" to follow the example of those dear boys who got good by attending a Missionary meeting, and who are now doing good to others.

Being quite sure you must succeed if you try,

I am, my dear young Friends,

Yours affectionately,

London, Oct. 1854.

ONWARDS.

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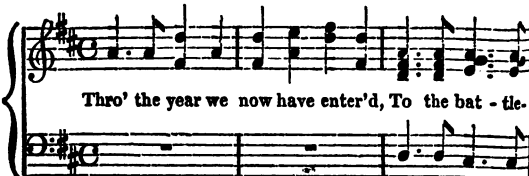
#### OUR MAGAZINE.

OUR Magazine has now existed between ten and eleven years. It was begun by the Directors of the London Missionary Society, in the belief that it would do much to inform the minds and mould the character of the young, and through them to promote the cause of the world's salvation. This hope has been largely fulfilled. Few works have received more cordial commendation, or have obtained so extended a sale; and it is pleasing to add, that, in cases

not a few God has accompanied its perusal with his blessing. But the Directors are convinced that much, very much more may yet be done to extend its usefulness. Although its present circulation is very large, that circulation, they are persuaded, might be easily doubled. This would be at once secured, if our readers, especially Christian Parents and the Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, would, at the commencement of the new year, kindly use their influence to get the Magazine into the hands of all the young under their care. This favour is earnestly sought from them, and by rendering it they will promote the great end of their own immediate labours—the formation of character in a Christian mould, and the fulfilment of God's gracious design, that "one generation shall praise his name to another, and shall shew forth his marvellous works."

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### NEW YEAR'S HYMN.




Thro' the year we now have enter'd, To the bat - tle-



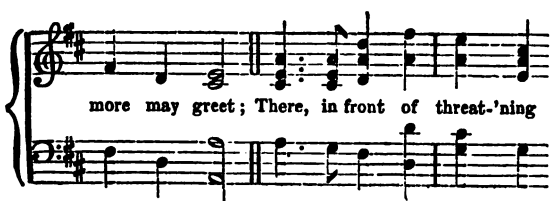
field will go Myriads, panting for the moment



When they'll meet their coun-try's foe; Leav - ing



homes and friends be - lo - ved, Whom they ne - ver



more may greet; There, in front of threat-'ning



dan - ger, Stern they stand the foes to meet.

THROUGH the year we now have entered,  
 To the battle-field will go  
 Myriads! panting for the moment,  
 When they'll meet their country's foe;

Leaving homes, and friends beloved,  
 Whom they never more may greet;  
 There, in front of threatening dangers,  
 Stern they stand their foes to meet.

While with hostile bands contending,  
 While fierce war is raging round,  
 While amidst the dead and dying,  
 Covering thick the blood-stained ground,

Still they stand, and fiercely closing  
 With the foemen in dread strife,  
 Turn not, quail not, but advancing  
 Ready to surrender life.

And shall we, now Jesus calls us,  
 To a conflict nobler far,  
 Shrink from duty, talk of danger,  
 In this high, this holy war?

Though the battle-field's extended,  
 And the hostile legions stand,  
 Waiting to resist our efforts,  
 A resolved, united band,

He, our Leader, goes before us,  
 He has armed us for the fight,  
 He will make His saints victorious,  
 By His mercy and his might.

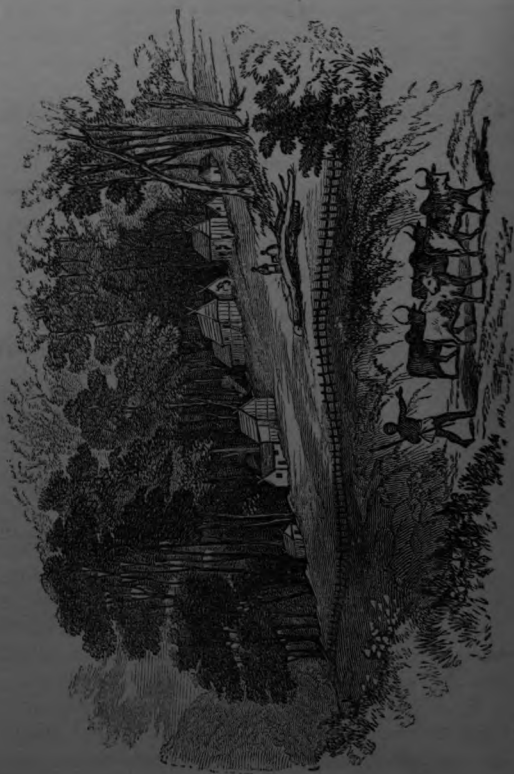
Through the year on which we've entered,  
 Let us, then, with vigour strive  
 Loyal to serve our Saviour,  
 And for Him alone to live.

While contending hosts are meeting,  
 Let it be our earnest aim  
 To proclaim His blessed Gospel,  
 And extend His peaceful reign.

Mighty Saviour! Lord of all men!  
 Cause destructive wars to cease  
 And may every tribe and nation  
 Soon enjoy perpetual peace!







*Village in Madagascar.*

THE

# JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY, 1855.

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## CHRISTIANITY IN MADAGASCAR.

OUR readers, we are sure, have not forgotten Madagascar, nor the Rev. W. Ellis, who, two years ago, went from this country that he might, if possible, prepare the way for Missionaries into that island. The Directors of the London Missionary Society hoped that before this their desires would have been fulfilled. But at present they have still patiently to wait for the accomplishment of their wishes. Mr. Ellis has gone twice to Madagascar, but though his visits have been very useful, he has not yet been to the capital of the country, or got permission from the government for Missionaries to live there. We will, however, give our readers a short account of Mr. Ellis's last visit, which we are sure will please them, and make them thankful that he was sent out upon this errand.

Mr. Ellis reached Tamatave—the principal sea-port of Madagascar—on the 13th of last June. Before leaving Mauritius, he sent a letter to the Queen, who lives at the capital, which, you will remember, is called Tananarivo, and which is 300 miles from Tamatave.

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In this letter, Mr. Ellis asked the Queen to permit him to visit the capital, and he had not been many days at Tamatave, when an answer came from her to say that he might come, but that Mr. Cameron, who went with him on his first visit, must come too. The reason why she wanted Mr. Cameron was, that she thought he could teach her people to build a powder mill which had been blown up some time before. But Mr. Cameron had gone back to Cape Town, and Mr. Ellis wrote again to the Queen to say so, and to beg her to let him visit Tananarivo alone. After waiting two or three weeks, Mr. Ellis received letters to say that the Queen had consented to let him go up. The Queen also sent him a present of a bullock, which was a great mark of her favour. Now you may suppose how happy Mr. Ellis was when this good news came to him, and he lost no time in preparing for his journey. But the clouds gathered again upon the face of his bright sky, for some European at the capital told the Queen that a dreadful disease was raging when Mr. Ellis left Mauritius, and that it would be dangerous to let him visit Tananarivo. The Queen was frightened at this, and at once sent off another messenger to tell him that he must not come there.

This was a sad disappointment to Mr. Ellis, but still he was allowed to stay for a time at Tamatave, and while he was there he heard and saw much which gave him great comfort.

A day or two after his disappointment, he received most pleasant letters from the Prince Royal and from other Christians at the capital. And just after this a party of five Christians came as a deputation from "the

*concealed, the imprisoned, the enslaved and impoverished, from those in long chains for righteousness' sake, and from the pastors or elders of the Church at Tananarivo; they also brought an answer from a letter sent to them from the Directors last January. Four of the deputation were preachers. These good men, and others who sent letters by them, spoke of the comfort they had received from the visit paid to their country last year by Mr. Ellis and Mr. Cameron, and were rejoiced at the proof which was thus given that the Christians of England felt and prayed for them in their affliction.*

Soon after this, Mr. Ellis received another visit from some Christians who lived at a place many miles away, who begged him again and again to come and see them and their brethren. This he afterwards did, and spent a week amongst them very pleasantly, and was thankful to see their numbers, their union, and their zeal, and to learn how much they were respected by the rest of the people. At this place he found a Church of Jesus Christ. "Much of our conversation," writes Mr. Ellis, "had reference to Christian ordinances, and I was alike surprised and gratified with the simple, scriptural views they had entertained, as well as with the satisfactory manner in which they had proceeded." This appeared to Mr. Ellis the more remarkable and encouraging from the circumstance that soon after the Gospel had been received amongst them eighteen years ago, their teachers had been forced to leave the country, and that since then they had been left to discover from the Word of God alone how to serve him aright.

Mr. Ellis tried to do the people all the good he could while he was staying at Tamatave. He gave advice to the Christians, taught the ignorant, and gave medicines to the sick. As he had with him an instrument for taking sun-pictures, he got the likenesses of one or two chiefs, and in a short time, he says, almost every chief and officer in the place came to see the portraits, and the wonderful machine which took them. Many, you may be sure, wanted to get their own likenesses, and Mr. Ellis did all he could to gratify them. In this way he became acquainted with numbers, and obtained much useful knowledge.

But Mr. Ellis found his chief pleasure in conversing with the Christians who came to his house daily. His evenings were spent in reading and explaining to them the Scriptures, in singing and prayer. In this way they were sometimes employed until midnight. Twice by their wish he administered to them the Lord's Supper. Their simple and sincere piety, and their knowledge of God's Word, pleased him greatly. Mr. Ellis says that there is no treasure they desire so much as the Bible. All the copies he had taken to the country "were received," he says, "with a measure of deep, grateful, holy feeling, which I should in vain attempt to describe." The painful circumstance was, that he was forced to refuse so many who came to beg for this blessed book. One of the Christians in the capital wrote to him to say that, for many years, his chief employment had been to copy God's word for his brethren who had it not, until his health had suffered, and his sight had failed from this labour.

But the people are swift to hear the truth, as well

as diligent in reading it. Mr. Ellis found that there were now in the capital and country thirteen pastors, and about seventy evangelists. He received many very interesting accounts of the martyrs and sufferers for Christ's sake, which will perhaps be published at some future time. And there can be no doubt but that He who said of the enslaved Israelites in Egypt, "I have surely seen the affliction of my people . . . and I am come down to deliver them," will before long appear for his suffering servants in Madagascar. For the present, however, we must still wait and pray.

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## CHINESE GLEANINGS.

### THE WORSHIP OF THE CHINESE.

IN our last Magazine we gave our readers some account of the gods of China. We will now tell them a little about the worship offered to those gods.

When we consider what foolish things the idols are, we shall not wonder that even these poor heathen people should not reverence or love them. The truth is, that, while they fear their gods, they despise them. It is true that they believe these vain idols can do them good if they like; but they also think that they are often so careless, or so sleepy, that they will not give themselves the trouble. They therefore ring bells, and beat drums, and make other noises to wake them up, that they may hear their prayers and supply their wants. But sometimes they go even further than this, and take very great liberties indeed with the idols. A few years ago there had been no rain near Canton for a long while, and the people were in great distress from the want of it. Now, there is an idol called the god of

rain; and one day a great mandarin and many of the people, dressed in their robes, walked in procession to his temple. When they got there you will suppose that they offered prayers, or sacrifices, or some such things, in order to get the idol's help. Nothing of the kind. Instead of this, the mandarin abused the rain-god in the following words:—"You think we are mocking you, and merely telling lies when we complain of the severe drought and great heat of the sun! We have had no rain for eight months, and we are afraid, if the rain does not come soon, the people will have no rice to eat. The earth is parched and burnt up; but how can you know, seated in your cool niche in the temple, that the sky is hot, and the ground thirsty?" After this speech of the mandarin, the people tied a rope round the god's neck and dragged him out into the open air, that he might feel the burning rays of the sun, and be roused up from his sleep so as to give them rain.

And it is not an uncommon thing, when a great man is travelling in China and wants a night's lodging, for some of the gods to be taken down from their places in the temples and put into dark holes and corners to make room for him, and there they are kept until he has gone away. But mandarins are not the only persons in China who take great liberties with the temples; for in those temples idlers and beggars may be often found all the day long smoking, gambling, and making themselves merry.

If you were to go into a great Buddhist temple in China you would expect to find there priests and worshippers and images of the gods; but not such inmates as a number of great fat pigs. Yet they are there. And they are believed to be sacred animals, and some foolish people think they are performing a very religious service in placing them there. But they do this because they think it very wicked

to kill animals, and also to make some amends for the sins committed against the pig race in general. Those who send the pigs there give, at the same time, money enough to pay for their being well fed and lodged as long as they live.

Though there are many temples in China, the people never go to them except upon a very special errand. When, for example, a ship is going to sea, some of the crew will be sent to a temple to offer a small sum of money to the god, and to pray for a safe and prosperous voyage. Or, when a vessel comes back, guns and crackers are fired as thanks to the gods for their preservation, and to tickle their ears. Mr. Gillespie one day asked a Chinese teacher how often he worshipped the gods, when he said, "Once a year I go to the temple. No," he added, "I go twice every year; but we do not approve of the women and other persons going to the temples so often, and paying the gods so much attention; it is really flattering the gods too much." At another time, a poor barber was asked if he worshipped the gods, when he replied, "No! I cannot afford it; for it costs more than fourpence for candles and incense every time I go to the temple."

If any one is sick, two or three doctors will be called in, and each of them will write a prescription. Then one of the family will take these prescriptions to the temple to find out, by casting lots, which of them is the best. Women go there to pray for children, health, and happiness. Men go there to seek for money, honour, or long life. Gamblers go there to get good luck, and pirates for success in their robberies. All, however, that these poor ignorant creatures seek, or care for, is to get worldly good. An old Chinese gentleman at Canton was asked what gods he worshipped, when he answered, "I do not now worship



any of the gods—I have given up worshipping the gods.” “And why so?” said the inquirer. “Because,” he answered very seriously, “because I have already made my fortune, and do not need to worship them any more.”

But while we may pity the blindness and smile at the folly of these poor idolaters, it is most painful to think that many of them deeply feel their wants and misery, and, with weeping eyes and broken hearts, sometimes cry to gods that do not hear and cannot serve them. Mr. Gillespie says he has seen a woman, bowed down with grief, kneeling and throwing herself upon the ground before the gods, begging them to hear her prayers, and casting the divining sticks into the air that she might find out from the manner in which they fell upon the ground whether she was heard or not. And when she thought the answer was not good, with downcast head, and sorrowful look, she tried again to make the gods pity and help her, by burning incense to them very solemnly, and then, by turning her eyes earnestly and beseechingly towards them, and once more offering her prayers.

But while the Chinese only go to the temples at particular times, and for special reasons, they often worship the gods in other places. You may see them around the shrines by the road side, kneeling down, burning gilt paper or incense sticks. Every family has its household idols, which they worship daily. In some part of every house there may be seen a piece of red paper, about two yards long, hanging by the wall with the word “Shin” upon it written in very large letters. This word means “spirits,” and the inhabitants of the house set offerings of tea and incense before these spirits. Every Chinese, man, woman, and child, is supposed to spend nearly five shillings a year in gilt paper and incense sticks in the worship of the idols.

Each evening they burn a piece of gilt paper, waiving it up and down in the air a few times, and then throwing it into the water. Their worldly prosperity is supposed to depend upon their attending to such foolish ceremonies.

But the gods thus served are expected in return to grant the wishes or whims of their worshippers, however improper or foolish they may be. The following story will show what the Chinese think their gods have to do. The god Kwan-foo, being away from his court one day, was told, when he came back, by the officer in waiting, that four persons had prayed to him for things contrary to one another. A gardener, whose peach trees were in blossom, prayed that the east wind might not blow, lest it should blight the trees. A sailor, who wanted to go up the Yangtze-Keang (great river) against the stream, prayed for an easterly breeze. A traveller had prayed for fine weather, and a farmer for rain. Kwan-foo said something about the impossibility of granting everybody's wishes; but, in order to do so in the present instance, he ordered that the east wind should blow only up the river, but not on the garden, and that the rain should fall in the night, and not in the day. Hence the saying in China, "It is a hard thing to be a god."

These facts will show our readers plainly enough how dark and dreadful must be the state of the Chinese, who can serve such gods in such a way. And then think that there are more than three hundred millions of these ignorant idolaters! Have we no tears to weep over their misery, no prayers to offer for their deliverance, no hand to stretch out to their help? Surely they need all that we can do to save them from darkness, death, and hell!

## NOTES FROM THE WEST INDIES.

## No. II.

"SWEET is the day of sacred rest;" and among the different engagements of that holy day, those of the Sabbath school are especially interesting to the young. No doubt very many of the readers of the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine" are themselves either Sabbath school teachers or scholars, and they would perhaps like to have some account of *our* Sunday schools. But we give this account, not because there is anything singular in our work or wonderful in our success. We do so simply because these schools are among the good fruits of Missionary labour; and many of the most useful teachers in them are persons who themselves were never, when young, favoured with Sunday school instruction themselves, nor, indeed, with instruction of any kind.

In towns and large villages in the West Indies, the Sabbath schools connected with the Mission chapels are generally taught, both in the mornings and in the afternoons, every Lord's day. In the country districts, where the people are widely scattered, they assemble at the Mission stations an hour and a half or two hours before public worship in the forenoon; and, in the afternoon, smaller schools are held at such places as may be most convenient, by some of the deacons or other members of the church. We will, if you please, suppose that you went with us on a visit to one of these little schools at A——. The afternoon is very pleasant, and everything around us is bright and calm—quite in harmony with the sacred day of rest. It is now about the middle of March, and, if we were in England, we should perhaps require some warm clothes to keep out the cold and piercing wind; but here we can do without that, for, at this season of the year, the sun is vertical

—that is, it passes right over us from east to west,—and the weather is very fine. Our path lies along the bank of a water course, which, however, could answer to the description of a “living stream.” It flows on very slow and silent, but it is never stopped by the frost, nor are its grassy banks ever covered with the snows of winter. The trees that grow there are never stripped of their beautiful leaves by the winds of autumn; and these fields are always, just as you now see them, “dressed in living green”—

Here “everlasting spring abides.”

But this never-failing richness of vegetation is far from being favourable to the health and life of man. The soft breezes which come over these green woods, though very pleasant to the feelings, often bring with them deadly vapours from hidden swamps and decaying plants, which cause fever, ague, and other diseases which frequently prevail. Even the cattle which you see grazing among the shrubs, and wading up to their knees in long grass, are so lean as to be more like the ill-favoured kine of Pharaoh's dream than like the fat oxen of favoured Britain.

On our way to A—— we meet with nothing worthy of remark. The first quarter of a mile is a fair sample of the scenery for many miles in any direction you choose to go. Having reached the place where the school is to be held, we enter the gate; and now, sheltered by thick trees with broad leaves from the powerful rays of the burning sun, we learn, if we never knew it before, what is meant by “a shadow from the heat.” How beautifully cool! And what a relief to walk with hat in hand, and to wipe the flowing perspiration from our brows, under this refreshing shade!

That house before us is, or once was, the home of the manager of the estate. It is called “the great house.” A worthy Christian man now lives in it, who was formerly a

slave upon the estate. He has become the manager; but his salary is hardly a tenth of what the white managers used to have; and, being a humble black man, he never calls himself, and I believe he is seldom called by others, "the manager of A——," though he really is so. The "great house" is not now kept up in its former state of worldly grandeur; but it is the dwelling-place of a family in which God is worshipped every day; and on the Sabbath, its hall and gallery are turned into a place of religious instruction, in which children and others "hear of heaven and learn the way." May we not suppose, then, that the angels in heaven think it a much grander place now than it was when the holy day of God was made a day of feasting and gambling, of revelry and wickedness—when religion was utterly unknown and uncared for, and the name of God was blasphemed within these old walls?

As we enter this house we find the good man, who lives there, in the gallery, surrounded by a group of little children, whom he is teaching some of Dr. Watts's Moral Songs, while others are seated on forms under the care of little teachers, who are employed in the same way. Before we enter the hall, let us make the acquaintance of J——, the present inhabitant of the "great house." You see he is not a young man. No; he has been sixteen years a grandfather. When I first knew him he was about thirty-six years old, and as ignorant as any slaveholder could have wished him to be. A few days after I came to my station, the manager of A—— gave me his character:—"J—— is an arrant scamp. That man, sir, has been four times broken from being driver." I did not then know the high honour of the driver's office, nor was I at all acquainted with the nature and number of his important duties. I was, of course, just as ignorant of the great offences for which J—— had been "four times" disgraced and put

out of his situation. But I have since become better acquainted with matters of that kind. The sign of the driver's office was *the whip*; and to "take the waip from him," meant his degradation from this office. One part of the driver's duty was to flog the slaves for any supposed offence. A number of people were brought up one evening to be punished for not having performed their daily task. Amongst them was a female, who was stretched upon the ground in the usual way with her back laid bare for the lash. The driver stood still. The manager stamped and swore, and threatened to lay *him* down; but J——, looking his enraged master full in the face, said, "Sir, I *cannot* do that. Excuse me, sir, but I cannot do so to *my own mother*!" For this he was put into the stocks for three days, and "broken from being driver." He was reckoned a troublesome fellow, and treated with shocking cruelty before he got his freedom. But when he ceased to be a slave, the same man who formerly called him "an arrant scamp" wisely secured his services as foreman on the estate, and placed the greatest confidence in him as a faithful servant. When that manager left, J—— had the entire care and management of the plantation, and now, for many years, he has filled the situation so as fully to satisfy his employer.

Though he was far advanced in life before he knew a letter of a book, he can now read the Bible and most of our hymns; and his handwriting is really good. He has long borne a most consistent character as a Christian, having been a member of the church from the very time when it was formed, and "used the office of a deacon well" for the same period. His liberality to the cause of God is very great. In connection with the chapel, his regular subscriptions are not less than thirty dollars (about *five guineas*) every year. And for any special call, J—— is

always ready to give cheerfully, as the Lord hath prospered him.

But let us now enter the hall of the "great house." Here we find a pretty large Bible class. This is chiefly composed of young people and children; but there are also several parents, and even grandfathers and grandmothers, in the room. All except the old people have their Bibles in their hands, and one of them is reading, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken."—Luke xxiv. 25. The teacher is a man past middle life. His eyesight is not so good as it once was, for you see he wears spectacles; but the natural strength of that strong body of his is not yet much abated. He is decently dressed, though at present he is barefooted, while most of his scholars, among whom are his own children, are well supplied with fashionable boots and shoes. He does not stop to notice our coming in, but goes on in a clear, strong voice, with a good deal of the Creole or negro accent.

"'O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken.'"

"Who says that?"

"Jesus."

"When he says 'O fools,' does he mean the same as people do when they curse somebody, and call him a fool?"

"No—Yes."

"No; he does not mean *that*—he means that they were *thoughtless*—did not consider, did not think. If we don't think and consider, we cannot learn anything good—we cannot become wise. Then we must be——"

"Fools."

"To be sure, if we are thoughtless and do not consider, we shall be like them, when Jesus said, 'O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken.'"

"'Slow of heart;' what is that?"

"You don't know? Why, it is not quick and ready to believe; but dull, lazy to think, and lazy to believe, too."

"To believe *what*?"

"All that the prophets have spoken."

"Very well; who were called prophets?"

"Persons who foretold things that were to happen."

"Who made them to know about these things."

"God."

"Yes, God put it into their hearts; and, suppose he don't make any of us prophets, he will put good thoughts into *our* hearts if we pray to him."

The lesson on this occasion was the conversation of Jesus Christ with the two disciples as they were walking to Emmaus, and each verse, as it was read, became the subject of question and remark. Reference was frequently made to the Old Testament, and the teacher spoke to the class very properly, shewing them in a plain and very earnest manner the necessity and importance of personal religion. This is our friend Harry, about whom we told you something last month. He is now a deacon of the church, and, as we have just seen, an active Sabbath school teacher.

In the Sabbath school, and in the pious family, the good seed, which "is the word of God," is sown in the hearts of the young. But is it not a fact that many of those who appear to "receive the word with joy," afterwards "fall away;" and when they leave the school and "go forth" from their homes, "the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful?" Are not many proofs of this to be found among those who were once in the Sabbath schools of Great Britain? And a regard to truth obliges me to say that it is the same in the West Indies. Few, alas! devote their "youth to God." I can look



back over a long period of Missionary service, and recollect many who, while attending the Sabbath school, bade fair to become servants of God in early life, but who are not now to be found among the professed disciples of Christ. It is indeed great cause of joy and thankfulness, both to pastor and teachers, when any of the young give their hearts to Jesus and become members of the church; but in this land we have reason to "rejoice with trembling." Our young people are exposed to many powerful temptations, which too often draw them from the good ways of God. Still some are adorning "the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things;" and not a few, who heard of heaven and learned the way, at our Sabbath schools are now, as we have every reason to believe, among

"The happy children who are gone  
To live with Jesus Christ in peace;  
Who stand before his glorious throne,  
Redeemed by blood, and saved by grace."

A little girl about twelve years of age, named Madaline, attended the Sabbath school at A——. She did not show any serious concern about her soul, nor was there anything remarkable in her conduct while she was at school. The only thing of which I have any particular recollection about her is, that, at the beginning of the present year, she bought a new bible and hymn-book. Shortly after that she became unwell, but it was thought to be only a cold. In a few weeks, however, she grew much worse, and when I first saw her she was so ill that she could speak with difficulty. Her mother was a poor widow, and the bed on which the dying child lay was spread upon the floor, which, though formed of boards, was only a few inches from the wet ground. When I saw her she seemed not to notice anything around her, and to be within a few hours of death. I kneeled by her bedside and spoke to her about her

soul, and about Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners, in such a way as I thought suitable to the case of a dying child. I also read to her some parts of Scripture and prayed. To a very few simple questions she gave very proper answers, but her voice was so weak that I could scarcely hear what she said. In this low state she remained till about four days before she died, when she appeared to recover her strength. As she was often visited by some of the Christian people in the neighbourhood, she began to speak with them very freely, and the only subject on which she wished to talk was the salvation of her soul. She really seemed to have received new strength to speak and to hear about the Saviour. She repeated several of the sweet hymns she had learned at the Sunday school; and when she could not remember a few words of some parts of Scripture which speak of Jesus, she would not rest until the passage was found and read to her. She told those about her that she was soon to leave them, and to go to that place which Christ has gone to prepare for his people. Having been asked if she expected to go to heaven because she was young and had not committed much sin, she replied, "I am young, but I have done much sin, for all the time I was well I did not love God; and it is only because Christ died for sinners, that I can expect to go to heaven when I die. I know I am a sinner, but I believe that Jesus Christ, who died for sinners, will save me, if I trust in him." She wished to see a school companion, with whom she had some quarrel a long time before; and on seeing her by the side of her bed, she said, "You remember we once had a quarrel, and I wanted to see you and make friends with you; for I have nothing in my heart against you, and I hope you will forgive me." The other girl was much affected, and said that she had long since forgotten all about the quarrel. Madaline said, "But I remember it, and I am too glad you

have come." She then asked for a cup of water, which was brought to her. "Now," said she, "we will drink out of the same cup, and be good friends again." She then took a last farewell of her, telling her to think of her soul and "mind religion young."

During the few last days of her life she seemed never tired of speaking about Jesus Christ; and she wished all who came to see her to speak to her on the same subject, to read a portion of the Holy Scriptures, or to pray with her. One afternoon a young man called to see her, and, after staying a short time in the room, he left without saying anything upon her favourite subject. The same evening she asked, "Is J—— a Christian?" She was told that he was a member of the church. She said, "How can he be a Christian? He came in to see me to-day, and he only looked upon me and went away without speaking a word. I don't think a Christian can do so; and I don't want people to come and look upon me like a worldly somebody and not say anything about my soul." Having been asked if she thought that what any person said to her could save her soul, she replied, "No; only Jesus Christ can save me; but when people speak to me, and read and pray with me, I feel comfort and am happy." In this state of mind she continued to the last.

I was prevented, by other engagements, from visiting her during the last few days of her illness; and when I next called at her mother's house, Madaline was lying as if in a sound and pleasant sleep; but it was the sleep of death.



## THE JUNGLE BOY.

THE following circumstance has been published in an imperfect form in some English magazines; but the account of it here given is from the pen of the late Mrs. Emily C. Judson, who was personally acquainted with the fact.

Many years ago, a lady sat in the verandah of her Burmese house, endeavouring to decipher the scarcely legible characters of a palm-leaf book, which lay in all its awkwardness upon the table before her. A beautiful beetle, with just gold enough on his bright green wings to distinguish him from the glossy leaves of the Cape jessamine, which grew close by the balustrade, was balancing himself upon one of the rich white blossoms that filled the whole air with their fragrance; while a gay-plumaged bird, with a strange sort of a feathery coronal upon his head, was making himself busy among the rank grass beyond. Still farther on, a long-necked chameleon clung to the trunk of a guava tree, throwing back his snake-like head, and darting his inquisitive little eyes about very suspiciously; a green-coated robber of a parrot nestled among the fruit and foliage above; and below, and all around, a whole school of crows flapped their black wings, and wheeled, and fluttered, and cawed, with amazing industry and volubility. It is in vain to try to enumerate the lady's strange visitors, but they were such as any of you might see of a bright morning in Burmah, and very attractive you would find them—much more attractive, I have no doubt, than the long palm-leaf books, all smeared with oil to make their circular scratches legible. From a little bamboo shelter—a curious thatched roof set upon poles, just beyond the high, uncropped hedge, and dignified by the name of school-house—came a sound of mingled voices, very cheerful, very

earnest, and to stranger ears about as intelligible as the cawing of the crows. But the lady understood it all and it told her that her native schoolmaster was doing his duty, and his tawny pupils making some proficiency in the *them-bōng gyee*, or a-b, ab talk. *Ka gyee, yā, ka—ka gyee yā kya, käh—kah gyee yā lōng gyee ten, kē—ka gyee yā lōng gyee ten san cat, kē*, came the confused sounds—a very circuitous way of saying k-a, ka—k-e, ke don't you think so?

As the lady bent over her book, a little more wearily than in the freshness of the morning, and made a renewed effort to fix her eyes on the dizzying circles, a strange looking figure bounded through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway, and rushing toward her, with great eagerness inquired, "Does Jesus Christ live here?"

He was a boy perhaps twelve years of age; his coarse black hair, unconfined by the usual turban, matted with filth, and bristling in every direction like the quills of a porcupine, and a very dirty cloth of plaided cotton disposed in the most slovenly manner about his person.

"Does Jesus Christ live here?" he inquired, scarcely pausing for breath, though slackening his pace a little as he made his way, uninvited, up the steps of the verandah, and crouched at the lady's feet.

"What do you want of Jesus Christ?" inquired the lady.

"I want to see him: I want to confess to him."

"Why, what have you been doing that you want to confess?"

"Does he live here?"—with great emphasis: "I want to know *that*. Doing! Why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad—I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ; for I heard one of the Loo-gyees say

that he can save us from hell. Does he live here? Oh, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ."

"But he does not save people from hell, if they continue to do wickedly."

"I want to stop doing wickedly; but I can't stop—I don't know how to stop—the evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?"

"Nothing, but to come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us," the lady softly murmured; but she spoke this last in English, so the boy only raised his head with a vacant "B' ha-lai?"

"You cannot see Jesus Christ now—"

She was interrupted by a sharp quick cry of despair.

"But I am his humble friend and follower—"

The face of the listener brightened a little.

"And he has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so."

The joyful eagerness depicted in the poor boy's countenance was beyond description. "Tell me—oh tell me! Only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I will be your servant, your slave, for life. Do not be angry! Do not send me away! I want to be saved—saved from hell!"

The lady, you will readily believe, was not likely to be angry. The next day a new pupil was welcomed to the little bamboo school-house, in the person of the wild Karen boy.

Years passed away. Death had laid his hand upon the gentle lady. On earth, another death scene was enacting. A strong, dark-browed man, tossed wildly on his fevered couch, in agony. Suddenly, his countenance was lighted with a heavenly radiance, his lips parted with a smile, his eye beamed a single joyful flash, and then his waiting angel-guide conducted him to the presence of the Saviour. It was the Jungle Boy.

## THE MISSIONARY'S VISIT.

**A MISSIONARY** who had gone  
To western lands to teach,  
And to fulfil the great command,  
The Gospel truths to preach,  
Returned to tell what God had done,  
In saving men through Christ his Son.

He stood amidst a youthful band,  
Whose voices rose on high,  
To bless that wondrous God who brings  
His great salvation nigh;  
That black and white, and old and young,  
May praise the Lord with heart and tongue.

Their listening ears with joy received  
The news he had to tell;  
They magnified the God of grace,  
Who has done all things well;  
In sending light to those who dwell  
In darkest gloom and near to hell.

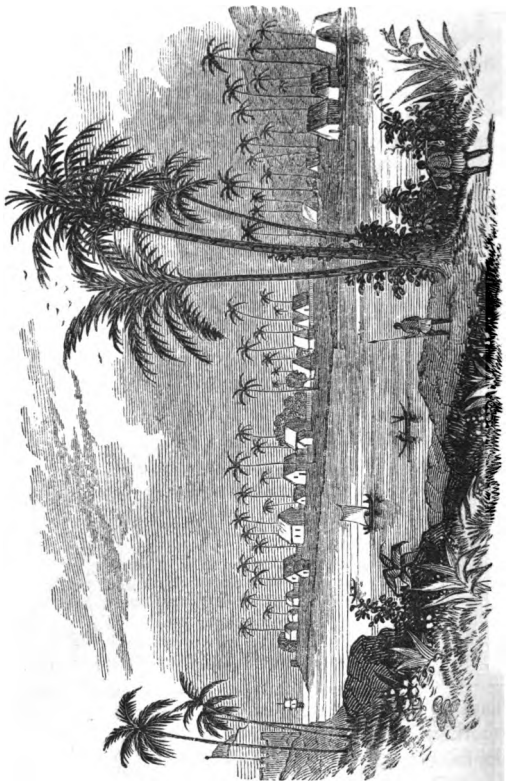
'Tis lovely to behold the sun,  
Gilding the mountain height,  
To listen to the warbling note  
Of bird lost to the sight;  
To pluck the flower whose sweets impart  
A transient pleasure to the heart.

But shining sun, nor flower, nor bird,  
Can praise the Lord as those  
Who know from his most holy word,  
His kindness to his foes;  
E'en heathen lands his love adore,  
And seek to know their Maker more.

May blessings on his head abide  
Who came with burning thought,  
To interest our children dear,  
And show "what God had wrought."  
Each by their features seemed to say,  
"How happy I have been to day!"







**Kauai, Sandwich Islands—the place where Captain Cook was killed.**

**THE**

# **JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.**

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**MARCH, 1855.**

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## **THE FIRST SCHOOL IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.**

IN no part of the earth have Missionary labours done more good than in the Sandwich Islands. The inhabitants of that important group are now amongst the best taught and the most religious nations in existence. But the case was very different in 1820, when the messengers of mercy first landed upon their shores. At that time they were a people without knowledge. They had no written language, no schools, no teachers, and, what was worse, they did not feel their wants, or wish to have them removed. Ignorance is bad; but indifference is worse. Now, the Sandwich islanders were both ignorant and indifferent. This was the case with all classes—the young and the old, the chiefs and the people. The children did not like to plod away over letters and words, spelling and stammering out strange sounds. They would rather climb the cocoa-nut trees, or sport in the surf, or chase one another along the coral beach. And their fathers and mothers preferred heathen games and intoxicating drinks to books and slates and Christian teaching.

It was therefore very difficult, at first, for the Missionaries to collect and carry on a school. If, by coaxing and kind words, one or two were persuaded to come

for a little while, they soon got tired. Many of them, indeed, would stand around the house to see what was doing there, and would stare, and laugh, and shout in the wildest way at any thing which seemed strange to them. But it was not easy to draw them in.

One by one, however, old people and young, parents and children, began to think that learning was a good thing, and that it would be worth while to give themselves a little trouble to get it. This encouraged the Missionaries, and they soon saw that their labours would not be in vain. One Sunday, an interesting native, called Puluna, was seen by the Missionary entering the chapel, leading two shy but bright-eyed girls. They were her daughters. Having sat quietly until the service was ended, Puluna went up to the Missionary and asked him to take her children and herself under his instruction. From that day they became constant scholars, and they made good progress. The mother was so diligent that in a few weeks she was able to read and to write, and not very long afterwards her daughters could do the same. When the Missionary introduced slates for the use of the scholars, &c. Puluna received one of them. She valued the present much, and was so anxious to make good use of it, that four days after she brought up her slate to the Missionary, with this sentence written in English, "I cannot see God; but God can see me." You may fancy how pleased she was with her success; and you would have laughed outright if you had been there, and had seen how the rest of the scholars, and others who were not scholars, gaped and stared as they heard her read out the words, first in English and then in their own language. They now saw that a slate could really

speak, that it could speak in different languages, and that one of their own people could make it speak !

The fame of the school, and the wonderful books, and the speaking slates soon spread ; and many others came there to learn. One day, a little boy, with a mild and pleasant face, was seen peeping in through the paling that surrounded the school-house, watching the movements of those within. The Missionary saw him, and said, " Would you like to live with us, and learn to work and read ? " *Æ* (yes) was his prompt and pleasant answer. He was taken at his word. He became a diligent scholar and a good boy. In a few months he could read several parts of the English Bible well. Soon he expressed a wish to teach others who were still ignorant ; and, even while he was still a boy, he made himself very useful in helping the Missionaries. At another time, a young man came to the Mission House, and said, very earnestly, " I goin' to live with you now ; I want to learn to read, and learn navigation. I like take the sun, sail out o' sight o' land, and go to any part o' the world." He had been to China, and had learned to speak the English language.

But the highest chiefs, as well as the youngest children, soon began to see how useful knowledge was, and they too came to school. Amongst these was the King of Kauai ; and he was a good scholar. After he had been learning but three months he wrote a letter to Mr. Bingham, saying how glad he was that Missionaries had "*come to do him good,*" and his thankfulness for what they had done for his son George. The following are two specimens of his letters :—

" Dear friend,—I feel glad that your good people come to my islands to do me good. I thank you. I

love them. I give them eat, drink, and land to work on. I thank all American folks: they give my son learning. He know how to learn. Write all American books. I feel glad he come home. He long time in America. I think he dead. But some man speak 'No!' I very glad you good people. I love them. I do them good. I hope you do good Hawaii, Oahu, and all the islands.

"Except this from your friend, Tamoree."

During the same summer the King wrote the following letter to the Secretary of the American Missionary Society, to which his country owed the Gospel.

"Atooi (Kauai), July 28th, 1820.

"Dear Friend,—I wish to write a few lines to you for the good book you was so kind as to send by my son. I think it is a good book; one that God gave us to read. I hope my own people will soon read this, and all other good books. I believe that my idols are good for nothing, and that your God is the only true God—the one that made all things. My idols I have hove away—they are no good—they fool me—they do me no good. I give them cocoa-nuts, plantains, hogs, and good many things, and they fool me at last. Now I throw them all away. I have done now. When your good people learn me, I worship your God. I feel glad your good people come here to help us. We know nothing. I thank you for giving my son learning. I thank all-America people. Accept this from your friend, King Tamoree."

Three months after this school was begun there were forty regular scholars in it, and, as many of them had learned very much in a short time, the Missionary resolved to have a public examination. There was one

part of this examination which pleased the people wonderfully: it was the singing or chanting of many of the lessons which the children had committed to memory. For example, they chanted, in the Hawaiian language, the following important sentences:—

“ In the beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth.  
Jehovah is in heaven, and he is everywhere.  
Jesus Christ, the good Son of God, died for our sins.  
We must pray to Jehovah, and love his word.  
God loves good men, and good men love God.”

The day following this examination the Missionaries entered new buildings which the Government had prepared for them, and in which they were able to carry on their work with more ease and comfort; and, soon afterwards, they saw that the good seed they were scattering had found its way, not only into the minds but into the hearts of some of the people. Of this we shall give you proofs in another number of our Magazine.

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## CHINESE GLEANINGS.

### CHINESE NOTIONS OF CHINA AND OTHER COUNTRIES.

MANY of the people of China are getting wiser than they have been about their own country and other lands. Since our ships were allowed to trade to the five ports which have, for some years, been opened to the commerce of western nations, thousands of Chinese have found out how false and foolish their former notions were concerning themselves and distant countries. Still the multitudes hold to the opinions of their fathers. They believed, not only that China is the largest nation in the world, but the very world itself; and that no other place is worthy to be called a country. In one of their popular maps, China is placed

the centre of the earth, and fills by far the largest part of its surface. It is surrounded by what they call "the four seas," and in these seas there are several small islands. These are Europe, England, Holland, France, Batavia, Singapore, and Africa!

When we find that the people have such ideas of their own country we need not wonder at the names they give to it. They call China "Teen-Hea;"—that is, "All under heaven," and "Ching-Kwoh," or "the central kingdom." The Emperor is said to be "the chief ruler under heaven;" and it is a common saying, that "as there is but one sun in the heavens, so there is but one emperor on earth."

Although some know better, many of the people believe that England is too small a place for the English to live in, and that they are therefore obliged to build large ships, and sail about in them over the wide seas to the rich Celestial Empire. When anything is said by the English in praise of Britain, the Chinese will say, "If your country is so good, why do you come here after tea and rhubarb? We can do without you; but you cannot do without us."

But the size and the riches of China are not the only things which, in the belief of the people, make that country so much better than any other. They also fancy that, upon their favoured land, the sun always shines; while all the isles in the four seas, with their inhabitants, are in cold and darkness. During the war between England and China it was commonly reported, and believed by many, that the British soldiers had legs without joints; that their limbs were stiff; that, if they fell down, they could not get up again, and might be easily killed or made prisoners. It was also said that the native troops which came from India were amphibious animals, living seven days in the sea and seven days out of it; that a little frost would kill the English, and that they must submit to China, because they could not live without tea and rhubarb.

In a book which is much read by the Chinese, the writer, whose name is Teen-Ke-Sheih, thus compares his own circumstances with those of other nations:—"I think myself happy that I was born in China, and I constantly consider how very different it would have been with me if I had been born beyond the seas, in some distant part of the earth, where the people are clothed with the leaves of plants, eat wood, dwell in the wilderness, and live in the holes of the earth. Though born in the world in such a condition, I should not have been different from the beasts of the field. But now, happily, I have been born in the middle kingdom. I have a house to live in; have food, and drink, and elegant furniture; have clothing and caps, and infinite blessings. Truly, the highest happiness is mine!"

Multitudes, however, are now better instructed. Although they do not like to own their mistake, they are forced to do so. Truth has driven away many of their fables. They know something about the shape, size, and countries of the globe. They see that China is not what they and their fathers believed, and that western nations are not mere islets, cursed with constant cold and darkness. Still they do not like to acknowledge that the English know more than the Chinese, or that we have any advantages not possessed by themselves. One day, a rather intelligent native put some questions to a Missionary about the western nations. The Missionary gave him the information he wanted; and, amongst other things, described to him our railways, electric telegraphs, and balloons. He then tried to make him understand the solar system, gravitation, &c. You may suppose that the Chinese was astonished at these accounts; but he was not content to let the Missionary suppose that there were less wonderful things in China than in England. He therefore began to give some strange accounts of things seen or done in his own country, and he closed the conversation by saying



assuring the Missionary that there was a bird in China, such as no western nations could boast of, which was so large that it made the heavens dark for three hours while it was flying by; and that a famous fish had been seen off the coast of Shan-tung, which was so long that it took three days to pass.

But these times of ignorance are drawing to a close. Many are now running to and fro in China, and knowledge is increased. Every year is working wonderful changes in that great land. The people themselves are printing God's word. Old superstitions and old errors about their own country and Christian nations are fast giving way. There is, indeed, a good time coming for that mighty empire—a time when the people will smile at their own folly as we smile at it now, and will bless God that the darkness has passed, and that the true light has shined upon them.

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#### THE GREAT CHANGE GOING ON IN INDIA.

MR. MULLINS, in his interesting book just published about the Missions of Southern India, mentions many things which clearly show that the Gospel is silently making way in that country. He shows what a great deal of Scriptural knowledge is spread, even where Missionaries have not been; and that, even in some heathen families, the Bible is read and prayer offered every day. In many places, he tells us, the people acknowledge that their gods are weak, their religion foolish, and that Christianity will prevail. One proof of this is found in the singular circumstance that they have given up worshipping most of their idols, and pray only to RAM, who they believe to be Almighty. Mr. Mullins mentions some facts to show what changes have taken place even without the direct teaching of the Missionaries.

Some time ago, the Rev. Edward Porter was preaching a place called Narsempett. About a hundred people

were sitting around him, and his heart was rejoiced as he looked in their faces and saw the attention they were paying to the good news of salvation. There was, in particular, one old woman whose manner pleased him, and, when he had ended his address, he said to her :

“Do you worship idols?”

“No,” answered the old woman. “I have left them off.”

“How long have you left them off?”

“Ever since the great famine.” (Which was probably in 1833.)

“Whom, then, do you worship?”

She then looked towards the heavens, and, pointing upwards with her finger, she added :

“That God; He only is God, and no one else. These people,” she continued, “have a thousand opinions and a thousand religions; therefore God does not dwell with them. You speak of one God, and one true way; therefore God dwells with you.”

Another place, named Dhoosee, was visited by the Rev. W. Dawson in 1845. All the people living in it came to hear him preach of Jesus Christ and the great salvation. Men, women, and children crowded about him from morning until night. He thought, from their appearance and manner, that he was not preaching to them in vain. Tired with his hard day's work, Mr. Dawson went to his tent, and supposed that he would for the present have nothing more to do. But he was mistaken; for he had not been long there when he heard the voices of several of the villagers calling out to the servants, “What is the name of that Saviour that master has been telling us of? We try to recollect, but we cannot.” The servants thought it was too bad to disturb the Missionary after he had been engaged all day, and therefore answered, “Master is just gone and laid himself done; don't trouble him again.” But the Missionary heard this conversation, and at once

called to the visitors, and asked them to come in. Being thus invited, an old man entered the tent, and, seating himself upon the ground, he said, "We have been hearing all that has been said, and we are convinced that it is true. A few of us have therefore talked together, and we think it is not right for us to neglect your message and your kind concern for our good; and, though we cannot do all you have told us, we will give up the worship of idols and false gods, and will think of and pray to **THIS SAVIOUR** alone. But we cannot recollect his name. Is it *this*?" he added, pronouncing it improperly. Mr. Dawson then repeated to them the name of Jesus several times, and told them more about him. He then left them, with a promise to send a teacher, who should stay with them and tell them more than he had done about the Saviour.

Many cases of the same kind might be added; but those now mentioned will be sufficient to show what a great and good work God is doing in India.

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### SCENES FROM HEATHEN LIFE.

WE sometimes fancy that heathenism is little more than worshipping gods and performing a great many foolish ceremonies; but if so, we are very much mistaken. In India, for example, you could hardly go anywhere and not find out that you were in a heathen country, even though you might not enter a temple. In their business, their pleasure, their sickness, or their death, you would see enough to show that heathenism was closely connected with every part of their lives. In proof of this, we shall give you two or three scenes in the history of a heathen family, written by a good Missionary who labours near the Himalaya mountains in the north of India. The first shall be an account of what takes place at the birth, betrothal and marriage of a son in that country. We have described a Hindoo

marriage before, but the manners of the people who dwell in this part of India are very different from the habits of the people of Calcutta or Madras or other large cities. The Missionary says :—As soon as it is known that a little boy is born, all the neighbours and friends go to the house to take the father some stalks of grass as a sign of their joy and good wishes. When the child is three days old the father invites them to come together again, and kills a sheep or a goat to feast them. After this, the mother and the new born child must remain within doors three or four months, and dare not go out till the priest says that a proper day has come. Then all the neighbours and friends meet once more, and a little sugar is given to each of them, when the child is brought out, and the priest gives him the name which has been chosen for him.

Betrothal takes place while the children are quite young, but not so early as in some parts of the country. The parents choose the future husband or wife for each of their children. When a father thinks he should like any little girl as a wife for his son, he goes to her father and asks him for her. If the request is granted he repeats the visit about fourteen days afterwards, with some of his neighbours, and brings his future daughter-in-law a ring for the nose, a bracelet, or some other ornament. The father of the bride gives to his visitors as good a feast as he can afford, either a sheep or a goat, or at least plenty of rice, split peas, melted butter, sour milk, and such dainties. If the father of the boy is dead, the nearest relation does for him what has been described. Six or eight months, or a year after this, when everything in the bridegroom's house is made ready for the bride, a message is sent to her parents to ask whether they are also ready for the marriage. If they say they are not ready it is put off till they are.

On the day fixed for the wedding, the parents of

children send, very early, two young men, to a river near by, to fill a vessel with water, to fetch some leaves from a holy tree, and seven branches from a sort of thornbush. They then tie these branches into a bundle and bring them to the bride's house, where they put them in a corner by the side of the altar, on which are images of the god Seevah and his wife Kalee made of cow dung. A nut, the sign of the god Ganesch, and a burning light, are also placed there. If the father is not too poor, and the priests make no objection, the marriage takes place in his house, at least the beginning of it; and the father of the bridegroom sends his son to the house, with a crowd of followers, often more than a hundred. All are, of course, dressed in their best clothes; the bridegroom generally wears a yellow or red garment and a white turban; if he can afford it, he is carried in a kind of sedan chair, or rides on horseback, but if he is too poor for this, he walks. When he is about a hundred steps from the bride's house, his uncle takes him up on his back and carries him in. Here a crowd of women are waiting to sing a sort of chorus, in which one part of the singers answer the other. While they sing they hold a brass plate in their hands, on which are a piece of red dye and some stalks of grass, both signs of joy. All the wedding guests give to each of these women a little copper coin, and receive back some grass and a red mark on their foreheads. When the bridegroom and his friends come near the house, they sing, "Whence comes the bridegroom with his horse and his sedan chair? and whence come all these people? The bridegroom's sedan is not a good one and the bridegroom himself is not handsome, but our daughter is beautiful and everything that we have is very good." Then they sing in the name of the bride's friends, "Fly, fly, O raven, to my mother's brother and say to him, thy niece invites thee to the wedding." The raven answers, "I don't know the way to his house or what his name is;"

but they reply, "A straight road leads to his house, and his name is Mr. So and So." With almost the same words the raven is told to invite the priests to the wedding. While this song is going on, the bridegroom comes, is received by the parents of the bride, and is led to the spot where the marriage is to take place. This is in front of the door of the house. On both sides of it a young cedar is planted the day before, and the branches of these trees are tied together so as to make a beautiful green arch. Under this the bridegroom takes his stand on a board, and the priest then comes out of the house and begins the ceremony. In his right hand he carries a censer, from which incense rises; in his left hand there is a vessel full of water, into which he pours a drop from the river Ganges, so as to make it all holy and fit for washing away sins. He stands before the bridegroom, pours half the water on his right shoulder and the other half on his left, then holds the censer before him and spreads the incense all around. When this is done, the father of the bride ties a red string round the neck of his son-in-law, and leads him inside the house up to the altar, where the priest again scatters incense. And now the bride appears, clothed in a red dress and covered with a thick veil, and places herself at the side of her betrothed husband. The priest then ties together the ends of the shawls worn by the young couple, who walk twice slowly round the altar; at the third time they only go half way round, and then sit down on a mat, while the women sing, "Ram, Kreschna, Sheva, and Chūdi, married, and so now people in this world marry too." All the visitors (often about two hundred) sit down to a meal, which generally consists of several kinds of meat, particularly mutton, and rice, and rich sweet pastry. A very large quantity of this last is eaten at such feasts. After they have feasted as long as they like, they go out to dance, while the bride and bridegroom stop in the house. T<sup>h</sup>

men and women do not dance together, but in separate parties. They have a very strange manner of dancing. Each one puts his left hand on his neighbour's neck, and swings a torch with his other hand, while the whole rank moves in order slowly round a circle, and forms other lines. These amusements last through the night. Towards midnight, the bridegroom bathes, is anointed, and receives from each of the visitors a present of clothes or money. The women sing at this time, "Arise, O priest, anoint the bridegroom, if he receives presents. Every one gives presents, and they are illustrious as if they were given by mother Ganges." If the father is rich, he entertains the wedding guests several days, who continue to eat and to dance as long as they can. If he cannot afford this, he sends them away about four o'clock in the morning and then goes and tells the bridegroom how much he must pay to take his wife home. Sometimes, however, he has to pay nothing. When the husband has had leave, he takes his wife, and in company with her parents, the priest, and all the guests, he goes towards his home. In front of this, a triumphal arch of young cedars is placed. At about a hundred steps from his home, his parents come to meet him and lead the young couple under the cedars, where the ceremonies of pouring water and spreading incense are repeated. The priest is now asked whether the proper moment for the young people to enter their new house has come; if he says, "yes," they go in; but if he says, "no," they stop sitting in front of the house until he tells them to step in. The same ceremonies of washing, &c., are once more repeated, and the next three days are spent in feasting and dancing. After this, they once more return to the house of the bride's father, where three days are again spent in pleasure; then, at last, all is over and the young people go to their future home. All these foolish ceremonies only take place in rich families, and when a

young man marries his first wife, who is generally treated kindly; but if the man has several wives, the others are treated more like slaves, and are compelled to work in the fields or wherever their lord and master orders them.

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### EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION AT MADRAS.

THE Rev. George Hall, the writer of the following letter, is a great friend of young people. He loves them, and you may be sure they love him. Three or four years ago he went for his health to Jamaica, where he was very useful, and where he had a large and flourishing school. His congregation and his scholars wanted him very much to stay with them in that beautiful island; and he would have liked to do so, but it was necessary that he should go to Madras, to conduct a large and important Institution there, like the College at Calcutta. In that city he is now labouring, and God is blessing his labours. The following letter was written to some kind young friends who have helped him in his good work, and we print it because it will interest our readers, and because we hope it may lead some of them to follow the good example of those to whom it was sent. The Editor has, however, made a few verbal alterations in the letter, to make it more plain to those who do not understand hard words, and do not like long ones.

“Madras, 6th Sept., 1854.

“To the Young Ladies at Miss Renal’s School, Wellingbro.

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

“When I had the pleasure of seeing you nearly a year ago, I promised to write to you from India, and tell you about our Mission work here, and what was done with the Missionary offerings you kindly gave me for the benefit of this Institution. I should have written sooner, but the care and labour of beginning a new work in a strange land



have hitherto prevented me. I assure you it is not because I have forgotten you.

“About five months ago, Mrs. Hall and myself landed safely in Madras, after a long and very stormy voyage from England. I am sure you young people in England can have little idea of what India is, and I shall try, as briefly as I can, to tell you something about this part of it, where God, in his providence, has sent me to labour. Madras is a very large city, with about 600,000 heathen inhabitants. The greater part of the people are very poor, and have a more wretched appearance than any you have seen in England. Some of the natives are, however, very rich, and ride about in fine carriages drawn by Arab horses, or else in palanquins carried upon men's shoulders. The streets are narrow, and this, with the great heat of the weather, makes them very disagreeable. For many miles round Madras, the country is so level that we have not yet seen a hill. During the first four months we were here there was not a drop of rain, and not a blade of grass could be seen. The heat is much greater than even that of the West Indies, where I formerly laboured. \* \* \* And then the natives are sunk in the darkest superstition. Every one you see has a mark of red and white paint on his forehead, to show the god he worships, and many of them have small images of their gods hanging round their necks. Heathen temples and Mahomedan mosques are around us in great numbers, and very often processions in honour of some of their gods pass our doors, with great crowds beating drums. It makes one sad to see these poor people wholly given to idolatry. Not more than forty yards from our house is one of the largest heathen temples of Madras. It is for the worship of Siva, and from our windows we can see the great car, on which at their chief festivals this horrid image is placed, as a sort of throne. Near our house a great many Brahmins live, who are employed in

the worship of this idol. How it makes one value the Christian privileges of 'Happy England' to be constantly meeting with such signs of folly and superstition !

"But I must also tell you something about our work here. You may remember that I came to Madras to give my chief attention to the young, in order to try and raise up some to become hereafter preachers of the Gospel in India. The natives are very anxious to learn the English language, and they willingly send their children to such institutions as this, where, among other things, they are regularly taught the Word of God. About two years ago this school was established, and when I came here I found about one hundred and sixty boys in regular attendance.

"I inclose part of our last Report, that you may see what was done in the past year. We have now about three hundred young men and boys in school every day. They are nearly all heathens, or Mohammedans. Many of them are the sons of Brahmins. More than fifty of them are Mohammedans, and at least as many of those who come to school are above twenty years of age. They all know the English language so well that I have little difficulty in teaching them. They all speak Tamil, and I am trying to learn it. I have several teachers to help me in school, and Tamil, Telogoo, and Hindostani are taught by Moonshes.

"The Bible is daily read by nearly all the scholars. I find these young people very apt to receive instruction, and it is very interesting to labour among them. The Hindoos are, in general, very quick. I have thirty-two of the best of our scholars in a class, to which I give my particular attention, and I hope that several of them are sincerely inquiring into Christianity. A few days ago two of my class, each about twenty-two years of age, came to me and expressed their determination to break caste and renounce heathenism. I am giving them private instruction, and hope and pray that their present impressions may contin-

They are both of respectable native families, and their friends do not know their views with regard to Christianity. If they did so, they would at once prevent their coming here, and if these young men renounce idolatry, they will be cast from their homes, and I must in the meantime provide for them. Their nearest relatives would pass them with scorn if they were baptized. I pray that God may give them strength to bear all these trials, and that they may yet become preachers of the Gospel among their degraded countrymen. Think, my dear young friends, how different is your case, and thank God for all your privileges.

“We have also eight boys as boarders with us. They are either the sons of very poor native Christians, or friendless orphans. We have taken them in order that we may be better able to bring them up for usefulness in the church, as preachers or teachers. The money you kindly gave me, I have spent in maps for school, and every day the boys are receiving instruction from them. They have been a great help to us. I am sure, my young friends, that you sympathize with us in this work, and that, if you are able, you will this year contribute something to help us. I feel a peculiar interest in you, from your being the first to give me anything for this Institution. We have an amiable boy of fourteen, named Thomas Samuel, a boarder with us. His father, a Christian, was drowned at sea several years ago, and his mother has since died. We have taken him, and he bids fair to be useful in the church. Could you not raise five or six pounds a year among your friends to help to pay for his board? I think you would feel a great interest in this, and you might in this way be doing much to prepare one who may hereafter preach the Gospel.

“I must now conclude this letter. Before doing so, my young friends, let me exhort you to secure a *personal* interest in Christ. This is the most important matter for you. Do not let these heathen children reach heaven while

you are kept out. You *may* give for *them*, while you are not yourselves lambs of Christ's flock. Let it not be so. *Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.* I hope you will give your hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ, and that if I should never see you again on earth, we may meet in heaven. &c. &c. &c. Believe me,  
Your most truly, "GEORGE HALL."

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### A LIVING SACRIFICE.

IN a part of the southern lands of North America, from which the Red Man has now been driven, I once attended a meeting held in the forest. The subject on which the preacher dwelt, and which he illustrated with extreme beauty, was "Christ, and Him crucified." He spoke of "the good Shepherd," who came into the world to seek and to save the lost. He told how the Saviour met the rude scorn and rough treatment of the heartless soldiers. He spoke of Gethsemane, and of Him who wept there. He pointed to Him as He hung bleeding upon the cross. The congregation wept. Soon there was a slight movement amongst them, and a tall son of the forest, with tears on his cheeks, came near the pulpit, and said, "Did Jesus die for me—die for poor Indian? Me have no lands to give to Jesus—the white man take them away. Me give Him my dog and my rifle." The minister told him Jesus could not accept these gifts. "Me give Jesus my dog, my rifle, my blanket: poor Indian, he got no more to give—he give Jesus all." The minister again answered that Jesus could not accept them. The poor, ignorant, and humbled child of the forest bent his head in sorrow, and seemed very thoughtful. He raised his head once more, looked earnestly at the preacher, and said, "Here is poor Indian, will Jesus have *him*?" A thrill of joy ran through the souls of the minister and people as this

poor fierce son of the desert now sat, "in his right mind," at the feet of Jesus. The Holy Spirit of God had done His work in that precious soul; for it had made him feel the love of Jesus in his heart, and made him willing to yield his body, soul, and spirit unto Him who had loved him and given Himself for him.—*Juvenile Instructor.*

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### HINDOO CRUELTY.

AN American merchant living in India was one day walking upon the banks of the river Ganges, when he heard a low moaning sound as of some one in distress. Going towards the place from which it seemed to come, he saw an old man lying alone and quite helpless on the very brink of the river, apparently near death. After looking at him attentively, what was his surprise to find that this wretched man was a Hindoo of high rank, at whose house he had dined but a few weeks before in the midst of the grandest magnificence.

"How came you here?" said the astonished merchant, addressing him in his own language.

"Alas," replied the aged Hindoo, "my son placed me here to die. He thinks I have lived long enough, and wishes to enjoy the inheritance. He has it all now, and I shall never trouble him any more."

"This must not be," said the merchant. He then went and stated the case to the magistrates, who at once took measures to restore the old man to his home and rights. Thus, by Christian influence, this poor Hindoo was snatched from death.

The impression made by this incident was never forgotten by the merchant; and often, while sitting by his cheerful fireside, surrounded by affectionate children and grandchildren, his heart acknowledged the sweet influences of Christianity with far more feeling than if he had

never seen a Hindoo father left to die alone on the banks of the Ganges.

But old people are not the only ones who are treated so cruelly. The Bible tells us that the heathen are "without natural affection," and this we often find to be true. If we were to see a poor stranger near our house lying on the ground very ill, without a single friend by his side or any means of getting rid of his pain and weakness, I think we should be anxious to do all we could to help the poor creature; and should not let him suffer, and perhaps die, without trying to save his life or put an end to his sufferings. But many of the heathens would look at such a man, and perhaps speak to him without thinking of helping him, just like the priest and the Levite that we read of in the parable of the Good Samaritan. Mr. Weitbrecht, who was an excellent Missionary in India, gives the following example of this:—he says, "We stopped at a village; and, after we had pitched our tent, I took a walk and found a young man from the district of Gya, who was lying very ill under a wango tree. He had been there five days, and no one had taken any trouble about him at all. A vessel with a drop of water and a little dried rice was all that he had near at hand. The hard-hearted people had not given him even a single straw to cover himself during the cold nights. He was not able to move himself at all, and kept groaning all night long. I gave him medicine, some bread, and some weak tea, both in the evening and morning, and the next day I hired four men to carry him in a sort of chair to the hospital of Bankurah. This poor young man was on his way home from a journey to Dschaggernath. How many die thus on their journey without any one to help them!" These poor people have not learned the law of love, which they find in the Holy Scriptures, which make men wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus.

## A CRY O'ER THE WATERS.

A cry o'er the waters!  
 A perishing wail!  
 From earth's darkest quarters  
 'Tis borne on each gale.  
 O! list to its pleading—  
 "Help, help, ere we die!  
 Our brief sands are speeding,  
 To save us, O fly!"

Dark Africa, groaning  
 With guilt and despair,  
 Sends forth, with sad moaning,  
 The heart-piercing prayer;  
 From the thousand isles lying  
 Like gems, on the wave,  
 Hear it mournfully sighing,  
 "O hasten to save!"

And hark! how 'tis swelling  
 In woman's soft tones,  
 From the hapless ones dwelling  
 In Asia's sad homes;—  
 O! wives, mothers, daughters,  
 In Christian homes, hear  
 This cry o'er the waters,  
 That comes to *your* ear.

And Europe is sounding  
 The same earnest strain;  
 From forest-clad mountain,  
 And vine-covered plain,—  
 From lands where the terror  
 Of Rome long has swayed,  
 Now waking from error,  
 They call for our aid.

Disciple of Jesus!  
 Turn not from this cry;  
 What have you so precious  
 That you would deny?  
 O! send o'er the waters  
 Your silver and gold;  
 Your sons too, and daughters,  
 You may not withhold.

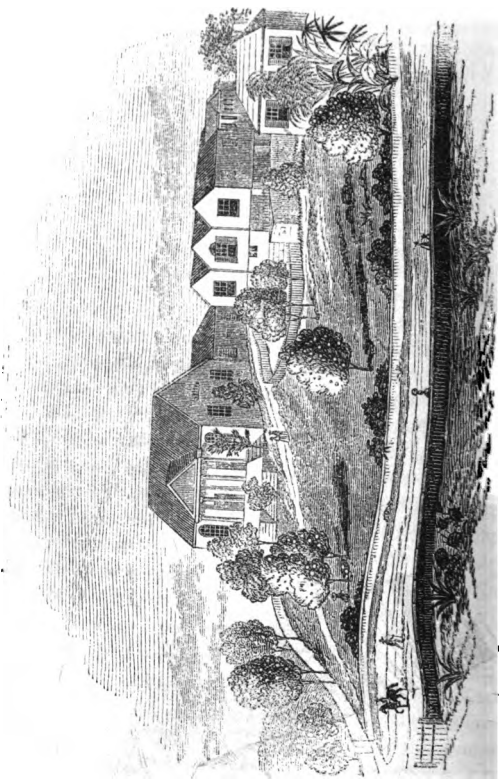
And young men, why loiter?  
 The labourers are few;  
 This cry o'er the waters  
 Sounds loudest to *you*.  
 O! haste, the glad tidings  
 Of Jesus to bear,  
 The lost and the dying  
 To save from despair.

*Constantinople.*

M. C. H.







*Edgmont, Jamaica.*

THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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APRIL, 1855.

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MISSIONARY WORK IN JAMAICA.

Our young friends have heard of Jamaica, one of the West India islands. It is among the most beautiful places in the world. Some of the mountains are nearly 8000 feet high. The mountain passes, or roads, are very winding, and some of them are dangerous. Now suppose you were to climb one of these mountains. When you had got to the top, you would feel tired, for the sun in Jamaica is very hot. You would then sit down to rest under the shade of some large tree, perhaps a mangoe tree, the fruit of which you would gather and eat. This would refresh you very much. After resting awhile, you would get up and look about you. What a beautiful prospect! In the distance you may observe a number of buildings, in the midst of cultivated grounds, or fields. These are called plantations or estates, and they are covered with the sugar-cane, the leaves of which branch out most beautifully, and on the top of every cane a very handsome feather is waving in the air. When the canes are ripe they are cut down and

carried to the buildings. Here the sweet juice is crushed out by a mill. It is then boiled in large coppers and made into sugar, of which our young friends are very fond. No doubt you would like to go into a "boiling-house" and see how sugar is made; but we cannot stay to introduce you now.

Among the sugar-canes you see a great many people hard at work. They are negroes; many of them were formerly slaves, but now they are *all* free. During the time they were slaves, the Christians in England pitied them on account of their sufferings and their ignorance about the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, and they thought if they could send them Bibles and Missionaries, the poor slaves might learn about Jesus Christ coming down from heaven to die for them, that they might be saved.

It was very kind of the people in England to think so much about them and to do so much for them; for they sent them Bibles and Missionaries. The people soon found that the Missionary loved them, and wished to do them good; and as often as they could, they went to the Missionary, to

"Hear of heaven, and learn the way."

Soon Missionaries built chapels and school-houses. In this the people helped, and the kind friends in England gave money towards the object.

The Engraving for this month represents one of our missionary stations. It is called "Ridgmount," and is in a large hilly part of the island, named Manchester. Look at the chapel! It stands on a hill. It is beautiful for situation. And there is a school-room

at the back of it. The front part of the chapel is fifty feet long, and the side forty feet; the school-room runs back sixty feet, and is about twenty-eight feet wide, so that the building is one hundred feet long, and is strongly built of stone obtained in the neighbourhood. On the south side of the chapel and school-house you have the west and south view of the Missionary's dwelling-house, close by which is the tank, into which the water runs as it pours off the roof of the house. The water is very pure, and is pleasant to drink, and keeps fresh a long time. There is another house, which you see just on the other side of the tank; that is where the school teacher lives. Now look again and you will see a great many trees. No doubt you wonder what kind of trees they are. They are orange trees, and if you look closely you will see the fruit hanging on them. Under one of the trees there is a little girl picking up oranges: it is the Missionary's daughter. Coming down the hill is the Missionary and his wife. They are about to join their child, to take a walk—perhaps to see some of their people.

You also see a gentleman on a horse; he is taking an evening ride after the labours of a very hot day. Now look on the road, you will see a "sister." She is black, and is carrying something on her head, going towards the village; perhaps she is going home after she has finished her day's work in the provision field.

The negroes always carry things on the head. Sometimes we meet them carrying a pail of water, a mug, a cup, or a bottle. No matter what it is, it is sure to find a resting-place on the head. Of course

they are obliged to walk quite upright, or the article would fall and break.

We have now told you about the picture ; we think you would like to know a little about the people. There are a great many people attend the chapel on the Sabbath day, many of whom walk several miles to hear the glad news of the Gospel, and are very attentive while the Missionary is telling them of the love of God, and how they must live if they wish to go to heaven when they die.

You would perhaps like to take a peep at our Sabbath-school. At nine o'clock a bell rings to call the scholars together ; in a few minutes it rings again ; the people and children all take their places. The Missionary gives out a hymn, which is sung very nicely, after which he offers prayer. When prayer is over, the classes are all formed. You see a great number of children and young men and women ; most of them have come a long way to the school. Some of them have the Bible in their hands—others with the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class books—and a few of them have no books. Those with books can read, but those who have none cannot read, but have come to be taught, and are very pleased to learn.

The Missionary, his wife, and the teachers are now busy, and the whole school is employed. It is hoped that many of the dear little black boys and girls feel how important it is that they should know about Jesus Christ, who alone can save them from their sins and take them to heaven when they die.

We must now tell you about a young girl that followed the Missionary one Sabbath morning from the

chapel to the house. As soon as she had entered the dwelling of the Missionary, she said :

“ Minister, I am a sinner, I am a big sinner, I want to hear more about Christ—do, minister, tell me if you think Christ Jesus will have mercy on my poor soul.”

The Missionary assured her that those who come to Christ, he will in nowise cast out. The poor girl wept bitterly, and after the Missionary had a little more conversation with her she left, the Missionary promising to see her again soon.

During the same week the Missionary called at her house, when the following conversation took place:—

*Missionary.* “ I have called this evening to inquire about the state of your soul. Tell me how you feel.”

*J.* “ Oh, minister, my mind is all darkness—I can get no light.”

*M.* “ Have you not found any comfort in Christ since I saw you on Sabbath?”

*J.* “ No, sir; it is all blackness, darkness, and despair.”

*M.* “ But has not He promised to remove all darkness, and to give you light in the face of Jesus Christ?”

*J.* “ Yes, sir; but my heart is too bad—it is so unbelieving. I am too great a sinner to be pardoned.”

*M.* “ The Bible tells you to ‘ believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;’ and ‘ the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.’ I am afraid you have not tried in the right way—prayed, hoping to be pardoned and made happy in the love of Christ.”

**J.** "I have prayed; but God seems not to hear my prayer. Oh, what shall I do to be saved?"

**M.** "You must believe that God is willing to receive you and to bless you for his Son's sake. If you cast your whole self on the Saviour you will obtain the blessings you desire."

After this the Missionary prayed with the young person, and left her.

Several books were lent to her by the Missionary, and it was his privilege some time ago to see her come to him, and to hear her say, "Oh, minister, I have more peace now; now I believe that God for Christ's sake will receive me and bless me; and I hope I shall have the aid of God's Holy Spirit to enable me to walk in the path of life."

Dear young friends! this young person has lately cast herself fully upon the Saviour, and has given herself to the people of God.

We might tell you many more little facts relative to the conversions among the negroes in Jamaica; but we cannot do so now.

Dear readers! Are you converted? Are your sins blotted out? Have you found Christ? Many shall come from the east and from the west; but oh, do not let them rise up in the judgment to condemn you! The Saviour says, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me *early* shall find me." Do you love him? Have you sought him? If so, you will be happy yourself, and you will desire that the Indian, the negro and the rude barbarian, shall become happy too.

## CHINESE GLEANINGS.

## OBSTACLES TO THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

MANY things which we have told our readers in former *Magazines* about the opinions, customs, and idolatry of the Chinese will show that the Missionary has much difficult work to do before he can bring them to know and believe the truths of the Bible. But, besides the obstacles we have mentioned, there are others which must also be overcome. Two or three of these we shall now describe.

In the first place, the Chinese are a very proud people. They are proud of their country, and, as we showed you last month, they believe that all other countries are miserable little islands, where the people grope about in the darkness and cold. And they are quite as proud of themselves. They think that no people have any knowledge or goodness to be compared with their own. And therefore it is that they despise foreigners and speak of them with contempt. They call Englishmen, for example, by all sorts of strange names, such as "red-bristled barbarians," "contemptible sea-going imps," and "devils." These names are not used by the common people only. The mandarins, or magistrates, show their dislike to foreigners in the same way. In a printed declaration against the English, the writers complain, that "even the very beds of the people were taken by those robbers to snore upon." In another paper we find the following language:—"That English nation, whose ruler is now a man, then a woman, its people at one time like birds, and then like beasts, with dispositions more fierce and furious than the tiger or the wolf, and hearts more greedy than the snake or the hog," &c.

Now everybody must see that English Missionaries will not, at least for some time, be well received by a people who hate so heartily the nation to which they belong. For



some time after these servants of God went to China, they had to strive against this prejudice. Dr. Medhurst has translated a part of a Chinese tract, which some time ago was written against the Missionaries, and which shows the feeling of the people towards them. The following, in simple language, is the substance of this tract:—"It is monstrous in barbarians to try to improve the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire when they are so bad and ignorant themselves. Thus, as they bring to China a poisonous drug, they can have no benevolence; as they send their ships and soldiers to rob other nations, they cannot be just and honest; as they let men and women walk arm-in-arm through the streets, they prove that they have no sense of what is proper; as they do not believe the doctrines of the ancient kings, they can have no wisdom. Indeed, truth is the only good quality to which they can lay claim. As, therefore, they want four out of five chief virtues, how can they expect to do good to others? Then, again, while they spend their money in giving away books, they trample printed paper under their feet, and thus how that they have no respect for the inventor of letters. Further, these men who preach to us have no regard to their own parents, forgetting them as soon as they are dead, putting them off with deal coffins only an inch thick, and never so much as once offering sacrifices to their departed spirits, or burning the smallest piece of gilt paper for their support in the next world. From all this it appears that foreigners are not so wise or good as Chinese, and therefore are not fit to teach them."

But the people are now beginning to see the difference between Missionaries and other foreigners, and to think and speak of them in a very different way.

In the next place, another great obstacle in the way of Missionary success is the high opinion the Chinese have of

the wise men of former times. They believe that almost all wisdom came from the ancient sages. *They* were giants in knowledge, and *we* who live now are only dwarfs. If an Englishman praises the writers of his own nation the Chinese are ready to laugh at his folly. If you were to tell them that we have beautiful poetry, and books full of wisdom, they would stare at you with astonishment, and would very probably show their contempt. And if by any chance one of their own countrymen should say that *he* believed this was true, he would at once be set down by others as a downright traitor to his country.

You have often been told that of all the men of ancient times the Chinese think Confucius the wisest. His name and his praises are in the mouth of all. The following is a specimen of the style in which they honour his memory:—

“ Confucius ! Confucius ! how great is Confucius !  
 Before Confucius, there never was a Confucius !  
 Since Confucius, there never has been a Confucius !  
 Confucius ! Confucius ! how great is Confucius ! ”

Hence, in the schools, the chief things taught are the sayings and doings of this man. Every one must see how reverence for a human being such as Confucius, and a belief in the wisdom and goodness of his writings, must prove obstacles to the progress of the Gospel.

It is true, indeed, that, according to some of the stories believed by the Chinese, this sage was not always so clever as they try to make him appear. Our young readers will be amused by one of these stories. It is taken from a book called “The Miscellany of the Eastern Garden,” and is related to show how this wise man was puzzled by a sharp boy. Once upon a time (so the story goes) Confucius met a lad, and, seeing that he had a bright and knowing face, he asked him this question—“Can you tell me, my boy, under the whole sky what fire has no smoke; what water no fish; what hill has no stones; what tree no branch?”

what man has no wife; what wife no husband; what cow has no calf; what mare no colt; what is that which has not enough, and what is that which has too much?" Then the boy answered, "A glow-worm's fire has no smoke, and well-water no fish; a mound of earth has no stones, and a rotten tree no branches; genii have no wives, and fairies no husbands; earthen cows have no calves, and wooden mares no colts; a winter's day is not long enough, and a summer's day too long." Confucius sighed and said, "How clever! How worthy!" But now it came to the lad's turn to question the sage. "Why is it," said the boy, "that ducks can swim, cranes sing, and firs keep green in winter?" "Because," answered Confucius, "ducks have broad feet, cranes long necks, and firs strong hearts." "Not so," replied the boy; "for fishes and turtles can swim: is it because they have broad feet? Frogs and toads can sing; is it because their necks are long? The green bamboo (which is hollow) keeps fresh in winter; is it because it has a strong heart?" Confucius was silent, when the boy inquired, "How many stars are there in heaven?" Confucius replied, "We do not know much about heaven, let us speak about the earth." "Then," asked the lad, "how many houses altogether are there upon the earth?" Unable to reply, the wise man said, "Why must we talk about heaven or earth? Let us speak about something that is before our eyes?" "Very well," said the boy, "speak about what's before our eyes—then tell me how many hairs there are in your eye-brows?" Confucius, turning to his disciples, exclaimed, "This boy is to be feared."

But although such stories are believed, they do not make the Chinese think less of this great man. But the Word of God is finding its way into many of their minds, and instead of reading the books of Confucius they are sitting at the feet of Jesus.

We cannot now mention any more of the obstacles in the way of the Gospel in China, nor need we be discouraged by them. If, indeed, our Missionaries had to work alone, these difficulties would certainly prevent their success; but He is always with them, who said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth." They need not fear, therefore; for they cannot fail.

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## SCENES FROM HEATHEN LIFE.

IN our last number, we gave an account of a wedding in the North of India. We shall now describe the customs of the same people towards the sick and the dead.

When a man or one of his animals is ill, a he or she goat is offered to make the god friendly, who, the priests say, is very angry. If the sick person is not too weak, he brings the offering himself into the temple; and if he cannot do that, he sends a friend with it. Generally a kid is offered. It is placed before the idol, and the priest puts several stalks of grass and some rice upon its head; he then pours cold water upon its back, which often makes the poor little creature shiver with cold. When it does so, it is thought to be a sign that the god is pleased with the sacrifice. Next, the head of the victim is cut off with one blow; the priest carries it before the god and sprinkles some blood upon the forehead of the image. He then scatters some incense before the idol and prays to it. The head, the feet, the kidneys and half the liver belong to the priest; the rest of the body is left for the sick man and his friends. We find among the Hindoos cases of illness which would seem to be like the possession of the devil that we read of in the time of our Lord, if we did not know that they are very fond of deceiving their neighbours. The person, often a woman, who is or pretends to be ill, begins suddenly to

tremble. She weeps, shrieks, and foams at the mouth. The priest, who is immediately sent for, says, as he always does in the case of illness, that this disease is the work of a spirit—an evil spirit, which has got into the person, and must be driven out by a sacrifice. The animal to be offered is placed before the person said to be possessed, who calls out, "Now I am well again!" and who directly appears in good health. In the night, the animal, into whom the people say the devil has passed, is taken to some distant place, killed there, and eaten by the priest, the person who has been cured, and his friends.

When a man is seen to be dying, the priest is sent for. He comes with the "Gardpuran," the holy book of the eagles, who worship the gods, and reads out of it until the sick man is dead. Then the carpenter is called to make a coffin, which, however, has no lid, but is covered with a cloth. When it is ready, it is brought to the priest, who makes a strange mark upon it with red dye. The next morning, or sometimes the same day, the dead body is put into the coffin, and everything is prepared for burning it. The priest asks for three lumps of dough; he gives one of them to the dead man's son, if he has a son; then he pours some water on it and repeats a form of prayer to the god Vishnoo. The people say that Vishnoo has ordered this ceremony, and every son who cares for his father's salvation must perform it. When the young man has rubbed the wet dough between his hands and thrown it upon the ground, the neighbours lift up the coffin and carry it to the place where the dead body is to be burnt. When the procession is half-way on the road, the young man rubs the second lump of dough, and when he has reached the spot fixed upon for the burning, he does the same to the third lump. Then a funeral pile is raised, and the coffin is put upon the top. The nearest neighbours of the dead

person uncover their heads, take two burning chips of pine wood and set fire to the pile at the same moment at two corners. Musicians stand by the funeral procession and play as it is moving from the house. A sheep has to be given to them, that they may make their instruments fit for use again in the temple of the gods. When the corpse is burnt, the neighbours cut off the hair from the head of the son, and return to the house of mourning, where a feast is ready for them. On the next morning they go once more to the funeral pile, collect the ashes and bones of the corpse, and bury all except a few, which are thrown into some river that is near. The relations of the dead man fast for one day after his death, and during the three next days they eat only one meal daily. On the fourth day they give away his clothes—half of them to a priest, the other half to a potter. For the next ten or twelve days they are considered unclean; and to become clean again, they kill a sheep, at the priest's command, and eat it among their friends.

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### THE YOUNG BRAHMIN WIDOW.

No class of the people in India are more miserable or despised than widows, and there are none who claim more of the pity and help of Christians than they do. If our readers will turn to the March number of our Magazine for last year, they will find there a short account of those unhappy women. And they will also read with more interest the following painful narrative, which Mrs. M. E. F. Whiting, the wife of an excellent Missionary in Assam, sent to a publication in America:—

Last cold season I had the pleasure of going with my husband on his second preaching tour at Jorhat. We lived

in a *zayat* in the middle of the city ; and being thus among the people, I had visits daily from women of every caste. Groups of reapers, on their way to the fields in the morning, to satisfy their curiosity would stop and spend a half-hour or more in talking with me ; and during the day, a few women from the bazaar would leave their stalls for a short time to come and tell me, perhaps with a laugh, what those who called the day before had heard of the Christian religion, and to ask me if it was true. Besides these, several high caste Brahmin ladies, living near by, accompanied by servants, and closely covered from head to foot, ventured to come with their daughters, saying, "They had never seen a foreign lady, and their daughters were so anxious to see the *Mem Sahib*, they hoped their visit would not trouble me, &c."

Some of these visits I returned, calling to see them at their homes. Late one evening, as I was hurrying home from a visit to a Brahmin lady, I was accosted by a woman, saying, "The daughter of — (a Brahmin holding a high government office at Jorhat) sends to you her many salaams, and begs you will kindly call to see her : she is a widow or she would herself have called on you." "Where does she live?" "There," pointing with her finger, "in that garden of *tamul* and plantain trees : it is only about a mile from here." I replied, "It is too late to go there to-night ; if I can, I will call to-morrow." The next evening, taking my three native girls, I followed the direction given, and, entering the garden of *tamul* and plantain trees, I came in front of a small hut, in the door of which stood a young woman poorly clad, with a little child by her side. Supposing from her dress and the hut that she was a servant, and seeing a large house near by, I asked if that was the house of the *Babu's* daughter ? She replied, "No, this is it, and I am she." "Ah," I said, "it is you I have

come to see; you sent for me yesterday." "Yes, I wanted to see you very much, and I heard you had called at several houses, so I thought perhaps you would visit me." Then, offering me a low stool, I sat down in the yard with her. She had a fair, pretty, interesting face; but she looked sad, and her voice was mournful as she said, her husband had been dead more than a year; the little boy by her side was her only child; this house was now her only home, for she was a lone widow; few cared for her now. Before I had time scarcely to reply, I was surrounded by a group of curious women and girls from the large house near by, relatives of the young widow's deceased husband. After answering their many questions of curiosity in regard to foreign dress or customs, I again endeavoured to converse with the widow; but her manner was wholly changed. She was reserved and timid, and I saw at once that she was not treated with the least respect by these relatives, whom she evidently feared. So, speaking to all of the soul that never dies, and of Christ as the only Saviour, I arose to go, when the young widow came quickly to my side, and in a low voice said, "Do come again." But this I could not do. The next day we had the great pleasure of welcoming Rev. Dr. Peck to Jorhat, and the day following we left for Sibsagor. But many times have I thought of the sad young widow, and regretted I had not seen her in the early part of my visit at the city.

A few days ago, her proud father called with his little son to see us at Sibsagor. I inquired for his widowed daughter, and remarked that I saw her while at Jorhat, and that she looked very young. "Yes," he replied, "she is young, only about twenty years of age. O," he added, in a tone of vexation, "it is very provoking, very disagreeable, to have a daughter left a widow." "But the Hindoos never allow a widow to marry again, be she ever so



young." "No, that is contrary to our religion ; but they used to be burned on the funeral pyre with their deceased husbands." "Yes, I know, in Bengal ; but not here in Assam, I suppose ?" "Yes, truly, it was always practised here, and the only reason the custom is now discontinued is owing to the very strong efforts of the English officers to prevent it. It is only three years ago since a pyre was built not far from here ; but the English magistrate heard of it, and sent me quickly with a strong body of police to the place. The suttee was all ready when we arrived." "Did you save the poor creature?" I asked earnestly. "Yes," he replied, carelessly ; "I was obliged to obey orders. But," he added, "it is our religious custom, and many widows choose to die with their husbands ; they know they will receive only trouble and sorrow while they live ; but if they thus immolate themselves, they are sure of heavenly happiness : none are forced to do it." "But is not something intoxicating given to them, so that they do not know what they are about?" "No, no, nothing of the kind ; they do it as a religious act, and to be freed from trouble." "Do not their parents and relatives try to prevent such a sacrifice?" "O, they tell them, you must not leave us ; we shall die if you do ; but all know it is only unmeaning words : none wish to prevent the suttee ; so after such lip words they say, 'Go, if you wish ; we will not keep you from your husband and heaven.'"

"Is it really true that parents and children will see a daughter and mother thus burned alive?" "Yes, truly, and will have music and rejoicing around the pyre. It was not very long ago that a beautiful young Brahmin, a mere child, married an old man. He was very fond of his young wife, and gratified her every wish ; therefore she loved him much ; but he was very old, and died in a short time. His young bride mourned greatly, and declared she too would die,

would be burned on the funeral pyre by her husband's side. Her friends said, 'No, don't leave us ;' but she exclaimed, 'I will die with my husband ; he always loved me here : who will love me now ? I will go and be with him.' So they built the pyre and laid the dead upon it ; and friends with music gathered around. Then the beautiful bride came, dressed in pure white robes, beautiful as the light of heaven, and went around to all her friends, and made her salaam to each, so (putting his clasped hands to his forehead), and said, 'Father, farewell ! I am going now ;' and he said, 'Go.' 'Mother, farewell ! I am going now ;' she said, 'Go,'—and thus to all. She then walked seven times around the pyre, calling on the names of our gods ; then laid herself upon the pyre—the fire had been kindled, and she was burned with her husband. And it was well," he added. "It was well !" I exclaimed, with horror : "O, think of your own widowed daughter. Could you have seen her sacrificed in such a way ?" "Yes, I could, and with the greatest satisfaction, if she had wished it, and the law would have allowed. When she was married, I spent hundreds of rupees for the wedding feast and her dowry ; great people came from far and near to see my daughter married. Then in a little more than a year, she is a widow. O," he added bitterly, "it is very disgraceful, very provoking to have a daughter a widow." We were so shocked that neither of us replied ; and, seeing our looks of disgust, he added, with a laugh, "All widows are not so religious as to die with their husbands. A domoni married a rich man, but he soon died. She then gathered all his treasures into one room, and told her friends to prepare a pyre large enough for her ; she would die with her husband. But they must leave her there alone till all was ready. Her friends gladly built the pyre, and many from the villages around gathered to see the suttee. When all was rea<sup>d</sup>

they went for the widow, but found she had fled, taking all the treasure she could carry with her. Ah," he added, laughing heartily, "this was just like a dooemoni. No Brahmin's wife would have run away." Still receiving no reply from us, he added by way of apology, "The reason parents consent to the suttee is, that they believe their widowed daughters are freed from trouble and disgrace, and enter at once with their husbands into the land of the blessed; and besides, great merit is conferred on their families." "Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. W., "such crimes cannot be perpetrated here now. And O, may the time soon come, when this people shall know and receive the Gospel of Jesus Christ! And, Babu, I believe it will not be many years before the Christian religion will spread far and wide over this country—yes, when your boy that stands by your side will see its triumphs, and perhaps feel its power. You, perhaps, will die as you are; but your boy will see great changes if he lives." "Yes, yes, it may be so," replied the Babu, with a sigh, "none of the boys now are as religious as their fathers were;" and, placing his hand on his son's head, he added, "Ah, my boy, you will never know your religion as well as I do; for, when I am dead, who will teach you?"

With a sigh, much to my relief, he took his leave. I fully believed what he said, that he could with the greatest satisfaction, in order to be freed from the burden and disgrace, gladly have seen his daughter sacrificed on the funeral pyre. And those who know him better than we do, tell how not only is his poor widowed daughter abused and degraded by her husband's relatives, but that her proud father and his family add greatly to her sorrow by their neglect and reproaches. She is even left to suffer hunger. Well *she* knows her bigoted father would gladly see her die. And yet this man is wealthy, and among the most

intelligent and influential of the Assamese, and with no different feelings from hundreds around. O, thought I, this is heathenism—this the effect of their religion;—parents and relatives become enemies. O, it is dreadful to live here—to have to be with such a people—to see and talk with them. It is distressing to be here in a heathen land. Then, in bright contrast, come thoughts of a beautiful Christian land far away—of a parent's tender love—and childhood's happy home, and communion sweet with dear Christian friends, and a sigh deep and long arose with the thought—“Why are you here?” And an inner voice whispered, “Why am I here? Is it not to point these very heathen to the Lamb of God—to cast into some dark mind the seed of truth, and to give a ray of cheer and hope to some sad heart—perhaps a widow's heart? Sigh not, but thank God for the privilege you have; and use it carefully, for you must render up account.”

*Sibsagor, July, 1854.*

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### PREACHING TO IDOLS.

**MR. BIXBY**, a Missionary at Maulmain, has for his teacher a man named Ko Boke. Every Missionary must have a native teacher at first. He could not learn the language from *books* so as to talk and preach in it. He must have some one to teach him to speak as the natives do.

Ko Boke was a heathen. Mr. Bixby might have had a Christian teacher; but in the first place Ko Boke was an excellent scholar in his own language; and besides, it was hoped that being employed in teaching the Missionary would give him a good opportunity to learn something of the Christian religion. So they read the Burman Bible

together, and Mr. Bixby used to talk with him, as soon as he was able, on the folly and sinfulness of idolatry and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. Ko Boke sometimes assented, for he was a man of good sense, but again he would object. It was very hard to think of giving up the religion of his fathers.

One day Mr. Bixby went with him to an idol-house. There were a number of images around that Ko Boke had worshipped. "I am going to preach to these gods," said the Missionary. So he began, as if they had been men.

"Why, teacher," Ko Boke remonstrated, "they do not understand you."

"If they understand you when you pray to them," Mr. Bixby calmly replied, "they understand me when I preach to them."

Ko Boke looked mortified. "Teacher," he said, "they are nothing but earth and water, unable to see, hear, feel, eat, or understand. I will not worship them any more." He afterwards related the story to Mrs. Bixby, and said, "I never was so much ashamed in my life. Those who worship idols must be insane."

A few weeks after, Ko Boke was praying to the eternal God, and telling his countrymen the truth concerning Jesus Christ.—*Macedonian.*

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#### OUR MAGAZINE.

THE Editor presents his best thanks to the Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, with other kind friends who have so successfully endeavoured to increase the circulation of the Magazine, and trusts that others will render the same service to the young, and to the cause of Missions.

## "THE FIELD IS THE WORLD."

Mozart.

Zi - on, re - joice! thy pray'r is

heard. Be - hold the o - pen door!

Hark to the voice from ev - 'ry

land, And ev - 'ry isl - and shore!

**"THE FIELD IS THE WORLD."**

**ZION, rejoice, thy prayer is heard,  
Behold the open door,  
Hark to the voice from every land  
And every island shore :—**

**" Tell us of God who made the world,  
And Christ who died for all ;  
Give us the word of truth and life—  
It is for life we call."**

**Lo ! China waits ; her millions crave  
The bread which thou canst give ;  
Send them the saving Word of Life,  
That they may read and live.**

**India and Africa their hands  
Imploring stretch for light ;  
Go, preach the Word, " Christ crucified,"  
And give the blind their sight.**

**Go, teach again the wondrous truth  
Where once the Saviour taught,—  
Show mercy where Almighty power  
Such works of mercy wrought.**

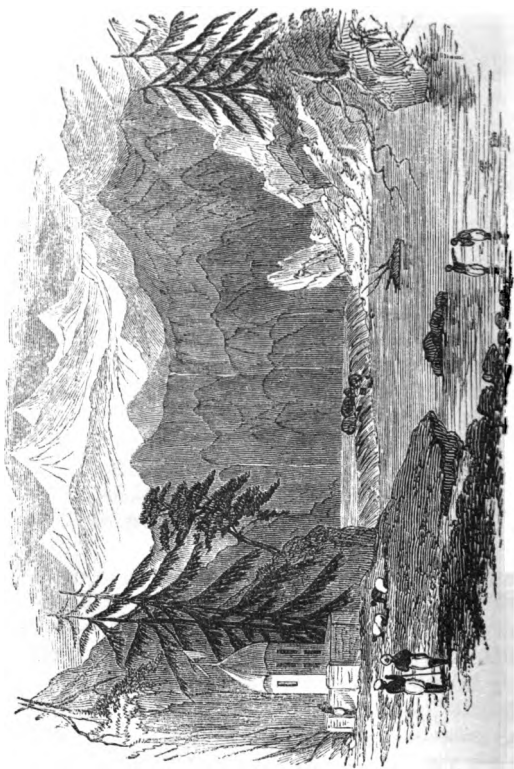
**The Islands of the distant seas  
Are waiting for the Law,—  
Let the first breeze that travels there  
Proclaim what Calvary saw.**

**Canst thou not give thy choicest gifts,  
Thy silver and thy gold,  
To them, for whom Christ gave his blood  
To bring them to his fold ?**

**H. H.**







*View near the Sacred Sources of the Ganges.*

**THE**

# **JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.**

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**MAY, 1855.**

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## **THE RIVER GANGES.**

IN the north of India there is a long line of mountains stretching across the country for one thousand five hundred miles; that is, about as far as from London to the borders of the Russian Empire. These mountains are the highest in the world. They shoot upwards through the sky to the height of five miles. Their tops are always covered with snow. They are therefore called by the Hindoos *the Himalaya*, that is, *the abode of snow*. Their glittering peaks, sparkling in the rays of the eastern sun, look more beautiful than you can imagine.

From these great mountains, far, far away from the dwellings of men, up above the clouds, where no human foot has ever trod, springs forth the river Ganges, which, after dashing along over ice, and rocks, and giddy heights, flows down into the plain below, and, rolling its waters a distance of one thousand five hundred miles, reaches the Bay of Bengal, and there changes the colour of the sea for sixty miles round, by the great quantity of mud and sand which it carries with it into the ocean.

**VOL. XII.—No. 132.**

The Hindoo Shasters say, that, ages ago, there lived a great king who had 60,000 sons; that these 60,000 sons were all cursed and destroyed by an enemy, and sent down to caves of darkness under the earth, from which nothing could raise them but the water of the Ganges. But how to get this water was the question; for it was then in heaven, and never a drop had yet come down to this world. At length, an angelic boy appeared, named Bhagiratha, who made so many prayers, and for so long a time, that the gods Bramha, Vishnu, and Shiva, promised to grant him his request, which was, that the waters of the Ganges might flow down to earth. Bramha gave him a drop of the water to begin with. Vishnu sent him a shell, at the blowing of which the river itself was to flow down. Shiva stood ready to catch its mighty stream upon his head; that it might trickle down his hair, and so its weight might not crush the earth. Bhagiratha sounded the shell, and down came the waters of the Ganges, following him through one country after another, until, unfortunately, they touched the body of a very holy man who was saying his prayers, when he opened his eyes, frowned terribly, and drank up the whole river in one sip! Poor Bhagiratha! what was he to do? He begged the holy man to have pity upon him, and give him back the precious water, which at last he did, making it gush out in torrents from his thigh. Again, on went Bhagiratha, blowing his shell, and the river following him, till it reached the Indian Ocean. The moment its waters touched the caves below, the 60,000 sons of the great king came to life again, and ascended up to

heaven in glorious chariots! What a foolish story! our readers will say, and so say we: but the people of India believe it.

You cannot wonder, then, that, believing all this, they should think the river Ganges very sacred. They have not been able to get to the very spot in the mountains where it first comes out from amidst the ice and snow, but they have built a temple as near as they can to the place; and to that temple, although it is very difficult to reach, and the attempt costs many of them their lives, thousands of the people go every year on pilgrimage. Not far from this temple there is a dangerous snow bridge, over which the pilgrims have to pass. About two years ago, a poor old woman was crossing over this bridge, when her feet slipped, and she fell over into a stream that was rolling below, and was soon carried away. Many of the natives walk barefooted over the ice till they reach the temple. Some fling themselves from the top of a rock that is near; and a few climb the snowy heights, far above the temple, where they perish with the cold.

In the plains through which the Ganges flows, the Hindoos worship it as a goddess. They offer sacrifices to it, apply its mud to their bodies to cure them of disease, and bathe in it to wash away their sins. When the people who live near this holy river are sick and likely to die, their friends take them out to the bank of the Ganges, and sometimes put their feet in the water, that they may die there. Oh, how many who are thus treated might get well again if they were kept at home and properly taken care of!

We have read of a gentleman who was one day

coming down the Ganges in a boat, when he saw a crowd on the bank, and went to see what was the matter. There lay a poor sick native, with his body half covered with water. He was beseeching his relatives in the most piteous manner to let him go, for he was far from death; but they paid no attention to his cries, and kept filling his mouth with water, till his voice was stifled, and he died. We have heard of another native who, having been seized with cholera, was carried away to the Ganges. There he became senseless, and every one thought he was dead. A funeral pile was made, he was put upon it, and fire was applied. Upon feeling the heat, the poor man came to himself, and rose up, when one of his own people who was close by beat him on the head with a bamboo, and killed him on the spot!

Are not the dark places of the earth full of the habitations of cruelty? Happy England! where the Gospel of light and love is so fully known. Dear young friends, walk in that light, and manifest that love. Study the Gospel. Believe the Gospel. Obey the Gospel; and pity, pray for, and labour, to save the perishing heathen.

Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,  
Yea, life itself, that they may live.  
What hath your Saviour done for you,  
And what for him will ye not do?



## CHINESE GLEANINGS.

## PROVERBS AND FABLES.

THE Chinese, as our readers know, are very different from the inhabitants of most other heathen countries. Amongst the points for which they are remarkable, is the number of their books and the mixture of wisdom and folly with which they are filled. As specimens we shall now give our readers a few of their proverbs and stories. These will show that, while there is much darkness in their hearts, there is some light also.

Among the proverbs, we find the following:—

“1. Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but a curse to the evil.

“2. Better be upright with poverty, than wicked with plenty.”

Some of our young friends, perhaps, may not approve of the next proverb so much as the Chinese do.

“3. If you love your son, give him plenty of the cudgel; if you hate him, cram him with dainties.

“4. A word once spoken, a coach with four horses cannot overtake it and bring it back.

“5. They who respect themselves will be honoured; but they who do not care about their character will be despised.

“6. Hear one side, and you will be in the dark; hear both sides, and all will be clear.

“7. It is foolish to borrow trouble from to-morrow.

“8. To do good and wish people to know it, is not true goodness.

“9. When doing what is right, the heart is easy and becomes better every day; but when practising deceit, the mind labours and every day gets worse.

“10. Those who touch vermilion become red, and those

who touch ink become black ; so people take their character from their companions.

"11. A gem uncut is of no use ; so a man untaught is stupid.

"12. He who labours with the mind governs others ; he who labours with the body is governed by others."

Our readers will not fail to see how nearly some of the proverbs now quoted agree with the Scripture truth. These, we have no doubt, have been preserved from very ancient times, when the true God and his will were known in that land.

We shall now add to these proverbs specimens of sayings which are common among the Chinese, some of which, though curious, are correct.

When they want to describe a person who pretends to be very brave and makes a great fuss in order to show his courage, they say, that "he is cutting off a hen's head with a battle axe."

A coward who boasts of his courage they call "a paper tiger."

They compare a person who pretends to be what he is not, to a fox who tries to look as noble and strong as a tiger.

If a person is ignorant of books, they will say, "Turn him upside down, but not a drop of ink will come out of him."

They describe an unstable man who does not know which way to take or how to act, as one who "fears ghosts at the front door and thieves at the back."

It is a common saying with them, that "a greedy man is a serpent who wants to swallow an elephant."

He who chatters much to no purpose, "climbs a tree to catch fish."

Those who learn little from what they see are like "the dogs of Shuh barking at the sun."

Besides these proverbs and sayings, the Chinese have a number of stories which they call "Moral Tales," though it is sometimes difficult to find out any moral lesson which they are intended to teach. One or two of these may interest our young friends.

Once upon a time, an old cat with her eyes half-closed sat mewling and squalling in the house. Two mice were just then popping their noses out of their holes; and as they looked at puss and heard her voice, they said to one another, "The old cat is becoming a reformed character; she is saying her prayers. Now we may go out without fear." Accordingly, they quietly left their holes, when, in a moment, puss made a spring, seized one of them, broke his bones, and ate him all up. The other mouse, more lucky than his friend, jumped back into his hole, and as soon as he was out of his enemy's reach, he said to himself, "I thought, now she had half shut her eyes and was saying her prayers, that she had got a better heart, and would treat us well. Who would have thought just then she would snap up one of us, and not leave even his skull?" Now, the "moral" of the story is this: that some people who pretend to be very religious will yet do very wicked actions.

The moral, so called, of the next story is, that "in a leaky ship or on a lean horse, people all fare alike and get no pity." And this is the tale:—

"Two brothers bought one pair of boots, which it was agreed they should both wear. When the boots were brought home, the younger brother put them on and continued to wear them every day. This did not please the elder brother; but he made up his mind to wear them too. So, every night after his brother had gone to bed, he got up, put on the boots, and walked about in them, preferring to go without sleep than not to have his share in the boots.



In a short time the boots were worn out, when the younger brother asked the elder to join with him in buying a new pair. "No," said he, knitting his brow; "not unless you will let me sleep at night."

The following story has a better "moral" than either of those we have given; for it is intended to teach the sad state of our nature, and the need we have of some great change:—

Confucius, Laou-Kwan, and Buddha, the authors of the three religions of China, met one day in Fairyland, and began to talk about the little success which their doctrines had had amongst men. At length they agreed to go down together to the world to see the state of things for themselves, and try to find out some wise man who might be employed to teach and benefit mankind. They therefore left the region of the clouds, and soon stood upon the solid ground. Having travelled about some time, seeing and hearing all they could, they came one day to a fountain, and as they were very tired with their journey, they sat down to rest. Here they found an old man guarding the fountain, and as they were very thirsty, Confucius and Laou-Kwan said to Buddha, "Come, Buddha, you priests are in the habit of begging; go you, and ask the old man to give us a drink." Buddha went and asked for water.

"I will give it with pleasure," said the old man; "but first you must answer me a question. It is one of your doctrines that all men are equal; how comes it, then, that you have different ranks in your priesthood?" Buddha was puzzled, and as he could not answer the old man, he went back to his companions without any water. Then Laou-Kwan went up and made the same request. "Most willingly," answered the old man, "will I give you water, but you Taoists have a medicine which will enable those who take it to live for ever, have you not?" Laou-Kwan

admitted that they professed to have this medicine. "Why, then," added the old man, "did you not give some of it to your own father to prevent him from dying?" Laou-Kwan could not answer the question, and went back without water. It was now the turn of Confucius, and when he came up, "Ah!" said the old man, "you are the celebrated wise man of China. I have read and admired your discourses on filial piety. You say in one of them that a man should not wander far from his home; how is it, then, that you have come into this uninhabited region?" The sage had nothing to say, but went back to his two friends. All three of them then put their heads together, and agreed that this old man was very clever, and that he was just the person to reform the age. So they went back together, and told him what they wished he would do. "Ah," said the old gentleman, "you don't seem to know who I am. The upper part of me, it is true, is flesh and blood, but the lower part is stone. I can talk about virtue, but I cannot practise it." And this the three sages found out to be the case with all the other inhabitants of the world, and the cause of the evils they wished to mend. So they left the earth with sorrow, and went up again to the clouds, giving up all hope of doing good to men.

But the Chinese are now learning about Him who can do more than all the wisest men that ever lived. And soon these foolish tales will be forgotten, and the truth about Jesus Christ will take their place. That truth is beginning to find its way among the people. Tens of thousands are now learning it, and more still are prepared to do so. Let us labour on, and never stop until this great change has taken place, and the "land of Sinim" is filled with the glory of the Lord.

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## FORSAKEN TEMPLES.

ONE of the pleasant signs that the Gospel is making way in the world is the number of heathen temples, formerly filled with priests and worshippers, but which are now forsaken or destroyed; and there are few places where Missionaries have laboured among the worshippers of idols in which such proofs of their success may not be found. If you were to visit Tahiti, Raiatea, Rarotonga, Mangaia, and other islands in the same groups, you would soon be shown the spots where the old marais stood, where Oro the god of war, and Hiro the god of thieves, with other idols, used to be worshipped, and where human beings were murdered and offered up in sacrifice. It would be so in New Zealand, in the Sandwich Islands, and other spots in the Pacific Ocean. The same, we trust, will soon be seen in those cities of China, where the followers of Tae-ping-wang have abolished the idols.

But in the present paper we shall only speak about India; and it is pleasant to say that, even there, in that land of idols, many temples are now forsaken and crumbling into ruins. Mr. Mullens, in his work on Missions in India, mentions one place called Biguagairy, where, for eight years, the people had forsaken their temple. And the reason they gave for this was a very good one. They said that, as the idol could not take care of himself, he was no god. These people also called themselves Christians; but, like thousands in Bengal, they were not prepared to give up their caste, and suffer many things from their countrymen for the sake of the Lord Jesus. Mr. Morris writes, "In journeying through the country one sees temples left to decay, the worship of idols rejected, and ceremonies abolished." One day another Missionary, on going near to the temple of a god called *Runga*, found it looking as if it

had been altogether neglected. He then asked the people whether he might go into it. Now, in former times, they would have said "No;" but, instead of this, they answered at once "O yes! you are at perfect liberty." Then he inquired whether he might keep his hat and his shoes on. "Yes," they said, "it does not matter." The Missionary, as you may suppose, wondered at all this. It was quite a strange thing to him. He had never before had such liberty given to him. He therefore asked the people the reason of this change, when they said: "You one day told us that *Runga* could not be God, because he could do nothing for himself; much less could he do good to us who worshipped. We thought this a wise speech, and agreed to leave the god alone, and try. We soon found that his light went out, and that his garlands of flowers became dry and shrivelled. Moreover, just at that time, the roof fell in over his head, exposing him to the heat and rain. We saw that he could not help himself, and there we left him."

Some time ago an English Christian was travelling in the south of India, and in the course of his journey he passed by many deserted temples. At length he came near to one of these temples, which was very large, where, in former years, thousands of people from all parts of the country worshipped a great idol, which was thought to be very holy and very powerful. As he had heard a great deal about this building he went to see it. He found that it was now quite a ruin. The roof had fallen in, the walls were crumbling down, and grass, and weeds, and shrubs were growing from the floor of this once sacred spot. Having looked around him for a little while he saw the passage which led to the place where the idol was, and he went towards it; but no sooner had he entered than a number of large bats flew out against him. As he did not much like his company, and found that many of these

creatures were still clinging to the roof and walls, he went back, got a light, and having set fire to some dry grass, he flung it into the place. Immediately a flock of bats came flying out. His way was now cleared, and he walked through the passage. But, on entering the sacred spot within, the first thing he saw was the great idol fallen from its pedestal, and lying upon the ground covered with filth. As he looked upon that object, in the presence of which so many thousands of poor blinded heathen had trembled and worshipped, he rejoiced greatly, and you may suppose that, as it called to mind the prophecy, "They shall cast their idols to the moles and to the bats," he thanked God that he had seen his word so strikingly fulfilled.



### SERMON ON INDIA.

TOWARDS the end of last year the Rev. Dr. Scudder, an excellent American Missionary from India, paid a visit to Cape Town, and as he wished very much to get the young people of the place to care for the poor heathen amongst whom he had been labouring, he preached to them a Missionary sermon. Judging from the account which has been sent to us, that sermon must have been very interesting and useful. It was preached in the largest building in Cape Colony to about three thousand children, some of them with white faces, some with black, and some with brown. It was such a congregation as you never saw, and perhaps another like it could not be got together in any other part of the world. But I will give you a short account of the sermon.

The text was Rom. iii. 12: "They are all gone out of the way"—words which truly describe the sad state of the unhappy heathen. But the sermon was upon India. He

spoke about the folly and wickedness of idolatry in that country, and about its cruel customs. He described some of its chief gods, such as Bramha, called the creator, but who is always asleep; and Vishnu, called the preserver, who was a liar and a thief; and Siva, the destroyer, whose conduct agreed with his name; and Kalee, the goddess of thieves and the receiver of stolen goods; and Durga under ten different forms, but always thirsting for human blood. Dr. Scudder then spoke for a little while about the three hundred and thirty millions of gods besides those he had named, all of which were marked by folly, cruelty, and crime. After this account of Hindoo idolatry, the Missionary might well stop as he did to show what a wretched state the people of India must be in who were taught to trust and to serve such vain things. And this is the state of nearly two hundred millions of our fellow creatures!

After describing further the worship and practices of the Hindus, Dr. Scudder mentioned some sad facts to show how wretched the people are who do such things. He told the children about the dreadful practice, which happily has now been stopped, of burning widows on the funeral pile of their dead husbands. He showed how the poor widow, who was sometimes a fine young woman or a kind-hearted loving little girl, was forced to sit upon the heap of wood by the side of the dead body, while her son or her brother set fire to the pile. And to prove that these unhappy females did not wish to die this cruel death, he said they sometimes sprang out of the fire and tried to run away; but that they were followed by their own relations, caught, dragged back to the spot, and thrust into the flames. There was once, he said, a young creature whose husband died. She was only fourteen years old, and she wished to live longer. But the funeral pile was made ready, and she was told that she must be burned upon it with the dead

body of her husband. The time came. The corpse was laid upon the pile. She was taken to the spot. Her relations told the widowed girl that she must burn there with that corpse. She begged for life. "I do not wish to die," she cried; "let me live, and beg my food rather than die." But all she said and did was of no use. At first, indeed, her family pretended to be willing to save her from this cruel death; and her uncle swore by the waters of the Ganges that he would take her home and spare her life. But he did this only to stop her cries; for, just after making the promise, he wrapped her up in a sheet and flung her into the fire amidst the beating of drums and the dreadful shouts of the cruel crowd that stood around the pile.

To show how heathenism hardens the heart and destroys natural affection, Dr. Scudder told the children about a rajah, who was a great prince, but an ignorant idolater. The wife of this rajah was the mother of five daughters, but four of them had been murdered when babes for no other reason but that they were girls. When the mother found that her fifth child was also a daughter she was very sorry, because she was sure her husband would command the dear little one to be put to death. So she concealed its birth, and had it brought up secretly and quite unknown to the rajah. Years passed on. The mother died; but the daughter grew up a fine, bright, blooming girl. She had been told whose child she was; but she did not make herself known until she was eleven years old. Then she thought she would go to her father and tell him who she was. So she went into his palace, and was led into his presence; and, as he looked at her, wondering who she was, and what she wanted, she flung herself down at his feet, and cried with a voice of love, which ought to have moved his heart, "My father!" Well, you may think he must

have been glad, and, no doubt, rejoiced to see his child. Oh no. Instead of this he was angry, very angry indeed. He drew his sword, and, as his loving, trembling little daughter was kneeling at his feet, with a single blow he struck off her head!

Amongst other proofs which the good Missionary gave of the cruelty of the heathen, he described the custom of the Khonds, who split the trunk of a tree, hollow it out, then put a man within, and while he is fastened there, cut off pieces of flesh from his living body as offerings to their gods, and continue to do this until the wretched creature dies.

There were two boys, Dr. Scudder said, living in the same part of India where it was the custom of the people to offer human sacrifices to their idols. One day both these boys were seized, and one of them was murdered. His companion knew that he too would soon be offered as a sacrifice to the same dreadful idols, and he made up his mind, if he could, to save his life. This, indeed, was a difficult thing; but who, in the same situation, would not try to do it? Night came on. He got away from the place where he was confined. Fear quickened his steps, while darkness hid him from the sight of men. The morning came, and he was still at liberty. Through the day he hurried on, hoping that he might save his life. The second night passed; but on the next morning he was distressed to find that his enemies were now following him. Soon he was seized, bound, and brought back to the prison. They now loaded him with irons, and supposed that he could not get away again. But his love of life was strong, and a second time he tried to escape. Crawling upon his hands and knees, and dragging his chains after him, he found his way into the jungle, hoping to hide himself in the midst of the high grass and thick shrubs which grew there,



and believing that he would be safer in the haunts of savage tigers than in the homes of more savage men. But again his hope and his labour seemed to be in vain. While crouching down under the cover of the forest, his ear caught not the roar of ravenous beasts, which might have frightened him much, but the voices of wicked men, which terrified him more. As he harkened to their words he found that they were searching for him here and there. His now seemed a lost case. Still he crawled on, and happily, just as he had given up the hope of saving his life, he saw, not far off, a tent. With all the strength he had, he crawled towards it, and when he came to the spot he found there a British officer. The officer saw him, and knowing the customs of the cruel people who live in that part of India, he guessed the truth before the poor boy told him. He therefore took him into his tent, and placed him beyond the reach of those who, like bloodhounds, were tracking his path and eager for his life.

After giving these proofs that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty, Dr. Scudder called upon the young people before him, as he well might do, to help in sending the Gospel to millions who so greatly need it, and showed what the children of America had done in this good work. Surely the children of England should not be behind them.

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#### A LETTER FROM OUDDAPAH TO THE READERS OF THE "JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Yesterday our monthly book parcel arrived from Madras, and you who live so near to, and who so often pass by a bookseller's shop, can scarcely think how gladly we who live nearly 200 miles away from one, feel when w

see the book parcel of monthly periodicals containing the "Witness," "The Christian's Penny," "The Juvenile," and some others.

In looking over "The Juvenile Magazine" for October I was much pleased with the "Blind Contributor," and I thought it was but just that children who are willing to sacrifice their little savings for the benefit of the heathen children, should know how good begets good. Like a stone thrown into the water you see the first circle, but cannot calculate where the last may be.

I will tell you a little story about some of the little black children, to whose support you so kindly contribute.

A few months ago the scarcity of food was so great that many, many poor people died of starvation. The catechists in our out-stations sent many sad tales of the poor people; how the heathen people troubled those who had become Christians, saying, "Oh, you have left our father's religion, you do not worship our swamy (or idol), and see what comes of it; God is angry, and we have no rain; your God does not give it; come back, we will pay for the ceremonies, only leave these Christians and come back; if you do not we will not let you have any of the grain, nor shall you have seed to sow when the rain does come."

Poor people, this was a strong temptation; but God helped them to withstand it, and they stood firm to their purpose. Not one who had been baptized returned to idolatry.

The children in our boarding-school heard of this, and a little while before supper that evening some of the elder girls went into the cook-room and said to the cook-woman, "Arumah, put by the rice for our supper to-night; we do not want it, put it by." They were afterwards asked why. "Oh," said they, "why should we eat three times a day when our brothers and sisters are starving. Please

to ask Darsani or Mani to let us go without supper for a month, and give the rice to the children of Pedda and Ventoorlah." In this way they saved twelve shillings, which was sent to the poor children of Pedda and Ventoorlah; and the following is one of the letters they have sent acknowledging the money:—

" 11th October, 1854.

" From Philip,

" A Schoolboy at Chinna Ventoorlah, in the Talooke of Zummulmudoogoo of the Zilla of Cuddapah,

" To the Boarding and Orphan School Boys at Cuddapah.

" My dear Friends,

" Through the blessing of God I and all the rest here are quite well. Friends, we were from our birth to this day worshipping idols, using bad language, and were doing all sorts of mischief. But now we believed on Jesus Christ, and are worshipping Him day and night. We thanked and pray God for sending us a schoolmaster to instruct us, and for showing us a true way of salvation. We were in darkness; but now we are brought to the light. We beg you to be pleased to pray for us to God. Dear Friends, you have sent some money through our kind mother, Mrs. Porter. It was, indeed, a great assistance in this time of famine. Our teacher, Mr. Moses, has given us some food for a time. We have remembered your love and kindness towards us when we eat the rice, and still we are remembering.

" We beg you to pray for us that we may increase in wisdom and in learning. We send our salams to your friends there.

" With salams to you all, believe me your sincerely poor and obedient

" PHILIP."

So you see, dear children, how the Gospel spreads like

heaven. You learn, love, and send it; others receive and give. You have heard the good news of salvation you send, or cause to be sent to Cuddapah. Those who receive it there send or take it to Ventooralah, Pedda, and many other places, and who can say when or where it may stop? Not until the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Go on, dear children, do what you can. God does not ask you to do more; but he does ask you to do *that*, and he will give you his blessing.

The children who read this little Magazine send you their plenty salams.

I am,

Your affectionate Friend,

M. P.

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#### LETTER FROM COIMBATOOR.

*Coimbatore, South India, Jan. 22nd, 1855.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I must begin my letter by saying that, at this place, my mother has had a female school for many years, even before I was born, and I have known all the scholars, some of whom now have children of their own. From these and others I have an infant class, containing at present about a dozen as active and intelligent a little set as you ever saw. These I daily teach, and they have learned much which I hope may prove very useful to them; such as parts of Scripture, Dr. Watts' First Catechism, several hymns and tunes, which they sing very nicely, and some short prayers. The "Peep of Day," and such pieces, often take up our time. All this is taught in Tamil, their own language.

Now, the following account is about one of these children, a little girl under five years of age, and I think it may interest you. Her name was Rhoda. Both of the parents were formerly heathen, but were baptized, and so was Rhoda. She was not one of my quickest learners; but she always paid much attention to what was spoken to her, and you would, I am sure, have been surprised to have heard how nicely she could converse. Indeed, her remarks were often above her age, and her cheerful countenance at such times showed how much pleasure she took in the exercise. My hope was, that God would have spared her life, and that she would have become a valuable member of the church, and of Hindoo society; but this hope has not been realised.

One day lately, when my mamma was alone, Rhoda crept quietly to her side and sat down, and soon drew her notice by a deep sigh and saying "Happy land," (being part of a hymn she had learnt); upon which mamma asked her what she meant; and she answered, "I have been thinking of that happy land;" which led to some conversation about the next world, heaven, &c.

A few days after, and this was the last day on which she came to school, she stopped at the door, and stood there for some time looking at me and all round the school with a smile on her face, and then suddenly exclaimed aloud, at the same time clapping her little hands, "O, I am so full of joy." I asked her what made her feel so; but the only answer she gave me was, "I feel so happy." I afterwards heard her telling some of her little companions that she loved me and all her schoolfellows, my mamma, and Izar (minister) so much more than she could tell. On the following day she did not attend school, and, upon inquiry, I was informed that she was unwell. I supposed it was only

a slight illness; but as she was absent the next day, I found, upon inquiry, that she was very ill. Mamma and I then went to see her, and found her in a high fever and delirious. In this state she continued, with short seasons during which her reason returned, for nearly two weeks, during which time she became weaker and weaker, till, in the night of January 13th, her spirit took flight to, I doubt not, that happy land she delighted to talk about. She was buried the following evening, all her little schoolfellows following the coffin, apparently with much grief; for she was a general favourite. Her parents informed me since her death that, young as she was (not quite five years old), she often prayed, and never rose in the morning or went to rest at night without prayer.

I miss her very much in the school, and so do her little companions; but no doubt she is now folded with other lambs of Christ's flock. But let us all seek to become fit for the same "happy land," where the inhabitants are never sick, and where God will wipe away all tears from all eyes.

I am,

Your affectionate Friend,

SARAH ANNE ADDIS.

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## THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

Jesus shall reign. Before his away  
 The mystic Babylon shall fall;  
 And Moslem hosts shall melt away,  
 And Pagans "crown him Lord of all."

Jesus shall reign. His rightful King  
 The Jew shall hail with loud acclaim,  
 And Salem's courts and arches ring  
 With praise to his beloved name.

Jesus shall reign. The hosts of hell  
 Shall vanquish'd fall beneath his feet,  
 While myriad hosts his armies swell,  
 And shout his victory complete.

Jesus shall reign. How glorious then,  
 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise;  
 When truth and love on earth shall reign,  
 And earth claim kindred with the skies.

Jesus shall reign. That mighty word  
 Shall cheer his soldiers in the strife  
 To gird afresh the Spirit's sword,  
 And battle for the crown of life.

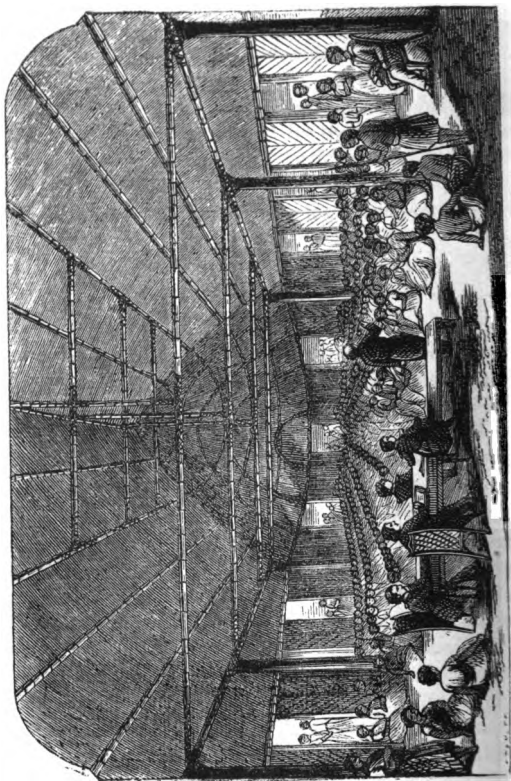
Jesus shall reign. Ye holy band,  
 Who fight the battles of your King,  
 In Eden or in desert-land,  
 Rejoice—the song of victory sing.

Jesus shall reign. The angel choir  
 In rapturous songs rehearse the strain,  
 And saints respond with golden lyres,  
 Worthy our King to live and reign.

J. E.







*Reading House in Timogabau.*

THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1855.

SCHOOLS IN TONGATABU.

MOST of our readers have heard of Tongatabu, or, as it is often called, Tonga. If they will turn to a map of the world, they will find it among the Friendly Islands, which lie to the east of the Feejees, and to the south-west of the Navigators'. The meaning of the name Tongatabu is "Sacred Island;" for, in the days of heathen darkness, this was thought to be a very holy place. But those who in 1796 first went there to teach the people the will of God and the way of salvation did not find it so. For a time indeed they were treated kindly by the people, but afterwards they were robbed, and at length three of them were murdered, and the others were thankful to save their lives by flight. At that time, war, cruelty, murder, cannibalism, and almost every kind of wickedness was common in Tonga, and perhaps there was no part of the world where the people seemed less likely to become Christians. But nothing is too hard for the Lord. As at Heromanga, so in Tonga, the gospel has triumphed.

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upon the spots stained with the blood of God's servants. The history of this great change will be found in a very interesting book written for young people by Miss Turner, and entitled "Tonga and the Friendly Isles," which we strongly recommend to our readers. And perhaps no means used by the Missionaries have been more useful than the schools in which young and old, chiefs and people, are learning that which will fit them both for this world and for the world to come. Altogether there are now sixty schools in the island, and we will show our readers how useful those schools have been, by giving them a short account of the examination of some of them, which took place in 1853. That account was sent home by Mr. Young, one of the Missionaries.

The examination began at eight o'clock in the morning, and lasted eight hours. First came fourteen students, belonging to the Training Institution, who were preparing to become teachers of others. But amongst them there were three persons whom you would not have expected to find there. One was the Queen, and she, writes the Missionary, "submits to the rules of the institution, and toils as a student, that she may keep pace with others, as she says it would never do for any native of the country to know more than the Queen." Then there are the wife of the chief judge, and the poetess of the island, who is a hairdresser as well as a writer of verses. All these were examined in reading, spelling, cyphering, scripture history, and the English language, and answered the questions put to them well.

As soon as the students had been examined, the

adult school marched up to the chapel; and as they came one part of them sang,

"We thank thee, Jesus, thou art come;"

while the others answered,

"We will believe in thee."

In this school there were ninety-six fine strong young men. It is called the King's School, because he takes much interest in it, and does what he can to make it useful. After reading one chapter of the Bible, and repeating another, they answered many questions in Scripture truths and history. Then they spelt the names of various islands of the Pacific Ocean, and described their inhabitants, productions, &c. They also showed their writing, which was good, and gave proofs that they knew something about arithmetic.

As soon as the King's School had been examined, the sweet voices of children were heard in the distance, and in a short time they entered the house of God. But they did not stand up to be questioned with their hands behind their back like English children, but they placed themselves in a squatting posture upon the ground. The young prince, in a beautiful native dress, sat at their head; and, fancying that cocoa nut oil makes them look more beautiful, they had used it that morning so freely, that it dropped from their hair upon their slates, and made their writing so faint that one of them complained that it was "dead." There were eighty of these little folks. Then there came up about a hundred women, most of them married. This was called the Queen's School, and she was walking at their head. As they entered the chapel, it

was also with the voice of sacred song, both the words and tune of which were composed by the poetic hair-dresser already mentioned. The Queen herself was the chief examiner. She asked the school many questions upon scripture and geography, heard them repeat chapters of the New Testament, and spell the most difficult words they came to. As they walked away, her Majesty seemed quite pleased with the manner in which her scholars had passed their examination.

The school which next came up had in it more than seventy young women. This school belonged to the wife of the chief judge, an excellent woman, who was herself the teacher. "Certainly," writes Mr. Young, "they were handsome young women, and they seemed to have vied with each other who should appear most attractive. Ingenuity had been at work to give variety and beauty to the native costume. They were all profusely oiled; and on the forehead of some was vermilion, and on the heads of others grated sandal-wood, furnishing, in their opinion, both beauty and sweet odour. They repeated the Lord's Prayer in English with credit; read and recited chapters of the New Testament correctly; wrote on slates beautifully; and showed a good knowledge of the catechism. They also read a little English, and translated English phrases into Tonguese with much ease. In arithmetic they did well, and several questions as to the distances, revolutions, magnitudes of the heavenly bodies, &c. they answered correctly. Their remarks on natural history were good."

Then followed a school of sixty men under the care of an old chief. These also passed through their

examination well. And last of all, another men's school which had in it one hundred and fifty. This also was led by a chief, the son of the former king, Josiah. They read, spelled, answered questions in Scripture doctrines, and geography; "and," adds the Missionary, "worked sums in arithmetic with as much energy as if the war-whoop had been sounded, and they were preparing for battle."

Now, we cannot tell you all the good which the people of Tonga have got from their schools and teachers; but there is one effect of their learning which may be mentioned—their love to the Word of God. Last year 10,000 New Testaments were sent from this country to the Friendly Islands; and it is impossible to describe the joy with which the people received the gift. In family worship, in their prayer-meetings, and in the house of God, they poured out their thanks for it. The Queen did this at a meeting which she held with some of the people, and the King preached a sermon on the subject, in which he inquired what it was that made the difference between Englishmen and Polynesians. Then, having showed that this is not explained by anything in their bodies or minds, he held up a Bible, and said with warmth, while his eyes sparkled with pleasure, "It is this that makes the difference between Englishmen and us. They have the Book! They have the Book!"

When the New Testaments were brought to Tonga, the Missionaries did not give them away, but wisely offered to sell them. And there was no want of customers. Though the people had no money, they were soon seen hurrying towards the house of the Mission-

ary with yams, oil, cocoa nuts, and pigs, under their arms. There was nothing they wished for so much as "the Book." They would pass by calico and axes, though they valued these things much, if they could only get the Word of Life.

We shall close this account with two proofs of their love for the Bible. One of these was the case of a native whose house caught fire and was burned down while he was at chapel one Sunday morning; but after hearing of his loss, he came running to the Missionary, and, holding up his New Testament, said, "How glad I am that the fire happened when the Book was out of the house! I can replace the house, but not the Book."

The other case was that of a poor cripple, who, in a short time, learned by heart the Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, and other parts of Scripture, which he could easily repeat—a whole book at a time. The Missionary's wife sometimes sent him a dinner; and one day, when the girl, who took it to him, inquired, "Have you had anything to eat to-day?" he said, "Yes." "What have you had?" asked the girl. "Had?" he answered; "I have eaten the whole of the Corinthians."

Surely such facts should encourage all to sow the same good seed in every land.



## CHINESE GLEANINGS.

LIFE OF HUNG-SEU-TSUEN, THE LEADER OF THE CHINESE  
REBELLION.

## No. 1.

FROM time to time we have told our readers some things about the great rebellion in China, and about the wonderful man, Hung-seu-tsuen, or Thai-ping-wang (he has both these names), the leader of the rebels. But not much was known of his history until lately, when Mr. Hamberg, a Missionary in China, published an account of him, which he got from one of his relations.

## HIS BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

Hung-seu-tsuen was born in a village about thirty miles from Canton. His father was a small farmer. He had only one or two buffaloes, a few pigs, and some poultry, and lived in a little cottage in the worst part of the village. The Chinese, you know, are fond of giving themselves and their children, as well their country, very fine names, and so the father of Hung called his little son "Brilliant Fire;" but when he became a youth that name was changed for the one by which he is now known—*Seu-tsuen*,—which means "elegant and perfect." It is said that Hung soon proved that he was a very sharp and clever boy. Being sent to school when he was seven years old he soon showed how quickly he could learn, and he got on so fast that his teachers were delighted with his progress, and his parents were quite proud of their son. Now, most of the Chinese think a great deal of learning. It was so with Hung's family; and therefore, although they were poor, they willingly gave him food and clothing, and whatever else he wanted, that he might go to other schools a long way off, where he could learn more than was taught in his native



village. And wherever he went he seems to have been a favourite; for many of his teachers were so pleased with his diligence and cleverness that they would not take any money for instructing him. His aged father, as you may suppose, was filled with joy and hope when he saw how Hung was getting on, and the old man's face would shine with pleasure when anybody spoke in praise of his boy.

Now, in China, learning is the way to riches and greatness. The poorest boy in the empire may become very powerful and honourable if he gets above others in learning. And there are public examinations of young men in the large cities, at which they may get what are called "literary degrees." Young Hung knew this, and, no doubt, he made up his mind to try for a prize as soon as he could. When, therefore, he was sixteen years old, he began to attend these public examinations at Canton; but as, at this time, he was forced to work in the fields for his father, he could not get on very fast with his learning. After this he studied for a time with a young friend, and then kept a school; but though he tried hard, he did not get his degree.

Thus Hung continued striving to rise, but he failed to do so until 1839, when he was twenty-three years old. At that time he went once more to Canton to be present at a public examination, and while he was there something happened which afterwards changed his opinions and his plans. One day, when walking in the streets of Canton, he saw two men giving away books. These were Chinese Christians—Leang-Afa and a friend. The former had written a book called "Good Words for exhorting the Age." It explained the truths of the Gospel in a way which Leang-Afa thought his countrymen would understand. As most persons in China can read, and wish to get books, hundreds of people were glad to take these "Good Words" from the Christian stranger. And amongst these was Hung-seu-tsuen. We

do not know what became of the other copies of this little book. Most, perhaps all of them, were lost or forgotten. But that which this young student received was not thrown away. It was a little seed which was afterwards to grow into a great tree.

After the examination, Hung-sen-tsuen went back from Canton to his home, and took Leang-Afa's book with him. For a time, he did not read it very carefully, but after a hasty glance at its pages he laid it aside. Some years passed by before this book was looked at or thought of again. There it lay, perhaps covered with dust, and nobody knew what it taught. But the time was to come when it would work wonderful changes in the opinions of Hung, and through him in the opinions of thousands of Chinese.

#### HIS DREAMS AND VISIONS.

In 1837, the year after receiving the "Good Words" from Leang-Afa, Hung went once more to Canton to be examined. At first he got on very well, and thought he should gain his degree; but he was disappointed, and went home very much cast down. Soon after this he became very ill and kept his bed for some time. While he was in this state he had what he thought visions about himself and his future course. We will give our readers a specimen of these visions.

One day Hung dreamed that he saw a great many people who were welcoming him into their company, and when he awoke, as he believed that this dream meant that he would soon die and join the spirits in the next world, he called his relations to his bedside and said to them, "My days are counted, and my life will soon end. O, my parents! how badly have I returned your love to me! I never shall get a name that may honour you." He then shut his eyes, and seemed to lose all power to speak or move. He did not

know what was said or done by those who were about him, and they thought that he was dying. But while in this state he told his friends afterwards he had the following vision:—First he saw a dragon, a tiger, and a cock come into his room, and then a number of men playing music and carrying a handsome sedan chair. These men came up to him, and he then seated himself in the chair, and they carried him away. They had not taken him far when they came to a place that was very beautiful and very bright. Here he was met by an aged woman, who led him down to a river, where he was washed and became very clean. Then he went into a large house, where his body was cut open, his heart taken out, and another heart of a bright red colour was put in its place. The wound, however, was healed at once, and no mark of it was left behind.

After this they entered a large hall, which was more splendid and beautiful than language could describe. Here Hung saw a very venerable man in a black robe sitting upon the highest place. As soon as he saw the young man, he began to weep, and said, "I created, and I preserved all the people in the world. They eat my food, and wear my clothing; but none of them have the heart to remember and venerate me. And, what is worse than all, they take my gifts and worship demons with them. They purposely rebel against me, and make me angry. Do not imitate them." Then the aged man gave Hung three things—first a sword, commanding him to destroy the demons and to spare his brothers and sisters; secondly, a seal, by which he would overcome the evil spirits; and lastly, a yellow fruit, which tasted very sweet.

As soon as he received these gifts he began to call upon the people who were in the hall to return to their duty towards the venerable man. Some confessed that they had forgotten this duty; but others said, "Why should we

venerate him? Let us only be merry and drink together with our friends."

When Hung awoke after this dream he forgot his weakness, rose up from his bed, put on his clothes and went into the room where his father and mother were sitting. As they stared upon their son, and before they had time to speak, he made a low bow to them and said, "The venerable old man above has commanded that all men shall turn to me, and all treasures shall flow to me."

The illness of Hung lasted forty days, and, during this time, he had visions of a man of middle age, whom he called his elder brother, who taught him what he was to do, went with him in his journeys to very distant parts, and helped him to destroy the evil spirits. He also heard, so he says, the old man blame Confucius for not having taught the true doctrine in his books, and saw that Confucius was very much ashamed.

While he was so ill he would sometimes spring out of bed, leap about the room, fight like a soldier, and cry, "Slay the demons! slay the demons! slay! slay!" So strange was his conduct that he was called by the people of the place "the madman." And nearly everything he said and did proved that his reason had left him.

We cannot, of course, assure our readers that Hung really had these visions; but it is very likely. If so, there can be no doubt but that he was beside himself at the time, and it may be that these dreams came from the new and strange things which he had read the year before in Leang-Afa's book. But whether we can explain their cause or not, their effects were afterwards seen. These we will describe in our next number.

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## ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

**MANY** of our readers, when they hear of the May Meetings in London, wish they could be there. But as they cannot enjoy this pleasure, perhaps the next best thing is to read about those meetings. And we are now going to give our young friends a short account of one of them—the Annual Meeting of the London Missionary Society.

It was held at Exeter Hall on Thursday, the 10th of May; and at ten o'clock, when the Earl of Shaftesbury took the chair, the great room was filled. It was delightful to see such a multitude met together to learn what God was doing in the world, by the preaching of the Gospel, and to hear thousands of voices joining in the noble hymn,

“Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!  
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,  
And let the world adoring see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.”

After an excellent speech from the noble chairman, Dr. Tidman read the Report, and we shall now give our readers some facts from that Report, which we know will interest them, and which we hope will make them more willing than ever to help the Missionary work.

One thing, indeed, mentioned in the Report is very sad. It is about India, of which you have so often read. There, it is true, God has done much for the heathen. Many, both young and old, high-caste Brahmins and outcast Pariahs, have become humbled and happy Christians. But it is painful to say, that in that great land there are mighty cities and whole nations for whose salvation as yet little or nothing has been done. One Missionary says, that in his district there is a million and a half of people, and that he is the only Christian teacher in the midst of

that great multitude. Another writes that, in one part of the country through which he travelled there were three millions of inhabitants with only five Missionaries amongst them; and that in another district, there were at least six millions without even a single Missionary. "And yet," he adds, "the inhabitants are in many respects promising, and very willing to hear the Gospel."

And to show the state in which these ignorant heathen must be, another Missionary mentions the following cases:— On coming to some steps (called a ghat) which lead down to the Ganges, and where the people go to bathe in the sacred stream, he saw a wretched-looking creature sitting by the side of a fire, with his right arm, which was withered away to skin and bone, stuck straight upright above his head. His hand was closed, and the nails of the fingers were five or six inches long. His arm was grown fast to his shoulder, so that he could not move it, and in this state he had been for eleven years. On going further down the steps, the Missionary saw another man, with one foot on the ground and the other on a swing two or three feet above it. In this posture he stood night and day, only now and then shifting his feet to prevent his joints from becoming stiff. He never, says the Missionary, lies down or gets rest or sleep except what he could find in that posture. Now, both these poor sufferers fancy that what they did was very good and holy—that it would get for them the pardon of their sins, and an entrance into heaven.

To show how God is blessing the labours of pious natives, the Report points us to the past and present state of the inhabitants of Penryn Islands, in the South Seas. These people were described by Commodore Wilks, who visited these islands before the native teachers went there, as the wildest and most savage-looking beings he had met with. When they came on board his ship, they made the most

horrible noises, twisted their limbs and bodies into the strangest shapes, and seemed like a set of furious madmen. Some wrung their hands and cried. Others looked as if their eyes were starting out of their heads, and at the same time they made the most shockingly ugly and frightful faces. When they were driven off the ship back into their canoes, they flung large stones and pieces of shell on board. Two guns were then fired over their heads, but they did not care for the guns, and stood up in their canoes, shaking their spears and "yelling defiance."

But now these savages, through God's blessing upon the labours of native teachers, have given up their idols and brutal customs, and have become worshippers of God and disciples of the Lord Jesus.

In our number for March, there was a short account of the Institution of Madras, and now the Report gives some interesting particulars of the first convert in that institution; and though it is long, we are sure our readers will be thankful to have it.

"M. Cotelingum," writes Mr. Hall, "entered this Institution from a heathen school about eighteen months ago. He is of the Naidoo caste, which is the highest of the Sudras, and a very distinguished caste in native society here. His father is a cloth-merchant, and some of his relatives hold good situations in Government offices. They are a very respectable family among the natives. Cotelingum is, at present, between eighteen and nineteen years of age.

"Four months ago I embraced a favourable opportunity of speaking seriously to him in private concerning his immortal welfare. This, by God's blessing, seems to have aroused him to think of his real state and future prospects as a heathen, and he soon came back asking further about the way of salvation. He appeared to be greatly con-

cerned for his soul, and his private visits to me became frequent. About that time several of the young men of my class were inquiring into Christianity; and, though I daily instructed them in the Word of God for at least an hour and a half in school, they often stayed with me in the evening, and spent several hours each Saturday, and on Sunday, after school hours, with me in my own house. Cotelingham was one of this class, and read his Bible with them. In private, he often expressed his earnest desire to become a Christian. I knew that, from his position in Hindoo society, there would be great difficulties, and always told him to consider the matter well and prayerfully before he took so important a step.

“At our annual examination, on the 3rd January, Cotelingham received the first prize from Lord Harris, Governor of Madras, who presided on the occasion. Next morning, at an early hour, he came to my house and said he could no longer remain a heathen, and asked me to protect him from the violence of his friends. I then sent a message to his father, saying that his son was in my house and wished to become a Christian. In a short time he came, accompanied by a very great crowd of people, evidently in a high state of excitement. I called in his father and three or four of his friends, and told them what Cotelingham had said to me. I said I would not keep him against his will. If he wished, he might walk out and go home with them. To this the young man at once said he would not, for if he did so his soul would be lost. His father said he wished to speak with him in private, and, taking him aside for a few minutes, whispered something to him. After this a younger brother took him by the hand, and besought him most earnestly to go home with them. He said, ‘No, I cannot; I have done with Hindooism and idolatry; I wish to follow and obey Christ.’ They held out every tempta-



tion and inducement they could think of to make him go back, but in vain. They then charged him with ingratitude in thus deserting his father, who had kept him so long. Meanwhile the crowd without had become very great; they made a fearful noise and threatened violence. I wrote a note to the police magistrate for help, and in a short time two sergeants came, attended by a considerable force of police, who kept the crowd from rushing into the house.

"After the father and other friends had been an hour with him, his mother came, and, crying most piteously, exclaimed, 'My son! oh, my son! why did you come here? why did you leave me thus? Come home only for a few days, and you can come here again. Come back, and I will give you everything you desire. Come back, and I will take good care of you.' He said, 'Mother, I love you still, but Christ has commanded me to follow Him, and leave all for Him. I cannot go.' His old grandmother and a little brother then came. The grandmother fell down and kissed his feet; his mother clasped him round the neck; his father was weeping like a child; and his brothers, in deep distress, were knocking their heads against the floor. All of them, in the most heart-rending tones, besought him to go home with them and not bring such disgrace upon their family. Cotelingum was greatly affected, and rose and took a Bible which was lying near, and, turning to Matthew, chap. x., read the latter part of it. This seemed to give him comfort and strength. He again told them that he still loved them very much, but he must obey God rather than men, or his soul would be lost. He said, that they also needed salvation, and should believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and repeatedly quoted the words of Scripture (Acts xvi. 31) to that effect.

"The report of what was going on had spread through the most of Madras, and the crowd had by this time become very great. His friends then took hold of him, and seemed disposed to drag him away by force; but we at once interfered, and told them in Teloogoo, that if it were his wish, he might go, but they should not force him in my house; and, as they saw that we had so many police at the door, they soon gave up the attempt.

"After we had got them a little quieted, they again tried argument. One young man, a cousin to Cotelingum, who said he had been educated at the University of Madras, and spoke English very well, said, 'Cotelingum, why do you wish to forsake Hindooism and follow Christianity?' He answered, 'Because I believe idolatry is false—it is wrong to worship idols.' His friend asked, 'Why so?' To this Cotelingum answered, 'Because they have eyes, but they see not; mouths, but they speak not, and can never hear those who call upon them.' His friend then said a great deal to prove that idols were nothing in their religion—that idols were only for the ignorant—no intelligent Hindoo worshipped them—and that Cotelingum need not be an idolater though he continued in the religion of his fathers. This, however, had no effect on him, as he well knew the fallacy of it. Another friend then began a long argument in Teloogoo, to prove that 'Hindooism is as good as Christianity—there was really very little difference between them—Hindooism had its Trinity too,' and he asserted that Cotelingum had taken this step without having properly examined Hindooism. He wished him to go home and study his own religion longer, and then become a Christian if the result of the examination should be unsatisfactory. To these arguments he replied, 'That he knew enough of Hindooism to convince him that it is false, and that there is no salvation in it.'

Six hours were spent amidst, and still Cotelingum refused to separate them, and induced his friends to leave convinced, from what they saw, that the act was entirely his own choice. The house we knelt down, and prayed. Soon after Cotelingum turned his back, and the sacred chief badges of heathenism were removed. Rev. P. Ragahgopal, a native of the church, who had previously come to us, took dinner with us, and as the high caste Hindoos never eat with any not of their race, here are many other things that I would like to put into our Magazine. Neither can we give a full account of what here is just one anecdote, which we must not leave to pass unrecorded. It may arise out of little circumstances, and our young friends to pray, and we may not be able to do so.

"An," said Dr. M., "in his own hand, he is a great agent. Sabbath schools, our Missions, and ourselves, are all of us there in power lodged of God there, and the work is no doubt that, through the power of Christ. I shall tell it, and sit down to the unconverted, our

the hand of a godless man; he read it; he was made to think; he was brought to repentance; he was brought to God. What did that man become? His name was Richard Baxter; and he wrote the 'Call to the Unconverted.' So much for that little and its much. By-and-by the "Call to the Unconverted" went on its travels, and fell into the hands of another man, who was totally prayerless and Christless; and he read it, and, in one word, it was blessed of God to bring him to his senses, and to bring him to Christ. Who was he? Philip Doddridge. So much for that little. Very well; in the course of time, Doddridge writes and publishes the 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.' That book also went on its travels, and fell into the hand of another man, who was also a careless and irreligious man. At that time he read—he thought—he prayed—he believed. His name was Wilberforce. So much for that little and its much. In the course of time Wilberforce must write too; and he wrote that beautiful volume, his 'Practical View of Christianity.' It went on its travels—for it was a servant of God, though a little one; and by and by it fell into the hands of another poor sinner, who was thereby brought to think seriously. His name was Leigh Richmond. So much for that little and its much. Well, in the course of time, Leigh Richmond writes, what you have all read, 'The Dairyman's Daughter.' That has been translated into I know not how many languages—into Armenian among the rest. It fell, some years ago, into the hands of an Armenian priest; he was confounded by it, and led to seek for the Bible itself; which had wrought such a change upon that poor little girl. He got the Bible, read it, and was converted, and is at this moment in Nicomedia, a town in Armenia, a Christian minister, with a congregation of two or three hundred, and nearly a hundred members. That same

Armenian priest handed 'The Dairyman's Daughter' to others, and two or three more of his brethren were by means of it brought to seek God and to believe in Christ. There is power in littles, brethren. Let us take care and not despise the day of small things. This is but the history of a tract. Match the chapter in any of the volumes of 'Alison's History of Europe.'"

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### RELIGION AMONG THE BASUTOS.

MOST of our readers know that there are several other Missionary Societies besides the London Missionary, such as the Church, Wesleyan, and Baptist Societies. But perhaps some do not know that the French have sent out Missionaries too. I am not now speaking of the Roman Catholics or Jesuits; for alas! these men do not teach the real Gospel of Jesus Christ. But there are many Protestants in France, who have formed a Missionary Society. Their most important Missions are in South Africa. Their faithful Missionaries are labouring among the Basutos, whose king, Moshesh, you have often read about in our Magazine. This man, although we are sorry to say he is not yet a decided Christian, loves the Missionaries very much, and is very attentive to their teaching. One day after the war in which Moshesh has lately taken part, when a great many of his people were standing by, he said to them "You are not foreigners to us, you are Basutos; for it is you, my Missionaries, who have saved us, me and my people, by your prayers and kindness." But while Moshesh, by his words, shows how he values Christianity, many of his people, by their conduct, prove that they believe the Gospel, and wish to obey it. We will give two or three examples.

Towards the close of 1852, the English army marched

near Berea (a Missionary station) to attack the Basutos. An aged Christian named Sarah, who might have saved herself, but who would not do so because of her love to her son's wife, who could not escape with her, received a wound, which soon caused her death. After the battle some of her friends found her just dying. "Ah!" she said to them, "how I wish I could just see my pastor once more. But he cannot possibly come. Bid him good-bye for me, and tell him I die in the faith of the Gospel." A few moments afterwards Sarah tried to get upon her knees; she offered a prayer to God, and then, stretching herself on the ground, she said to her friends, with perfect calmness, "Cover me," and then she expired.

Very near the place where this happened, a heathen woman was giving herself up to despair. One of her children was lying before her quite dead, and the other, a little girl, was dying. "I'll go and throw myself down from the top of the mountain," cried this poor unhappy mother. But, just then, her daughter, who was a Christian, appeared to revive a little. She heard what her mother said, and exclaimed, "O, mother, don't say so—I am going to the Saviour—believe in him." You see by this how some of the poor Africans have learned to die. Unless the Missionaries had gone to them they would, in the dreadful hour of death, have been left without any hope or comfort. We will now see how these Christian women can, at the same time, serve the cause of their Lord, and do good to their fellow-countrymen.

In a village near Moriga there lived a woman named Antonia, who for a long time had been alone, without many friends, because she was the only Christian in the neighbourhood. But, though she was alone, of her it might be said she was a light in the world. Just as the men of the village were going out to war they came to

Antonia, and, quietly putting their weapons on the ground, said to her, "Antonia, you are our mother; you know how to pray, but we don't know; read to us something out of your book, sing us one of your Christian hymns, and offer up a prayer for us before the battle." Antonia took her Testament, read and explained a part of it, sung two or three verses of a hymn, and prayed. When she had finished the warriors went away, saying to her, "Thank mother, thanks. May God help us." We may add, that after they had gone, and during all the time they were away, the wives of these men met every evening around the pious woman to beg her to pray with them for their husbands.



## GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD.

MATT. XXI. 28.

LISTEN, Christian, to the word  
Which the Master now is speaking;  
Do the bidding of thy Lord,  
Only his approval seeking.

In the vineyard work to-day,  
Thine allotted task fulfilling;  
Ever as thou toilest, pray  
For the rain and dew's distilling.

Work to-day—the days are few,  
Swiftly is the seed-time flying—  
Work, for there is much to do,  
Still wide regions waste are lying,

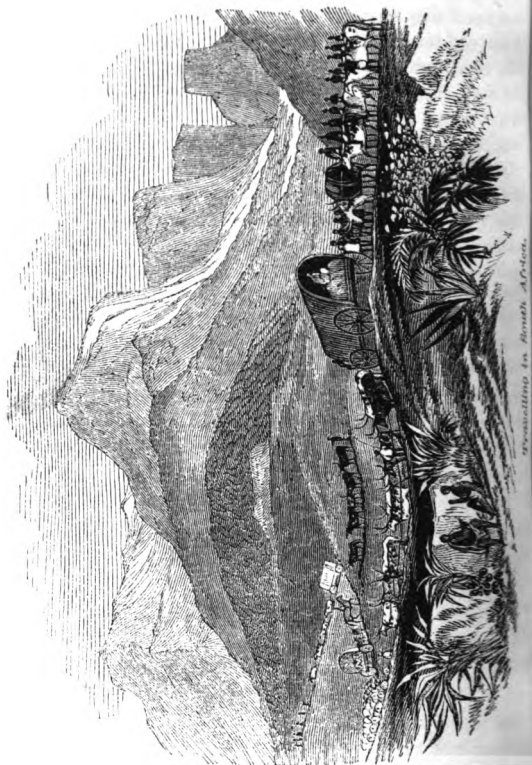
Which, all sown with precious seed,  
Yet for God must fruit be bearing;  
Blessed is the labourer's need,  
When the joy of vintage sharing.

Work, till Eden's bloom shall smile  
On the fields where thou art treading,  
Converse close with heaven the while,  
Sacred fragrance round thee shedding.

A. B. L.







*View of the Mouth of the River.*

THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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JULY, 1855.

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REV. R. MOFFAT'S JOURNEYS TO THE KINGDOM OF  
MOSELEKATSE, THE CHIEF OF THE MATABELE.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN Mr. Moffat was in England, thousands of people were delighted to hear the wonderful accounts he gave about the natives of South Africa, and the effects of the Gospel amongst them. And since he went back to his station, many have asked what he was doing, and why he did not write more letters and tell us all about himself and his labours. Now, the truth is, Mr. Moffat has been so busy in translating and printing the Bible in the language of the Bechuanas that he could scarcely find time for anything else until a few months ago, when he set out upon a long journey to visit a great chief and his people. I shall this month give you some account of this journey; but, first of all, you would like to know a little about the man whom Mr. Moffat went to see.

*Moselekatse.*

His name is Moselekatse. He is chief of the Matabele, and is one of the greatest warriors and most cruel men in Africa. His kingdom is very large, and his subjects are very many. Being a clever man, as well as a great conqueror, his own people both fear and honour him. But his

name is still more terrible to the tribes and nations around his country. And no wonder, as the bones of the warriors, who have been slain in battle by Moselekatse, for many a mile scattered over hill and valley, and the ruined towns and villages, without an inhabitant, remain as monuments of his anger and power. Mr. Moffat called him "the Napoleon of Africa."

*Visit of Moselekatse's Ambassadors.*

But how did Mr. Moffat become acquainted with this fierce savage? I will tell you. So long ago as the year 1829, Moselekatse had heard such wonderful accounts of the white Missionaries who lived at the Kuruman, that he wished very much to know what they did and what they taught. To get this knowledge, he sent two of his great men as ambassadors to the Missionary station. One day Mr. Moffat was surprised at the arrival of these strangers. But at first neither he nor the Bechuanas were pleased with their wild and very savage appearance. But although they were quite naked, their speech and manner showed that they were great men in their own country.

Mr. Moffat, you may be sure, treated them kindly, and told them many things which were new and strange. He also showed them his house and his furniture, the garden and the water-course, the blacksmith's forge, and other signs of civilized life. And their wonder was so very great that one of them said, with much seriousness, "You are *men*, but we are children;" when the other added, "Moselekatse must be taught all these things." But nothing struck these strangers so much as the appearance and conduct of the congregations at chapel. The only meetings they had ever seen before were violent and noisy, with war songs and savage dances. But now they saw men and women sitting quietly together, attending to the Word of God, or joining in his Worship.

*Mr. Moffat leaves the Kuruman with the Ambassadors.*

At length the time came for them to go back to their country. But as they had to travel among tribes who feared and hated Moselekatse, and would be glad to kill any of his people, they knew that, if they went alone, they would certainly be murdered. Mr. Moffat also saw their danger. But how to get them safely home again it was not easy to tell. At last the Missionary himself agreed to go with them. This gave the ambassadors great joy, and made them very thankful.

*Dangers of the Journey.*

Now I cannot describe the long journey which Mr. Moffat took to the country of Moselekatse, or what happened in the way. When the ambassadors left the Kuruman the Christians brought them many presents, and in other ways showed them kindness. So they went home with a good opinion of the Bechuanas. At first they travelled over wide plains where there were many savage beasts. One night, as they were going to sleep, a lion came near them roaring away at a great rate. Mr. Moffat was not very easy to have the creature so close to them, and asked the people who were with him if there was not danger. After listening to the lion's roar for a moment or two they said, "There is no danger; he has had his supper and is going to sleep." Next morning, Mr. Moffat inquired how they knew the lions were going to sleep, when they answered, "We live with them; they are our companions." Not a great way further, two lions, one a very large one, rushed out of the bushes. One of them sprang upon an ox and killed him, and while he clung with his fore-feet to the carcass, he turned his head towards Mr. Moffat and his people and roared at them. At length two shots were fired, which drove these unpleasant visitors back into the thicket. Farther on they came to a mountainous part of the country, where there was a great number of

lions, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses; but although they were in constant danger from these savage beasts, they were mercifully preserved. It was during this journey that Mr. Moffat saw the tree in which the natives had built their huts, and the account of which, with a picture, you will find in the third volume of our Magazine.

*Reception at the Capital of the Matabeles.*

At length, after a long journey, they reached the capital of the great Moselekatse. Here they were soon surrounded by a thousand warriors. These men wore ape-skins around their waists; their legs and arms were ornamented with the hair and tails of oxen; they had feathers to adorn their heads, and in their hands they held large shields which reached to their chins. In a short time the great king, Moselekatse, marched in, followed by a number of men with bowls and baskets of food, which were placed at the feet of the visitors, whom they politely invited to eat.

*The Chief's Wonder on seeing a Wagon.*

No man could seem more pleased than the savage chief with his visitors. He said to Mr. Moffat, "The land is before you; you are come to your son. You must sleep where you please." As Moselekatse had never seen a wagon before, these "moving houses," as he called them, not only made him wonder, but filled him with fear. When they drew near to the place where he was standing, he laid a firm hold upon Mr. Moffat's arm, drew back, and looked at them as if they were living creatures. After the oxen were unyoked and the wagon stood still, the great warrior went towards it very cautiously, still holding the Missionary with one hand, and putting the other to his mouth to show his surprise. But his wonder was increased as he examined the wagon more closely. The wheels especially fixed his eyes, and the thing which seemed to him most

wonderful of all was the band of iron without end or joint which was fastened round one part of the wheel. How it could have been fastened there, he could not tell. At last one of the two ambassadors, whose visit to the Missionary station had made him wiser than his master, took hold of Mr. Moffat's right hand and said to his chief, "My eyes saw that very hand cut these bars of iron, cut a piece off one end, and then join them as you see them now." "Does he give medicine to the iron?" asked Moselekatse. "No," said the other, "nothing is used but fire, and a hammer, and a chisel."

*Mr. Moffat's Return to the Kuruman.*

The next day all the warriors and people of the neighbouring towns were ordered to meet, and a public ball was given in honour of their visitors. Mr. Moffat, however, wanted to return to the Kuruman, but the chief was not willing to part with him, and managed to keep him there ten days. But we have no room to describe what took place during the time, because we must now tell our readers of Mr. Moffat's second visit to Moselekatse.

*Mr. Moffat sets out on his second Visit to Moselekatse.*

Mr. Moffat left the Kuruman about a year ago. One thing which made him take this long journey was to carry letters and supplies to his son-in-law Dr. Livingston, whom he hoped to meet on his way back from the countries to the north, which he has just discovered.

*Character and Conduct of Sekhomi.*

After travelling about eight days, he came to the kingdom of a chief called Sekhomi, a very cunning and cruel man, whose character was well known to Mr. Moffat, though he had not seen him before. This man wished to be thought a friend of Mr. Moffat's, but he was afraid of him, because he had acted badly to other Englishmen, and also because he had kept back things belonging to Dr.

Livingston which had been sent to him, that he might forward them to the interior. As there were no towns or roads in the country over which Mr. Moffat had to travel, Sekhomi promised to send guides with him; but instead of doing so, he ordered some of his people to go to the few wanderers in the desert he was to cross, and to make them get out of his way that he might not be able to find the road. The truth was, that he did not want the Missionary to visit Moselekatse.

*Difficulties of the Journey.*

But though they had no guides, on they went, sometimes following the track of wild antelopes, and sometimes steering their course, like that of a ship, by the compass. But this was not all; for often had they from morning till night to cut their road with their axes through thickets and forests. But, providentially, it was not a dry and thirsty land, but a land of brooks and broad rivers. Once in their journey they came upon a village, and three of the people were tempted to go with them for three days to show them the way.

*Mr. Moffat reaches the Country of Moselekatse.*

At length they got into the midst of hills and valleys, where not a footstep of a human being could be seen, and by-and-by they entered upon the kingdom of the great chief whom they were going to visit. The subjects of Moselekatse, however, were so frightened at the white men and their wagons that they scampered off, and Mr. Moffat's people had to catch some of them. These natives, as soon as they got rid of their fear, went with the travellers a little farther towards the chief town, where Moselekatse lived. Then a messenger was sent to say that the Missionary was coming, and soon an officer from the great chief came to meet them. This man said how very glad his master was at their coming, but at first he doubted whether the stranger was the true Moffat—or, as he pronounced it, "Moshéte."

*Mr. Moffat's Reception at the Capital.*

As the people would have been killed if they had allowed a stranger to come into the kingdom of Moselekatse, they were terribly afraid lest they should let a counterfeit Moffat go near their king. But at last, with some difficulty, and after travelling more than a month, the Missionary got to Matlokotloko, the capital. Here they found the chief so ill, that he could be brought with difficulty out into the porch of his house. When he saw Mr. Moffat, this old savage and fierce warrior was much affected. With one hand he warmly seized that of his visitor, and "drew his mantle," writes Mr. M., "over his face with the other; I suppose unwilling that his vassals, who sat in silence at a distance, should see the hero of a hundred battles weep, even though it were for joy. After becoming composed, he gave full expression to the joy he felt at seeing me once more. Pointing to his feet, he said, 'I am very sick, but your God has sent you to heal me.' Though we had passed several of his towns, and had been two weeks conversant with his people, no one dared to whisper 'Moselekatse is sick.' The fact was too sacred to be pronounced by vulgar lips. Though he had not been out of his house for some time before, he sat the live-long day (for it was yet early when we arrived), looking at us getting everything ready for the Sabbath."

*The Chief's Recovery, and Conduct to the Missionary.*

As the chief wanted very much to get well, Mr. Moffat promised to give him medicine, if he would not drink any beer, or eat any food but what he allowed him. This he was very willing to do; and, by the blessing of God, in a fortnight he was upon his feet again. Great was the joy of chief and people at his recovery, and great their thankfulness to the Missionary. For more than a month



Mr. Moffat stayed at this place, and all the time Moselekatse treated him with the greatest possible kindness. Mr. M., however, wished to go farther to meet Dr. Livingston; but the chief did not want to lose his company. He started all manner of objections to his leaving, and the Missionary could scarcely help staying much longer than he intended.

*The Missionary's Disappointment and Difficulties.*

But, as you may suppose, Mr. Moffat was not idle all this time. Yet he could not get the chief to let him preach the Gospel to himself and his people. Moselekatse indeed did not directly object to this; "for," writes Mr. M., "he could refuse me nothing that I thought proper to ask." But his answer was, that he himself believed the word of God was good for him, but then he hinted that his nobles and warriors would not like it, because it taught the duty of peace. Mr. Moffat, however, knew better than this, and was sure that they wished to hear the truth, because ever since his former visit, their master had been so much better than he was before. Since that time, his government had not been so severe, and many cruel practices had been almost done away. The people all felt that, through some charm, the Missionary had so softened the heart of the great chief, that their burden had been far lighter than ever. But none of them knew anything about the Divine word, and if they had thought, or whispered that there was a God greater than Moselekatse, they would have been in danger of being hung.

The only reason Mr. Moffat could think of for the chief's unwillingness to let him preach the Gospel, was the fear that it would make his people less brave and warlike. But it was a great trial to the good Missionary to see around him, day after day, multitudes of savages who loved him, but to whom he could not point out the way of salvation. Mr. Moffat, when with the chief, sometimes looked as if he

was displeased, but then Moselekatse would try to make him smile. At last the Missionary told him, in a pleasant way, that, if he would not hear the word of his Lord and Master, he would, some morning, shoulder his gun and march off, and that he would not receive from him a single present.

*Mr. Moffat's Desire fulfilled.*

At length, to the great joy of the Missionary, the chief gave him full permission to preach to himself and to his warriors the Gospel of Salvation. "Daily," writes Mr. M., "at a minute's warning, they were assembled before me, much nearer him, who sat at my left hand, than they dared to approach on any other occasion. Never in my life did I see such fixed attention and astonished countenances, while, amid the stillness of the grave, I published to them the great doctrines of the Word of God. These were things which never before had entered into their ears." The character of God, His works and ways, salvation by His Son, Death, Judgment, and Eternity were the subjects upon which this servant of Christ preached, and, so long as he stayed, the people heard these wonderful truths with fixed attention, and they never seemed to be tired.

*The good News spreads.*

While Mr. Moffat was thus delivering his message from God, numbers of people were coming, day after day, to the capital, from different parts of the kingdom, and these went back to their homes to tell their heathen countrymen the strange things that Moffat had brought to the ears of the Matabele. Is it surprising to hear Mr. Moffat say, "These services were to me, beyond all description, interesting. I felt that my prayers had been answered, and that I had obtained my heart's desire. After ending the first day's service, I turned to Moselekatse, and laying my hand on his shoulder, said, 'You have now made me happy

I want nothing else that you can give; I shall sigh no more.' 'How,' he asked, 'can you sigh, when I and my kingdom are at your disposal? You must preach even daily, and receive my present also.'"

*Departure for the North-West.*

When the chief found that Mr. Moffat would travel to the north-west—to the country of another chief, called Sekeletue—he sent officers to prepare his way, ordered a large number of his people to go with him, and got himself into the wagon. He was followed by the chief men of the place, and after passing one town after another, they halted under a wide-spreading tree. Here Moselekatse said he would not part from the Missionary, and so they set off on the long journey together, followed first by strings of females carrying calabashes of beer and other supplies upon their heads, and then by a drove of fat cattle, four or five of which were killed every day for food.

*The Travellers perplexed.*

As they went on, the number of the people increased until they were accompanied by nearly three hundred warriors. After travelling about ten days, they came to a stand, and scarcely knew what was to be done. As it was the dry season, if they took one road with their wagons, they knew that they would perish with thirst; and that, if they travelled by the other, where the tsétse (the destructive fly, about which you have read) abounded, all the oxen would be killed in three days. But this did not disturb Moselekatse. Indeed, the loss of the oxen would have pleased him, because he would then have had a good hope of keeping the Missionary much longer in his country. Mr. Moffat wished to go forward on foot, and wanted Moselekatse to give him some men to carry Dr. Livingston's goods. But to this he would on no account agree;

for, said he, "if you go and perish on the road, what will Mammary (Mrs. Moffat) say? I shall go with you."

*The Difficulty overcome.*

At length, Dr. Livingston's goods were divided into seventeen packages, and twenty men, under an officer, were ordered to carry them to Lingante, the town of the chief Sekeletue. Though they had to go into an enemy's country, they shouldered their burdens at a moment's notice, and marched off. When Mr. Moffat spoke of the danger into which they were going, Moselekatse would not hear of it, but said, "They are your servants, and on your business, and therefore no one will ever think of injuring them."

*Mr. Moffat leaves Moselekatse and returns to the Kuruman.*

Mr. Moffat had the greatest difficulty in getting away from the chief, who had received him so joyfully, and had treated him so kindly; and when at length he was resolved to leave, Moselekatse sent with him a number of men to guard him on his way, and to see that his wants were well supplied. At length he reached the Kuruman, "where," he says, "I arrived among my own people with feelings of lively gratitude to Him who had guided and guarded my seven months' wandering among savage beasts and savage men. During that period, I had preached the Gospel to thousands who never heard the name of a Saviour before. I accomplished all that was in my power for Livingston. I gave Moselekatse and his people full proof of the deep interest I felt in their temporal, as well as spiritual concerns; and I returned with my health greatly improved, notwithstanding the toil and anxiety connected with such a journey."

This is a longer paper than we have ever put in our Magazine before; but we are sure that not one of our readers will wish it had been shorter.

## CHINESE GLEANINGS.

LIFE OF HUNG-SEU-TSEUN, THE LEADER OF THE CHINESE  
REBELLION.

## No. 2.

THE dreams and visions of Hung-seu-tseun, which were described last month, only showed that illness had disordered his mind as well as his body. During this time he often called himself the Emperor of China, and it was not wonderful that people should think him mad. His relations asked several doctors to see him, but their medicines did him no good. At length he got better; and from this time his appearance and character were quite changed. His conduct was good; his manners open and friendly. Persons of bad habits, we are told, did not like to be with him, but the upright and honest sought his company. His words were wise and weighty; but though he was generally thoughtful, he was sometimes so merry that the whole house rung with his loud and hearty laugh; and as his personal appearance was rather noble and commanding, it was not wonderful that he should have some influence over others.

Although at this time Hung had no more visions, he was fond of talking about those which we have already described.

*His first Acquaintance with Christianity.*

As Hung's parents were poor, he was obliged to get his living by teaching the young. In the year 1843, he had a school in a village called Water Lily, about ten miles from his native place. At that time, a cousin of his, called Si, was one day looking among Hung's books, when he happened to see the one which was given to him four years before by Leang-Afa. You will remember that it was

called "Good Words for exhorting the Age." Si read this tract, and then told his cousin Hung that it was filled with wonderful things, which were quite different from any to be found in Chinese books. This led the future chief to read it himself; and when he had done so, he exclaimed that it explained all his visions. The venerable old man, he said, who sat upon the highest place, and whom all men ought to worship, was God the Father; and the man of middle age who had taught him and helped him to destroy the devils was, he believed, Jesus Christ. The demons were the idols; and all the men in the world were his brothers and sisters. After reading this book, Hung seemed like a man who had just woke up out of sleep. As it taught him that all professed Christians should be baptized, he and his cousin baptized one another by pouring water on each other's heads, saying, "Purification from former sins, putting off the old, and regeneration."

*Early Attempts to make known his new Discoveries.*

After his baptism, Hung was very zealous in preaching against idolatry, and he soon made many converts to his new views. Among these were two of his friends. One of them was a schoolmaster called Fung Yun San. He is now "the Southern King." The other, whose name was Hung Jin, is the man from whom Mr. Hamberg got the history of Hung-sen-tseun's life. These three friends studied the Christian books together, and as they thought these books explained Hung's visions, they persuaded themselves that he was appointed to bring back his countrymen from the service of idols to the worship of the only true God. As he believed that his own visions, as well as the doctrines in the books, came from heaven, he preached both to the people as of Divine authority. Now, in all this, there was some light, but still much darkness; and

is quite certain that a desire to be and to do something great rather than good, was at this time one of the strongest feelings in Hung's mind. This led him to apply to himself some passages of Scripture which speak of God; and, as the Chinese word for "whole" and "all" is "Tseun," he would sometimes translate it as a proper name, so as to suit his purpose. For example, when it is said in the 19th Psalm, "Their voice is gone out into the whole world," he would read, "into the country of Tseun."

Up to this time (1844) Hung and his friends kept a school; but as the tablet of Confucius, which will be seen in every Chinese school, was taken down, the parents would not send their children there any longer. Remembering the words, "A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house," they set out for another province, and tried to support themselves by selling pencils and ink. Yun San and two other friends went with Hung, and wherever they went, they preached the new doctrine, "teaching men," writes Mr. Hamberg, "to worship the one God, Jehovah, who sent His Son to atone for the sins of the world; and in every place they found some willing to accept their words." Yun San came to a place called Thistle Mount, and got a congregation there. These and other followers of the new teachers were soon known by the name of "the congregation of the worshippers of Shang-te,"—a word which means "the supreme ruler" or "the God of heaven."

The two following years Hung spent at home. But he was not idle. While teaching others he wrote several pieces on the new doctrines. One of these was called "Ode of the One Hundred correct Things." Another was an "Essay on the Origin of Virtue, for the awakening of the Age."

*Hung-seu-Tseun's Secret Opinions of the Mantchoos.*

Our readers, no doubt, know that the present rulers of China are Mantchoo Tartars, who conquered that country a long time ago, and have ruled over it ever since. Now, like many of his countrymen, Hung-seu-tseun hated these foreign rulers, who held all the high offices in the kingdom. And about the time we are now speaking of, he mentioned his secret thoughts and feelings to his friend Hung Jin. He said to him, "God has divided the kingdoms of the world, and made the ocean to be a boundary for them, just as a father divides his estate among his sons, every one of whom ought to reverence the will of his father, and quietly manage his own property. Why, then, should the Mantchoos forcibly enter China and rob their brothers of their estate?" And it is pretty plain that Hung, at this time, had some notion of getting for himself the power of the Mantchoo Emperor, who then reigned in China; for we are told that he dreamed that a red sun was put into his hand. Upon this he wrote some verses, in which he spoke of himself as the true sun, and the darkness as flying before him.

But we must leave some other things about this remarkable man until our next number.



## THE SILVER CUP.

BEING in Kent some time ago, I was requested to spend the Sabbath in the village of Marden, where the excellent minister there gave me some account of the beginning of the Independent Church in that place. Towards the end of last century a good and kind-hearted clergyman lived in the parish. As a small farm, the glebe, belonged to the clergyman, he employed a person to manage it, who live-



in the farm-house, and was called a bailiff. At that time the bailiff and his wife were dissenters and members of an Independent Church at Maidstone. It was a trial to these good people to be separated from their brethren, and the pious woman in particular longed for a visit from her former pastor, and often expressed this wish to the vicar. "Well!" said the liberal clergyman, "why don't you invite him over? There is a large room that will hold a fine congregation; I shall come and hear him, and I am sure my wife will attend, and I'll invite the people to join us, and we shall have a good congregation. Why don't you write and ask him to come over?" That was enough. The bailiff's wife wrote to Mr. Ralph, her minister, who willingly accepted the invitation. He went again and again and preached the Gospel to the good vicar and an attentive and increasing assembly.

As time passed away, "Why," said the vicar, "don't you build a chapel? I'll give you a hundred pounds towards it, and, though I cannot attend there myself, I am sure my wife often will, and I shall so arrange the services that the people will be at liberty to go to the chapel whenever it is open for worship." The sanctuary was built, and the preaching of the Gospel was blessed of God to the good of many. At length the worthy vicar died; but he left in his will to the chapel his library and a large piece of ground, a part of which has lately been sold to the South-Eastern Railway Company, and the interest of the money helps to support the place. We should be glad if the same spirit was shown in more of our parishes at the present day! Would that all our clergy and our ministers strove thus together for the faith of the Gospel! Would that pastors and people were more united in love and labour! I am sure it would render the Missionary spirit and the Missionary work more successful, both at home and abroad.

But while these events were taking place in the village, five or six robbers in the dead of night broke into the vicarage, wearing masks, and intending to plunder and carry off all the property they could get. They threatened to murder all that were in the house; they bound the vicar and his wife, and set a guard over them; and then they made the servant show them where the silver and other valuable articles were kept. After this they went into the kitchen, and, having ordered wine and spirits and all kinds of good fare, they sat down to indulge themselves. In this way, for many hours, they kept possession of the vicarage.

Fully persuaded that it was the wisest and safest thing to give these wicked men all they asked, and knowing that the lives of her master and mistress depended upon this, the servant did what she could to quiet and satisfy them. But now a new difficulty arose. Afraid lest they should indulge freely in drink, she gave them a word of advice on that point, and told them to be moderate. "Ah," said they, "is she not a wise woman? Does she not give us good advice? Have you any more good counsel to give us before we go away?" "Yes," said the servant, "I wish you to give me back that silver cup; it has long been in my master's family; it is the cup which he drinks out of daily. There are marks upon it which I am sure will lead to your discovery, and I hope you will give it back to me." "Is not that," they replied, "good advice?" and they gave her back the silver cup, which her master continued afterwards to use as long as he lived. At his death he left it as a legacy to her who had so long been faithful, as well as all his furniture, and fifty pounds a year as long as she lived. She is now above eighty years of age, and she thought that, as her days would be few, she would like to give this silver cup to the Missionary cause, and she sent

it by my hands to the Mission House. Very true, it could not be expected to sell for more than old silver, and only brought 1*l.* 15*s.* into the treasury; but it was one of those articles whose value far exceeded its weight in gold, but which this Christian woman parted with to show her love to Jesus, and to the spread of his Gospel. What an example is this to many! If, instead of hoarding up their relics, their vessels of gold and silver, their ornaments and jewels, they were to give them to the Lord, and to part with many things which they consider most precious, for the glory of Christ and the welfare of the heathen, what an abundance there would be for the support of Missionaries and for the instruction of mankind. When the Missionary spirit is strengthened and increased, when the old thus work together with the young, and the young with the old, and when all classes unite in Christian love and liberality for the advancement of Christ's cause, there will be such acts of self-denial, such sacrifices, and such devotedness, that God will bless us, and cause the ends of the earth to see His salvation.

INDIA.

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#### ARRIVAL OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

OUR young readers will be thankful to learn that their Missionary ship, after being away from England nearly four years, reached the Thames in safety on the 10th of June. She left the Society Islands on the 2nd of March, and has thus made the voyage in the short time of a hundred days. The passengers are the Rev. C. Hardie and Mrs. Hardie, the Rev. John Barff and Mrs. Barff, and twenty-four children of Missionaries in the South Seas. Judging from the healthy appearance and smiling faces of these young voyagers, they certainly have not left their

rosy cheeks or their good tempers behind them in the sunny islands of the south. But no doubt they felt very happy on reaching a land where, to them, there was so much that was new and interesting, and about which they had heard so often from their dear parents.

We cannot, in this number of our Magazine, give an account of the last voyage of the ship to the western islands, such as Erromanga, Aneiteum, Mare, Lifu, and others; but we shall tell our readers all about it soon.

Although the ship has been mercifully protected from the destructive power of storms, she will need to be repaired, and a great deal of money will be wanted to make her fit for her next voyage. This money, we are quite sure, our young friends will gladly get, as they got it when she was at home before. We hope, therefore, that they will begin at once. There are few ways in which they can be more useful. But we shall have more to say on this subject in another Magazine.



**"'TIS BUTS."**

A LADY who knew but little about the heathen, and still less about Missionary work, was one day persuaded to attend a Missionary meeting. It pleased God to bless the words she then heard, and to open her heart, not only to feel for the poor heathen, but to desire to help them.

In one year from that time she again attended, bringing with her, and presenting to the treasurer, a beautiful little box, on the outside of which were inscribed the words **"'Tis Buts."**

**"'Tis Buts,"** repeated the treasurer: **"why, what is the meaning of this?"**

"Open it, and you will see," answered the lady smiling.

The treasurer did so, and the box was found to contain nearly 30*l*. Now this lady had formerly been accustomed to buy anything which pleased her, even if she did not really want it; and then she would say, "'Tis but a sovereign," or "'Tis but ten shillings," or "'Tis but sixpence," and so it was purchased. But since her first appearance at the Missionary meeting, when tempted to buy anything, she said, instead of her "'Tis But," "I can *do* without it; the money will do more good if I give it to the heathen;" and thus, through saving her "'Tis Buts," she had filled a Missionary box.

Dear reader, we are all of us too ready to say, "'Tis But," when wishing to buy anything for our own gratification. We too often forget the blessed privilege of giving, and that the time will soon come when we can give no more; for there is neither labour nor device in the grave, to which we are hastening.

On the tomb of the Earl of Devonshire and his countess, in a churchyard at Tiverton, Devon, are the following lines, and it would be well if the truth they teach were engraven on all our hearts:—

"That we spent, we had;  
That we left, we lost;  
*That we gave, we have."*

—*Juvenile Instructor.*

## DO NOT FORGET THE HEATHEN.

Adapted from Mozart.

Dear children in your happy homes, with parents' tender care,

Shown forth in many an act of love, And many an earnest pray'r.

For-get not that in heathen lands Such homes are ne-ver found,

Save where a few have heard and then Welcom'd the gospel's sound.

## DO NOT FORGET THE HEATHEN.

DEAR children, in your happy homes,  
 With parents' tender care  
 Shown forth in many an act of love,  
 And many an earnest prayer,  
 Forget not that in heathen lands  
 Such homes are never found,  
 Save where a few have heard, and then  
 Welcomed the Gospel's sound.

And when, from out the book divine,  
 You read of Jesu's love,  
 And of a Heavenly Father, who  
 Will listen from above  
 To each petition that a child  
 Sends upwards to His throne,  
 Think of the little ones to whom  
 Such truths are all unknown.

Dear children, have you thankful hearts  
 That God has given you birth  
 Here in this happy Christian land,  
 This favoured spot of earth;  
 And is your gratitude expressed  
 In words and acts of praise?  
 And have you given those hearts to Christ,  
 Now in your early days?

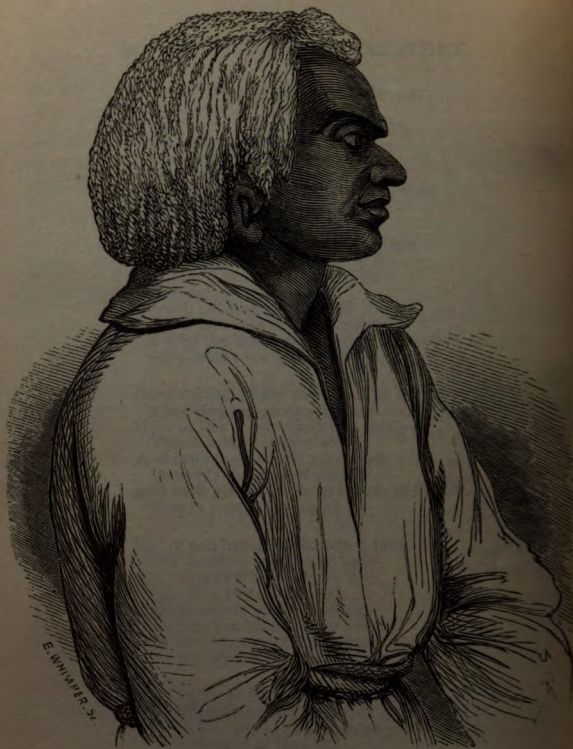
Oh! if you have, I'm sure you pray  
 The heathen world may hear  
 The story of His wondrous love,  
 Which is to you so dear;  
 And cheerfully your offerings,  
 As God has blessed your store,  
 Into the treasury of the Lord,  
 To spread His truth, you pour.

And are there not among you some  
 To whom the Lord has given  
 An earnest, strong desire, to be  
 A messenger of Heaven  
 To the benighted ones of earth?  
 Oh! cherish such desires,  
 And strive to labour in God's cause  
 From youth till life expires.

CARRIE DOVE.







*Nasilini, a Chief of Mare.*

THE

## JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST, 1855.

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MARE.

MARE, as most of our readers know, is the name of a large and beautiful island in the South Seas. It is one of the Loyalty Group, and has been mentioned more than once in this Magazine.

Like the other islands of the Pacific Ocean, Mare was a land of darkness and cruelty, the home of fierce savages and dreadful cannibals, until the Missionary ship carried to its shores the messengers of Peace and Mercy. In a very interesting little book called "Gems from the Coral Islands," which, we are happy to say, is to be followed by others of the same kind, the Rev. W. Gill has given a history of the Mission in that island, and we should recommend our readers to get the account for themselves.

We learn from Mr. Gill that the people of Mare do not, like so many other South Sea islanders, worship idols of wood and stone. But they believed in some being whom they feared as their god, though they knew very little about him, and he was, you may be

sure, quite different from Jehovah, the God of the Bible. We cannot now describe the foolish and wicked practices of these wretched heathen. War was their constant employment and greatest delight; and to show you how degraded they were, we need only state that, if a chief was taken in battle, his body was cut up into a great many small pieces, and one piece was sent to every man and boy of the conquering tribe. These pieces of human flesh were then cooked and eaten, and many heathen ceremonies were performed while this was done. One of the first Christian teachers, writing to a Missionary, after describing the cannibalism of the people, says, "These things are so bad that you may inquire if I myself have seen them done. I tell you in truth I see them every day; I am constantly going about in the midst of them. I dare not tell you all the cannibalism in this land of darkness: you could not bear it. Not only do these people eat bodies taken in war, but when they quarrel a father kills and eats his son, a son his father, a brother his brother. Alas! alas! they are more like wild beasts than men."

Now, if they were so cruel to each other, we need not wonder at their murderous conduct to foreigners. Mr. Gill gives some sad instances of this, in which English sailors were caught and killed by these savages. We will mention one of them.

One day a small vessel from Sydney came to the island. A chief and one of the people came on board to exchange yams for iron hoop. But the chief and the captain quarrelled. The captain very wrongly beat the chief with a rope, and drove him out of the

ship. As soon as he got on shore, the other chiefs met together, and made up their minds that they would be revenged upon the strangers. So next day, many canoes came round the vessel, the savages got on board, murdered the captain and all the crew, took away whatever they could, and then set the ship on fire.

Among the things they stole there was some gunpowder. One day they were amusing themselves by throwing a little of this into the fire, when a spark fell upon one of the barrels, and the whole in a moment blew up. The house in which the powder stood was of course destroyed, four natives were killed and many more were wounded.

This accident made the ignorant natives very angry. They thought it had been done by the god of the strangers, and they resolved in return to kill the next white men that came to their island.

Not long after this, a large boat with seven Englishmen in it entered the harbour. Five of them were murdered, cooked, and eaten. The two others escaped, and their lives were preserved by the native teachers.

These facts will show what a state the people were in when the Missionary ship first went to Mare. Two pious men from Rarotonga and Samoa were then left there. These were indeed lights in the midst of the darkness. God blessed their labours. Some of the people hearkened to their words, and amongst them were the two sons of Jenie, the principal chief of the district. One of these young men was called Nasilini. You will see his portrait in our Frontispiece. He and his brother were raised up by God to

protect his servants from the rage of their heathen father and his people; for had not these young men stood by them, there is every reason to believe that they would have been destroyed.

The teachers had not been very long at their work when a disease broke out in the island, and many of the people died. Like most other heathen, they thought this disease came from the anger of their god; and in order to turn away that anger, two of their "sacred men" were offered as a sacrifice. But as the people continued to die, they said that the teachers must also be killed. The teachers saw their danger, but they trusted in the Lord. Just at this time a heathen party from another part of the island came to the district and demanded the teachers from the old chief, that they might put them to death. Jemie said they should die. All seemed lost, when the two sons of the chief, who loved their teachers, offered their father a ransom for their lives: This was taken, and the teachers were saved.

But a new danger soon threatened them. About seventy miles from Mare there is another large island called Lifu. A chief of that island, an old heathen, having heard that death was sweeping away so many of the people of Mare, sent messengers in a double canoe to advise Jemie to kill at once the teachers of the "new religion." This, we are sorry to say, the chief of Lifu was persuaded to do by a wicked English captain; but again they were saved by Nasilini and his brother.

In 1846, the Missionary ship again went to Mare. As she drew near the shore, those on board saw hun-

dreds of wild naked savages running along the beach or amongst the cocoa-nut groves, dancing, leaping, and screaming like mad people. One of the teachers soon came off to them in his canoe, and with him were his two great friends, Nasilini and his brother. These welcome visitors brought good news, but as the people generally were still savages, it was not safe to anchor the ship, or go on shore. After this visit, the vessel again sailed; but in 1847 the teachers wrote to say, "We have been long weeping, but now we are becoming glad. We see our work is not altogether in vain. Our house is open for daily teaching. Many of the old people come often, and are very attentive, and most of the children who live near us are constant in their attendance. \* \* They are making progress, and their brethren are beginning to be interested in the 'new words' we teach. Brethren, pray for us. We often retire in secret and pray that God would speedily cause his word to grow in this land."

But while the people were beginning to learn, the old chief was still opposed to the teachers, and in different ways tried to hinder their work. At the same time, disease again appeared. Many were seized, and among them the chief's two sons. The old man now showed afresh his hatred to the gospel, and vowed that if either of his sons died, the teachers should immediately be killed. Knowing that they had no power to save themselves, they prayed without ceasing. And God heard their prayer. The two young chiefs recovered.

From this time, the work of God went forward. Most of the inhabitants of four villages began to receive Christian instruction.

At the end of 1848, Jenie was taken ill. Everything was done to save his life, but his end drew near. The teachers, you may be sure, tried to make the poor old heathen feel his danger, and did all they could to enlighten his darkness. He heard them attentively, and showed much concern. More than once he expressed a wish that he "had died ten years before." At length, he said to his sons, "I have been wrong in my opposition to the word of Jehovah. Do you attend to my advice, and go on as you have begun. Let the heathenism of our family die with me. Be kind to the teachers, and never again let cannibalism be practised in this land."

Whenever the teachers spoke to him about the love of God, the death of Jesus, and his power to save, he signified his assent. His last words were, "Jesus is the only Saviour."

Soon after his father's death, Nasilini called together the principal people of his district, and told them that he and his brother had given themselves to Jehovah, the true God, and that they intended to use their influence to establish his worship throughout the whole land.

Thus things were in 1849. But the heathen were still numerous and angry. These met together and challenged the Christians to come out and fight with them. But the Christians answered that they had resolved to have no more war. Still, as the heathen would not go away from the fighting ground, Nasilini and a few of his chief men went out to them *unarmed*, and told them that they feared Jehovah, were learning his word, and would not fight. After this the heathen

went back to their district, and from that day there has been no more war in Mare.

Since then God's work has greatly prospered at Mare. "One moonlight night," writes Mr. Gill, "in June, 1852, after an absence of nearly two years, the children of England's missionary ship again visited Mare. It cast anchor in a fine bay on the south side of the island, near the station where the second chapel was built. A great and glorious change had taken place since the last visit of the ship—a change for which the Missionaries had often prayed, but which they were not now prepared to witness.

"About seven o'clock in the morning, as the Missionaries looked on shore from the vessel, they saw crowds of natives travelling along the beach towards the chapel. It was Sabbath-day, and they were going to the early morning prayer meeting!"

All this was wonderful in the eyes of the visitors, and they did not quite understand it until the faithful teachers came off to the ship, and told them what God had wrought.

The Missionaries then landed and went to the chapel; but they had never seen such a congregation before. Most of them were nearly naked, having no other clothes but the leaves of trees. There were a few indeed who had got some native cloth which the Christians at Samoa and Rarotonga had sent to them; but as the captains of trading vessels were afraid to go near an island where so many ships had been destroyed, and so many white men murdered, the natives as yet had not got any better covering.

After staying at this part of Mare for two or three



days, the Missionaries went to another part of the island, where the *first* chapel had been built. And here the change in the people was even greater than it was where they had been before. "What hath God wrought?" they write. "How changed is the condition of this people! A few years ago they were a wild cannibal race, living in continual war among themselves, and trying to murder every white man that came near their shores. Now they are repentant, teachable, humble, and anxious to be taught. Here is a good chapel, 120 feet long, seated with good benches, in which we met more than a thousand natives for the worship of God."

When, in 1854, the ship next went to Mare, the people had built a large house ready for an English Missionary as soon as he came. It was fifty-four feet long, and thirty feet wide, and had six good rooms. But we cannot now tell you more about Mare, and the good done to the people there by Missionary labour.



### CHINESE GLEANINGS.

LIFE OF HUNG-SEU-TSEUN, THE LEADER OF THE CHINESE REBELLION.

No. 8.

*Hung-seu-tseun obtains more Knowledge of Christianity.*  
ALTHOUGH Hung-seu-tseun had learned some important truths from the tract of good Leang-afah, who has lately gone to his rest and reward, his knowledge of Christianity was still very imperfect. But in 1846 some person told him that a foreign Missionary was preaching the true

doctrine in Canton. Hung wished much to go there, but could not until the next year, when he took the journey, and found out the Rev. Mr. Roberts, who received him and his friend Hung-sin very kindly. They also met with other Missionaries, who were glad to see them. Here they stayed a month, and, during this time, Hung got more knowledge of the Gospel.

### *Visits Thistle Mount.*

After leaving Canton, Hung took a long journey, and at last came to a place called Valley Home, where his cousin Wang lived. Here he was delighted to hear that his friend Yun San (now the Southern King) had for two years been teaching the new religion at Thistle Mount; that two thousand of the people there had given up idolatry, and professed Christianity; and that, from this place, the doctrine was spreading far and wide through the country around. Hung soon set off for Thistle Mount, and when he got there he was delighted to see so many worshipping the only true God.

### *Mode of Worship and Baptism.*

This worship indeed was a little strange, although much of it was good, such as singing hymns, the delivery of addresses upon the mercy of God and the merits of Jesus Christ, and the exhortations to the people to repent of their sins, give up their idols, and serve God with their hearts. When any person professed to believe in the Gospel, and wished to join the other believers, he was baptized in the following manner. Two burning lamps and three cups of tea were set upon a table. Then he who was to be baptized repeated a written confession of his sins, and burned it. After this, he was asked if he would promise "not to worship evil spirits, not to

practise evil things, but to keep the heavenly commandments." He then knelt down, a cup of water was poured upon his head, and the following words were repeated: "Purification from all former sins, putting off the old, and regeneration." He also washed his chest, and that part especially which is nearest the heart, and drank some of the tea. A form of prayer, to be used morning, evening, and before meals, was then given to him.

### *Destruction of Idols.*

In the district where Hung now lived, there was a famous idol called Kan-wan-ye. This he and his friends destroyed. The magistrates were very angry, but Hung did not care about that, and wrote the following lines to celebrate this triumph:—

"I rebuke the demon Kan-wang by my pencil's quick decree ;  
He deserves annihilation, and must not spared be.  
Mother slayer, law transgressor, wilt thou also God deceive,  
As thou didst with many people, make them in thy power believe?  
Cursed to hell and struck by lightning, burn and vanish into  
smoke,  
With thy horrid stinking body dost thou want a dragon cloak!"

### *Effect of Hung's Boldness.*

The destruction of the idol made the people think more of Hung than ever, and from this time his followers increased very fast. He then wrote more verses against idolatry, and destroyed more idols. But this made the mandarins and the heathen around him dreadfully angry. A rich man in the place accused them of being rebels, and two of them, the Western King and another, were cast into prison. But soon afterwards they were set at liberty.

### *Birth of his First Son.*

In 1849, while Hung was from home on a journey, his

first son was born. And it is said that, at the same time, thousands of birds came to the place, and after hovering about in the air for a while, they perched upon the trees behind his house, where they continued about a month. The people wondered, and said that the birds had come to do homage to the new-born king.

### *Conclusion.*

We cannot follow this history further than 1850 without describing the battles and victories of the army which followed Hung from city to city and province to province, until they had taken Nanking, the ancient capital of China. And what the end will be of this wonderful movement none can tell. There are many things in the opinions and conduct of "the Kings," as they call themselves, which are wrong and wicked; but with the darkness there is much light, with the evil some good. It is a wonderful fact that Hung-seu-tseun has ordered the Word of God to be printed in Chinese, and that this is now being done at Nanking; and we feel sure that, whether he become the Emperor of China or not, he has given a blow to idol-worship in that empire from which it will never recover.

### A LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY IN THE SOUTH SEAS TO THE OWNERS OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I address you as owners of the *John Williams*, because you gave and got the money with which that vessel was purchased. I think that none have so good a right to be called her owners as you have. You often hear her called yours. I hope you will not give any person reason to say

that the *John Williams* no longer belongs to the children of the British churches. If you do not contribute to keep the vessel in good sailing order perhaps they will say so. You know a vessel cannot go so many thousand miles, pass through so many climates, ride over so many huge billows, and receive so much rough usage from the rude winds, as the *John Williams* has done during the last four years, without being very much injured, and wearing out her ropes and sails. And besides this, you know she was on the reef at Borabora, and it cost many hundred pounds to get her repaired.

It is a sad thing when a ship is wrecked or lost at sea. A great many owners lose their ships through such calamities. But often no one is to blame for this. The captains and the crews do all they can to save their vessels, but the winds and waves are too strong for them. But God has taken care of your vessel.

Some shipowners are fond of pleasure, and waste their money. Some buy more ships than they can pay for, and when their creditors wish to be paid, they are obliged to sell them. But you, I trust, know better than to spend your money foolishly. And, as you have only one ship, you can well afford to keep her; for though, if you were to count your money, it might be little that each one of you could find, yet there are many partners in this concern of the *John Williams*. And you know that a great many small sums make a large one. Moreover, you have employed your ship well, as we shall presently see.

You have not forfeited your ownership of the Missionary barque in any of the above ways. But perhaps the Directors may tell you that you have not sent them the money to keep her in repair; that they have been obliged to pay it out of the funds of the Society; and that, therefore, they must call the vessel theirs, not yours. I fear

that some, perhaps a large number of you, have given them ground to talk in this way. Now we Missionaries do not wish to have new owners for the Missionary ship. We wish you to keep the vessel which you purchased. But if the Directors think differently, what is to be done? I am afraid that I shall not be able to satisfy some persons that the vessel is still yours. But let us try what we can do to satisfy reasonable and kind people, that though you have been forgetful and negligent, yet your claim is still good.

I do not believe that your zeal in good things has grown cold since you bought the *John Williams*; I hope it has rather increased since that time, and that there are more of you now who desire to help the work of Missions among the heathen than there were then.

And we are sure you will rejoice to hear what the ship has done. She has taken teachers to Manahiki, to help those who went there in another vessel, and the people, two thousand five hundred in number, have embraced Christianity. She has also placed teachers on Penhryn Islands. They were joyfully received, but we have not yet heard whether the people listened to them or not. Your ship made several attempts to land people on the island truly called Savage Island. After many visits the teachers were received. And now the people all call themselves Christians. Perhaps there are three thousand people on that island. Your former ship, the *Camden*, took Mr. Williams to Eramanga, where he was cruelly murdered. The *John Williams* has visited that island several times. For some time no opening appeared for the servants of God, but at length the Lord inclined some of the people to desire teachers, and to promise to protect them. Two Rarotonga Christians wished to be stationed there, and the Missionaries who were on board the ship thought it

would be safe to leave them. Many of the people of that land now profess Christianity. Your vessel has at different times taken many teachers to Mare and Lifu. Twelve thousand people there have cast away heathenism, have built chapels, and meet with delight to pray to God, and to be taught to read his word. They long waited for Missionaries, and now your ship has taken three to them. Then there is Aneiteum. Your vessel has anchored at that island many times, and has conveyed many teachers there. A few years ago it took a Missionary to help them. His name is Mr. Geddie. Another Missionary came from New Zealand to that island. Nearly all the people are now Christians. Mr. Geddie was honoured to form the first church on that island. That church is the first that was ever formed in Western Polynesia. There are now two churches on Aneiteum, containing eighty members. Your vessel has taken teachers to Tana also, and to Fetuna, and Fate, and other islands. On some of these islands the teachers have been killed, or have been so badly used that it was thought right to remove them. But we trust that the seed which has been sown will not be lost.

Now do you not think that your ship has been well employed in the Pacific? Within the last few years more than twenty thousand heathens have named themselves by the name of Jesus, and perhaps as many more have heard that name, who, but for your money, would probably have remained equally cruel and wicked till the present hour. Let me beg you to remember that all this good has been done at very little expense. The humble teachers whose labours God has so greatly blessed, cost very little to the Missionary Society. Your ship takes them to their stations, and they require only £4 or £5 each a year to supply them with a little clothing, medicine, paper, and tools. I think you will thank God for putting it into your minds

to buy a ship to take these native Missionaries to the dark lands where they have been made so useful. I do not think you will allow her to be sold, or to be employed in any other part of the world. Her great usefulness comes from God. He accepts your offering, and he bids you send her again and again to the Pacific, until all the islands in it hear the joyful sound of salvation through Jesus.

You must bear in mind that the work of God in this ocean is not half done. There are scores and hundreds of islands, and hundreds of thousands of people still ignorant of God. You see how active many of the members of our churches are. A great many of them are teachers in their own islands; and many leave their friends and native lands, and go far away to the heathen, among whom they suffer, sometimes from hunger, sometimes from cold, sometimes from sickness, and sometimes from the club and the spear of the cruel and ignorant savages whom they wish to teach and to guide to Jesus and to heaven.

Samoa and Rarotongan teachers laboured a great many years, and suffered many things before they made much impression upon the western Polynesians. The great reason of this no doubt was the difference of race and language. This barrier is now broken down. The word of God has entered the understandings and the hearts of some of the people of Aneiteum, Mare, Lifu, and perhaps Bramanga. The people of these islands are becoming teachers. Many of them have already done much good in their own islands, and some have gone as Missionary teachers to other islands. Very likely great numbers will soon offer themselves to carry the word of God to the heathen lands around them. We shall probably find many islands where languages and dialects similar to theirs are spoken, and they will make capital pioneers there. No sooner will they enter among them than they will be un-



derstood. When the good Word of God is really understood it is almost sure to be received by some; and you know that a little leaven leavens the whole lump.

Would you like that we should have to say to these native Christians who are so ready to become Missionaries "The boys and girls of Britain are weary of spending their money to support the Missionary ship, the Directors cannot afford to repair her, so she is sold—you must stay at home; the poor people of the Pacific who have not already heard of Jesus must live and die in their sins?" Surely you would not like thus to quench the zeal and grieve the hearts of these zealous men. You cannot be so cruel to us as to compel us to deliver such a message. In such case, what account would you be able to give to God? He has given you very great encouragement to go forward. It cannot please him if you go backward. If you give up your ship, or neglect to support her, may not your dying hour be one of fear and trembling at the thought of soon meeting the souls of those lost heathen as witnesses against you before the judgment seat of God?

But perhaps some persons may say you must neglect some; you have not money enough to assist native teachers in all parts, and therefore you had better neglect the Pacific Islands than Asia, where the people are so very many. I should say, in reply to that, no; a native teacher in Asia can take his staff in hand and his Bible, and walk through the country as Jesus and his apostles used to do, and as the native teachers in the Pacific do in the various islands; but the latter must have your help to cross the ocean which separates the widely scattered islands and groups.

Perhaps others will tell you that the islanders of the Pacific will soon die off, and that no fruit of Missionary expense and money will remain here. Do not listen to such talk. Leave the future of these islanders to God.

He is willing to work now if you will work. It is true that many white men do all they can to destroy these poor people, by killing them in various ways and under various pretensions; and by selling them rum, and making them more wicked than they are. But that is a reason why we ought to pity them the more. We may save many of them from destroying themselves, and from being destroyed by others. They may increase greatly, for their islands are but thinly peopled. We may be sure that the beautiful and useful islands of the Pacific will not be left desolate. People are sure to increase upon them. Our labours, and your money and your prayers, will exert an influence which will be felt when time shall end.

My dear children, give your hearts to Jesus, and your prayers and efforts in carrying on God's work, and then you will share the honour of those who turn many to righteousness, and you will shine as stars for ever and ever.

I am,  
Your sincere and grateful friend,  
G. S.

*Samoa, December 15, 1854.*

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EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM A RAROTONGA  
NATIVE TEACHER TO THE MORDEN HALL  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, BY WHOM  
HE IS SUPPORTED.

*Rarotonga, May 1, 1854.*

"To the scholars in Mr. White's School. Blessings on you all from Jesus the Messiah. Amen.

"I, Teava, am now writing to you, to tell you that it entirely owing to the love of God, and to your efforts, that the word of God first came to Tahiti, and thence to Rarotonga, and that we are now, in this land, enjoying the light and life brought by Jesus.

"Your fathers commenced the work, and now blessing on you, their children.

"I, Teava, was once a heathen man, a man of darkness, a slave of Satan. Had the Word of God and the Missionary delayed a little longer in coming to my country, I should have died a heathen. The Word of God was brought here just in time to save me, and I live. God has had compassion on me, and now I not only live, but am doing a little in the cause of God in Rarotonga.

"In heathenism, Rarotongan parents were very cruel to their children. Many a child was then murdered, and eaten by its own parents, but now the Word of God has taught parents to love their children. God's word is light, and it gives light.

"I could tell you much of the cruelties and wars of our heathenism, but now we know the grace of God.

"I have had a great desire to go out as a teacher to the heathen beyond us. I have wished to be a labourer *there*, but God has greatly afflicted me, a hindrance is put in the way; but although my body is weak, yet my desire is strong. My sons, be you strong with the strength of God through Jesus Christ.

"This land (Rarotonga) is now a land of light, and many of our young people have gone to heathen lands to teach the people the Word of God, that they may be blessed like the people of Rarotonga.

"I have written this little letter to you. You must not despise my bad writing, but rather rejoice that I know

ow to write at all, and that your labours have been prospered.

“In conclusion, blessings on you from God.

“NE TEAVA.”

This man is one of the excellent of the earth, and has lately been appointed *native chaplain* to the Rarotongans who reside on the island of Tahiti.



# HEAVENLY ZION THE PERFECTION OF BEAUTY,

## REV. XXI.

Beautiful Zion, built above!  
Beautiful city that I love!  
Beautiful gates of pearly white!  
Beautiful temple, God its light!

Beautiful trees, for ever there!  
Beautiful fruits they always bear!  
Beautiful rivers gliding by!  
Beautiful fountains never dry!

Beautiful light, without the sun!  
Beautiful day revolving on!  
Beautiful worlds on worlds untold!  
Beautiful streets of shining gold!

Beautiful Heaven, where all is light!  
Beautiful angels clothed in white!  
Beautiful songs that never tire!  
Beautiful harps through all the choir!

Beautiful crowns on every brow!  
Beautiful palms the conquerors show!  
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear!  
Beautiful all who enter there!

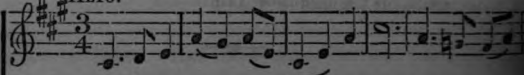
Beautiful throne for God the Lamb!  
Beautiful seats at God's right hand!  
Beautiful rest! all wanderings cease!  
Beautiful home of perfect peace!

# BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Arranged for Three Voices, by Rev. A. E. Lord.

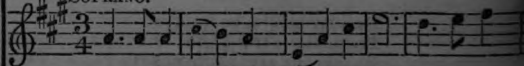
Words by Rev. G. Gill.

ALTO.



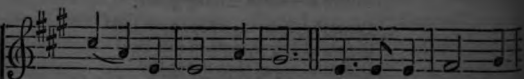
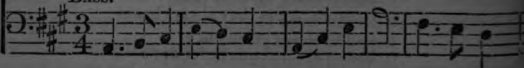
Beau-ti-ful Zi - on,—built above,—Beau-ti-ful

SOPRANO.

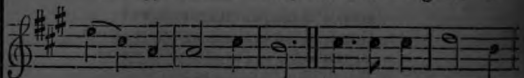


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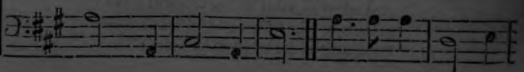
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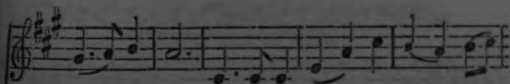


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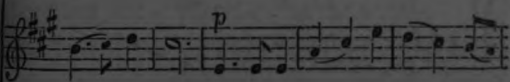


ci - ty, that I love,—Beau-ti - ful gates of

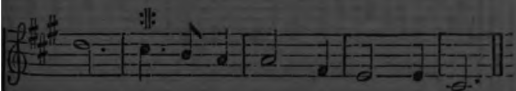
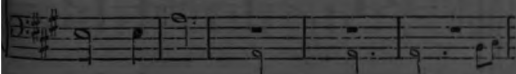




pear - ly white, Beau-ti-ful tem - ple, God its



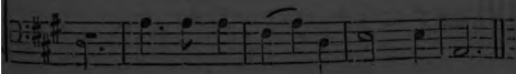
pear - ly white, Beau-ti-ful tem - ple, God its



light! Beau - ti - ful tem - ple, God its light!



light! Beau - ti - ful tem - ple, God its light!



## BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Arranged for the Pianoforte, by Rev. A. E. Lord.

Words by Rev. G. Gill.

Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau - ti -

The first system of musical notation is for a piano accompaniment. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The lyrics 'Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau - ti -' are written below the staff.

ci - ty, that I love! Beau - ti - ful gates of

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It maintains the same key signature and time signature. The melody continues in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The lyrics 'ci - ty, that I love! Beau - ti - ful gates of' are written below the staff.

pear - ly white, Beau - ti - ful tem - ple, God its

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It maintains the same key signature and time signature. The melody continues in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The lyrics 'pear - ly white, Beau - ti - ful tem - ple, God its' are written below the staff. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the system.

light! Beau - ti - ful tem - ple, God its light!

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It maintains the same key signature and time signature. The melody continues in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The lyrics 'light! Beau - ti - ful tem - ple, God its light!' are written below the staff. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the system.







*A Matabele Warrior*

THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1855.

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MOSELEKATSE.

In our July number, we gave our readers an account of Mr. Moffat's visit to Moselekatse, and told them a little about that African chief. It is very likely that before long we may receive further particulars of what Mr. Moffat said and did while he was among the Matabele; but, in the meanwhile, it will show the need there is of Missionaries to the heathen and the value of their labours, if we mention a few things about the man into whose country Mr. Moffat went.

Moselekatse is the son of Machobane, an independent chief, but who, in one of the many battles which he fought, was at length conquered, and driven away from his country. At that time there was another chief, called Chaka. This man had conquered one tribe after another, and his name was so terrible that no one dared to face him. But the father of Moselekatse, as soon as he was forced to fly from his home, went to Chaka and asked him to defend him. This Chaka promised to do. When this happened, Mosele-

katse was a young man, and, as he was brave and clever, Chaka sent him to rob and murder some tribes that lived a long way off. He went, and conquered the people. But instead of carrying back to Chaka all the property he had stolen from them, he kept part of it for himself. This made Chaka so angry that he determined to kill Moselekatse. But Moselekatse saw his danger, and prepared to meet it. First, he and his followers fought the warriors of Chaka, but, being beaten, he fled for his life.

From this time Moselekatse did very little else but rob, enslave, or murder the poor people into whose countries he came. If any would not obey him, he at once put them to death. But many saved their lives by becoming his subjects. All the men who did this were trained to be warriors; and as Moselekatse was a clever man as well as a cruel one, he soon contrived to make these warriors trust and obey him. His people called him "King of Kings," "King of the Heavens," "Father of Fire," "The Great Elephant," and other names to describe his power; and Mr. Moffat speaks of him as the "Napoleon of the Desert."

In a few years after he had fled from Chaka, Moselekatse had conquered so many tribes, and collected around him so many soldiers, that he had little to fear from other chiefs. His country now became very large, and he was also very rich in herds of oxen.

Although Moselekatse is a savage and a tyrant, his people seem not only to fear, but to honour him. Mr. Moffat says that, if he only asked who would lay down their lives for the sake of their country, the

choicest men among them would be willing to do so. But perhaps fear would make them act in this way more than love; for Moselekatse's word is law. If he lifts his finger, or frowns, his greatest warriors tremble. To say a word against the king is treason, and the punishment is instant death. But there are other great crimes, the guilt of which is not quite so clear. One of the greatest is to be fat; for that privilege belongs to no person but the king. No one is allowed, in his presence, to allude to the elephant, because "The Great Elephant" and "the Noble Elephant" are amongst his names. But what is worse than all this, the poor blinded heathen over whom he rules believe that he is God; that he gives them rain from heaven, and that life and death are in his hands.

As a specimen of the manner in which his people think and speak about him, we give the following address, which Mr. Moffat heard from one of his people:—"O, Pezoolu, the King of Kings, the King of the Heavens, who would not fear before the son of Machobane, mighty in battle! Where are the mighty before the presence of our great king? Where is the strength of the forest before the Great Elephant? His trunk is breaking the branches of the forest! It is the sound of the shields of the son of Machobane. He breathes upon their faces: it is the fire among the dry grass! His enemies are consumed before him, King of Kings! Father of Fire, he ascends to the blue heavens! He sends his lightnings into the clouds, and makes the rain to descend! Ye mountains, woods, and grassy plains, hearken to the voice of the son of Machobane, King of Heaven!"

Now, it must, we think, seem wonderful to every person who will think on the subject, that a Missionary, without arms and without subjects, should have got so much influence over such a man as Mr. Moffat has. This was seen in his first visit, and still more in his last. Traders, warriors, kings could not have done what he did. Is not this a proof that God was with his servant, and a pledge that nothing is too hard for the Lord? When we see this, surely we ought to be more active than ever in sending that Gospel which is so mighty, and those men who, by God's help, can turn the heathen from darkness to light, and from dumb idols to serve the living and true God.

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#### THE LAST MISSIONARY VOYAGE OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

It is always a pleasant time with the Missionaries and Christians in the South Seas when the "John Williams" is about to sail for the New Hebrides, the Loyalty, and the other islands in "Western Polynesia." And there are many reasons why it should be. We shall mention two. One is, that the good people in the Hervey and Samoan Islands have a true Missionary spirit. They know what the Gospel can do for the heathen, because they see what it has done for them, and they desire that those who now are what they once were shall hear the same joyful sound which drew them to the Saviour. And the other reason is, that many of their Christian brethren, or near relations, have already gone, or are going forth to the work.

Such were the feelings of the people of Apia, in the

island of Upolu, on the 26th of last September, when the "John Williams" once more spread her canvass and sailed for the west. There were on board Mr. and Mrs. Hardie and Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland, of the Samoan Mission, Mr. and Mrs. Creagh, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who went out from England last year to labour either at Erromanga or some island near it. Then there were ten married teachers and one unmarried, and thirteen natives of the islands to which the ship was going, returning to their homes. These, with the children and crew, made the number on board eighty-five.

But though they began the voyage with smiles of hope and joy, death soon cast his dark shadow upon their course. Before the end of the first week, two young men from Lifu, one of them a chief, had passed into eternity. These solemn lessons, it is hoped, were not in vain.

Ten days after leaving Samoa they reached Aneiteum. It was Sunday morning when the ship sailed into the harbour, and those on board were, we are told, "delighted with the improved appearance of things, and to see the people decently clothed going to and returning from the house of God." In the afternoon the Missionaries landed and went to the large chapel; and we can understand something of their feelings when they say, "It was a thrilling and affecting scene to see so many who were but lately living in the lowest state of heathenism decently clothed, attentively listening to the Word of God, and earnestly engaged in prayer and praise." The next day they met four hundred of the people, when two pious natives of Aneiteum were set apart as Missionaries to Tana. What a change! Here, only a short time ago, all the people were heathen; but now more than a thousand of them call themselves Christians. There is also a church of more than fifty members, a printing-office, schools,

laws, and other proofs of the great good which has been done by the labours of Missionaries. Besides all this, four teachers have now gone from Aneiteum to lead others into the way of peace. Well may the Missionaries, who have told us these facts, exclaim, "What a rich reward has God given to the labours of His servants in this island! What a large return to the prayers and contributions of the churches at home!"

As the wind was contrary, the ship could not call at Fotuna to see the two teachers from Aneiteum, who were labouring there. She therefore sailed for Tana.

Like the history of many other Missions, that of Tana is made up of lights and shadows, joy and sadness. But there seems good reason to hope that many of the people of that fine island now believe that the Missionaries are their best friends, and come there only to do them good. The visit of the ship, this voyage, was clearly a welcome visit to many of them; for her way there had been prepared by a number of persons who, last June, went to Tana from Aneiteum, and told the Tanese what a wonderful change had been caused in their land by the new religion. After hearing this a Tanese chief and some of his people determined to go to Aneiteum and see for themselves whether these things were so. They therefore built two canoes, and went. On getting to Aneiteum they travelled all round the island, wondering at what they saw, and saying that "they never thought a people could live on an island without fighting." As the visitors were now convinced that all they had heard was true, they went back and told this to their countrymen. So, when the ship came to Tana, they were ready to welcome the teachers. Soon she was surrounded by canoes. The chief came on board, and was much pleased to see the teachers, and promised to take care of them, to treat them kindly, and to

attend to their instruction. When the boat took them on shore a large number of people were waiting on the beach to receive them. The men had no clubs and spears; and women and children stood in the crowd to witness the pleasant sight. There was, however, one thing which gave very great pleasure to these poor heathen women. It was the sight of the teachers' wives. Why they were so glad we cannot tell you. Perhaps it was because they hoped to learn from them many useful things which their husbands could not teach. And if so, they had reason to rejoice. But, whether this was the cause or not, they no sooner saw these female visitors than they set up a loud shout, and ran towards the landing-place, leaping and dancing for joy.

The ship then went to another part of the same island, called Resolution Bay. Here, in former days, the Missionaries suffered much from the ignorance and wickedness of the heathen, and for a time were forced to give up their labours. And the people seemed to feel that they had done wrong; for they were very shy. But amongst them were some old friends. One of these, whose name was Kuanuan, said, in a few words of broken English which he had learned, "Tana man no *serve* (meaning not know.) By and by Tana man *serve*. By and by, very good, very good. Me tell Tana man Missionary very good, very good." The visitors thought it would now be quite safe for teachers to live in this part of the island; but they had none to leave.

Erromanga was the next island for which the ship sailed, and she anchored in Dillon's Bay, which, our readers will remember, was the spot where Williams fell. But how changed the people now! "We were delighted," write the Missionaries, "with the improved appearance of things." Many of the people whom they saw walking quietly on the shore were now dressed in English clothes. These were



once naked, noisy, and fierce savages; but they had become quiet and kind. They had also built a new and larger chapel than the one they had a year before, and they were also beginning two houses for their teachers. Sixty-seven persons at this station were regularly receiving instruction; but there were more teachers, and many nominal Christians in other parts of the island. While here the Missionaries again saw Kaniani, the murderer of John Williams. He is now a friend of the teachers, one of whom is living at his station. Mr. Hardy showed him the club which we told you in a former Magazine he had given up, and asked him very particularly whether it was really the club which struck down that servant of God. He did not like very well to answer the question, and seemed ashamed to acknowledge what he had done; but at last he confessed it was the same. That club is now in the Missionary Museum.

From all that the Missionaries saw and heard while they were at Erromanga, they became convinced that the people of that island, instead of being, what we believed, very cunning, deceitful, and cruel, were harmless, honest, teachable, truthful, and affectionate. So the teachers had found them. And as the visitors were sure that they would be treated kindly, and be very useful, they left four more Christian natives to teach these poor islanders the Word of God. And "when we landed," they write, "the people, quite delighted, crowded the boat. Those who had been in Samoa welcomed us with tears of joy." But we cannot tell you more about this very pleasant visit to that blood-stained shore.

But the state of things was widely different at Fate, the island to which they next sailed. On their former voyage everything here looked promising; but a sad, sad change soon took place. Only nineteen days afterwards, two of

the teachers, with their wives, were murdered and eaten ! What led the savage people to destroy their best friends the Missionaries could not tell ; for it was not safe to land upon the island, and the natives were afraid to come on board the ship. Two other teachers had in the meantime died happily, and the one that remained was taken back to Samoa. For the present, therefore, Fate is left ; but we feel sure the Gospel will soon triumph here, as it has done elsewhere.

In our August number, we gave our readers a long account of Mare ; but nothing was then said of what happened when the "John Williams" went last to that fine island. It is pleasant, therefore, to add that the good work goes on there in a very wonderful way. More than half the people profess themselves Christians, and the others are kind to the teachers. When the ship visited them on her former voyage, there was a large plastered chapel at each of the two stations. Since then these had been blown down. But now, in their place there were two others still larger, and, what is better, built of stone. At one of these stations, all the people, except the very old and the very young, can read, and about forty can write. At the other, a large number have also learned to read, and the others are learning. Nearly two hundred in the island wish to be received as members of the Church. Now, Messrs. Creagh and Jones were appointed to labour here, and they were most heartily welcome. Houses were given to them, and the chiefs and people said and did all they could to show how glad they were to receive them. Four more native teachers were also left to help the Missionaries. Never was a visit more cheering—never did a Mission appear more promising.

Having called at the little island of Toka, where there is a teacher, a chapel, and about two hundred people, some

of whom appeared to be in earnest about their salvation, the ship sailed on to Lifu; but the wind prevented the Missionaries from going on shore. This was a great disappointment to them, and so it was to the people, who had heard, by a canoe from Mare, that they were coming, and three thousand of them were waiting at the landing-place to give them a hearty welcome. But though Messrs. Sunderland and Hardie could not land, they heard much to gladden their hearts. Here the good work had been going on since their last visit very much in the same way as at Mare. The old chapel at one station had been blown down, but another, 120 feet long and 36 feet wide, had been built in its place. A large number of the people had learned to read, and about forty-seven seemed earnest in seeking their salvation.

At the other station, things were even more advanced. More could read and more also were concerned about their souls. They begged hard for one of the English Missionaries left at Mare; but all the brethren could do was to tell them that most probably they also would have Missionaries when the ship next came to Lifu.

At Savage Island, where, for many years, as our readers will remember, all attempts to begin a Mission failed, they found the native teachers working well and very useful. The people seemed to value their labours; they were learning to read, and everything gave promise of good fruit.

This short account will be sufficient to show our young friends how much good has been done by their Missionary ship. Without her, these teachers could not be carried to the islands where they are so useful, nor could they be kept there. Surely this is reason enough why they should be ready to do whatever they can to prepare her for another trip to the South Seas, and for other useful voyages among the islands, like that which we have now described.

## DENONATH BOSE.

THIS is the name of a young Indian, fourteen or fifteen years old, who has been baptized at Intally, a town of North India. The history of his conversion is very interesting; we will tell you a little about it.

The father of Denonath Bose was a merchant. He had lived for three or four years at Intally, and while there sent his son to the Missionary's school. The boy was attentive, and very quick in learning his lessons. He could soon read; but, for some time, he did not seem to profit by the religious instructions given to him in the school. Indeed, it is sad to say that he often spoke against the Gospel, and appeared to take much pleasure in going with his parents to the idol temples, and joined in all the pagan festivals that were kept in the town or neighbourhood. This pleased his father, who was anxious that his son should not learn anything about Christ or Christianity, and he often advised him to beware of the Missionary's religious teaching, and threatened all sorts of punishments if he ever left off worshipping the idols.

But Denonath had a Christian uncle, whom he sometimes visited. This man spoke to him seriously about the Gospel, and at last his nephew saw the folly and wickedness of worshipping false gods. The youth told his father what he thought and felt, who scolded him very severely. His father thought that the best way to keep him to his old religion was to take him to a very grand festival, kept at Calcutta in honour of the goddess Kalee. Denonath had often seen the foolish and wicked ceremonies practised at these festivals, and formerly he had been very fond of this kind of show; but now he felt very differently.

The advice of his uncle, with what he had read in his bible, had quite changed his opinions about such things; and he was so shocked at them, that, in the evening, when

he had got back to his little room in the school, he went down upon his knees and prayed the God of the Christians to forgive him his sins. This was his first prayer, and from that moment, he learned more and more of the truth of the Gospel. He now began carefully to read the Scriptures, he attended Christian worship, he refused to join his family in worshipping the idols, and he would not bow down to the Brahmins after the manner of the Hindoos. His father made many complaints about his conduct, but it was of no use. "I cannot do that," said Denonath to him. "the Brahmins are *men*, and it is only *God* who ought to be worshipped."

The father of the young Christian, becoming more and more angry, forbade his son to go again to the Missionary school, and kept him at home by force, while he did all he could to vex him by threats and cruel treatment. For a long time Denonath suffered this treatment quietly; but at last he could not bear it any longer, and, remembering that he who loves Jesus should be ready to bear all and follow him, he ran away from his father's house and went to seek a home in the Mission school.

The next day, very early in the morning, some one knocked at the door of the Missionary's house. It was the father of the youth, followed by a number of his friends. "Where is my son? I wish to see him," cried the father, while his tears fell as he spoke. Denonath was sent for, and, as soon as he came, "O, why have you left me?" said the Hindoo to him. "Come back with me. I am your father." "Yes," answered the youth, "you are my father: I never denied it; but you will not let me worship the true God. But I *must* serve him. I shall be lost forever if I remain an idolater. O, my father, do as I have done; come here and we shall be both very happy." "Do as you have done," replied the father; "and who will provide for me, and your three brothers?" "God will pro-

vide for them," said Denonath. "No, no," answered the other, "I'll do nothing of the sort;" and as he said this, he felt so much, that he could not say a single word more, but was obliged to leave the house.

A few hours afterwards he came back with several Brahmins. These men began to talk with Denonath, and tried to persuade him that he ought to go home to his father; but the young Hindoo remained firm. After having reasoned with him, and then begged him to return, the Brahmins tried to make fun of him.

"Fine religion that, which you are going to follow!" one of them said, "how old is it?" "Eighteen hundred and forty-nine years," answered Denonath. "Eighteen hundred and forty-nine years, eh! but how long has it been in this country?" "Ever since we have had Christians among us." "Since the first Hindoo has believed the Gospel! Well, what does it matter if the Gospel is the word of God?"

After these words, and others of the same kind, the Brahmins talked together as to what they had better do. They finished by taking the young man by the hand and trying to force him away; but Denonath firmly opposed them. "No, no," he said, "you shall not drag me away. I tell you positively that I am a Christian, and that I will not go with you unless you promise to let me worship freely the God of the Christians." After he had spoken so strongly there could be no doubt as to what he meant to do. The Brahmins, and the father of Denonath, then gave him up for lost, and left him, after threatening and cursing him. Two months after this struggle, the young Hindoo publicly became a Christian, and was baptized and admitted into the church. When we last heard of him he was receiving instruction from the Missionary, intending, if God allowed him, to become a preacher of the Gospel to his fellow countrymen.

May God bless him, and raise up many like him!

"I HAVE NOT DONE ENOUGH FOR JESUS."

A YOUNG girl was rapidly sinking, rapidly dying. Only a few months before, had she, like the prodigal son, come to herself, discovering her sinfulness and her danger. By the grace of God she was led to seek forgiveness and to find peace in Jesus. Soon after this, her health failed her, she grew worse and worse, and it was clear that she would shortly die. At her request I went to see her, and I found that one thing especially troubled her mind. I asked what it was. Her answer was, "I have not done enough for Jesus." Poor girl; she had felt the worth of a Saviour, and how much she owed to Him, and she grieved that she had done so little for his sake. This feeling showed that she loved Him. She found Him her supporter in all her pain, and she died whispering his name.

"I have not done enough for Jesus."

Now this is what Paul must have said in his heart after all his labours, all his trials in the cause of Christ. No exertion of his could repay his Saviour. A life of toil and a martyr's death were not sufficient.

"I have not done enough for Jesus."

Polycarp must have felt this, even when he was going to execution. He must have felt that eighty-six years of service and a death for Christ were no return for His love and salvation.

"I have not done enough for Jesus."

Luther, although he had wrought a work for which Christians will honour him as long as the Earth endures, must have had this thought in his mind in his solitude at Wartburg. Jesus had done infinitely more for him than he could do for Jesus, even if he worked both day and night, and took no rest.

"I have not done enough for Jesus."

Do you not think that Williams felt this after his labours for Christ in Raiatea, Rarotonga, Samoa, and the other islands of the South Seas? Do you not think that all Missionaries, and all who have worked for Jesus, feel in their inmost hearts that, after all their fatigue and pains of body, all their anxieties of mind, all their separations from the nearest and dearest, they have not done enough for Him who left heaven and suffered death for them—for Him who upholds and comforts them, who is ever near and round about them, who is to them a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and who will at last receive them into heaven, into his presence, into happiness and peace for ever? Must they not feel that they have not done, they cannot do, enough for Jesus?

Dear children, have you done enough for Jesus? You know what he has done for you.

"He left a glorious throne on high,  
And all the show of majesty;  
Descended to a humble birth,  
And dwelt a servant on the earth.

"He spent on earth a blameless life,  
Though tortured by the cruel strife  
And wrath and clamour of his foes,  
Who in fierce bands against him rose.

"His mercy was so vast that he  
Submitted to the hateful tree,  
And prayed, with his expiring breath,  
For those who gave him up to death."

He did all this for you. What have you done for Him? Not much, have you? The poor girl of whom I have told you was unable to do anything for the Jesus she loved so much. She was weak and faint and ill. She was confined to her bed. She could read but little, and very seldom could speak. How different is the case with many of you!



You are strong and healthy; you can walk and run about you can read and talk. Ought you not to have the same desire as she had? And if you have the desire, you also have the power. Must you not then be "up and doing?" If you know how kind a friend Jesus is, would not your kindness prompt you to tell others of him? If you know how good a king he is, would you not wish that others might know it also? Would you not desire that those who are now ignorant of Christ should be taught of Him, should become his subjects and his friends? I feel sure you would, therefore I will show you how you may give evidence that you love Jesus—how you may do some work for Him. One of the works he best likes to see you engaged in is, *copying Him*. He likes to see you growing up holy and just and pure, in favour with God and man, as He did. Then, He likes to see you trying to bring others to Him. Now, how can you do this? First, by praying that men may be saved. God hears prayer. God answers prayer. So you can work in this way. Secondly, by telling others of what God has done for those who knew Him; how He has opened their eyes and led them to holiness. By asking them to pray for the heathen and give what they can towards the carrying on of Missionary work. Thirdly, by collecting money. Lastly, by giving yourself what you are able. Give, collect, and pray; and strive to persuade others to do the same. Thus you may work for Jesus. Always feel that you have not done enough for Him, and strive to do more. *He has done enough for you.*

"He doth peace and blessing give,  
Through Him are your sins forgiven,  
He hath died that you might live,  
He hath ope'd the gates of heaven!"

W. T. E.

## AFRICAN CHRISTIANITY.

A YOUNG negro on the coast of Africa, whose name was Aguntolla, had become a Christian. His parents were very angry at this, and came one day into his house to seize him and force him to give up Christianity; but some friends from the other side of the street seeing this ran up to defend him. One of them, who was still a heathen, and who did not know what the Gospel teaches, gave him a razor, telling him to keep it so as to kill all who tried to seize him, or to kill himself if he could not in any other way get free from persecution. But Oguntolla would not take the razor; but said, "No, I have two knives, and they would be quite enough to defend myself with; but I have learned the Word of God, which says, 'Thou shalt not kill.' " He therefore let his enemies seize him without trying to resist them. All who stood near wondered at his gentleness, for the young man had naturally a violent and passionate temper; but grace had changed his heart, and turned this lion into a lamb. His parents, stirred up by the heathen priests, would not let him go, but shut him up in prison, where they chained his legs, and treated him in a most cruel manner. But nothing could shake his faith in the Gospel; and when he left the prison it was only to say again and again that he was still a disciple of Jesus Christ. This story shows us that even poor African Christians may become martyrs.

We will now give you part of a letter from a negro chief to some Christians in England. It was written by a native teacher while the chief was telling him what to write. You will see by it how Christianity comforts those in distress, even when all their old friends hate them and will have nothing to do with them. At the close of his letter he says:—

"Now, many of my fellow-countrymen hate me because they do not love the Word of God, and because I have given up idolatry. But still I do not fret myself about that; for I am not left without any friends. It always makes me happy to think that you love me, although you have never seen my face; and then, too, the Missionaries love me, and, most of all, there is Jesus Christ, 'who loved me and gave himself for me.' That is quite enough; and every time I think of it my heart is filled with joy. In former days, when I was in any trouble, I used to ask advice from my Ifa (a goddess); but now, when trouble comes, I ask God to come and help me. I beg him to give me a new heart, because his word says that mine is a bad one, and because I find that what the Bible says is true. Pray for me. I hope that this letter, which is my messenger, will find you in good health.

"Your sincere Friend,

"OKASI,

"Chief of Osirile."

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#### CECILIA, THE ANTIGUA CHILD.

THE subject of this sketch, little Cecilia John, of Royals, Antigua, entered Gracefield school for the first time in February, 1849. When in school she was uncommonly quiet, seldom showing the liveliness of childhood, and to a stranger appeared inattentive. After a time she was laid upon the bed of sickness. Here she was confined for nine weeks; but she bore her trial with the patience and cheerfulness of a Christian. Her love to school was great; and she would often during her illness exclaim, "Mother! I long to go to school! As soon as I am better, I will go again and learn my lessons." But, poor thing! she knew not that her short journey in life was so near the close.

I went to her bedside as often as I could; and when I missed a day, she would ask her mother, "Where is Mr. J.? Is he coming? I wonder if he is coming to-day. I want a little comfort;" meaning that she wanted to hear some portions of Scripture read to her. The following day I entered the cottage with my New Testament in my pocket to read to her, and as soon as she saw me, a beam of joy lighted up her pale face. I at once began to read several passages of Scripture treating of Christ's great love to sinners—a love that prompted him to

"Leave his radiant throne on high,  
And the bright realms of bliss,"

to live and die among men; then of his sufferings and death, and the *end* of all these; at the conclusion of which I asked her such questions as these—

"Who made you, Cecelia?"

"God," she replied.

"Whom did God send to die for poor sinners?"

"Our Saviour."

"For whom did our Saviour die?"

"For sinners."

"Are *you* a sinner?"

"Yes," with her languid eyes uplifted.

"What did the Saviour shed on the cross?"

"Blood."

"What is the use of that blood?"

"To wash me."

"What will it wash away from your soul?"

"Sin."

"What must you do in the name of Christ?"

"Believe."

"Can you see Jesus?"

"No."

"What should you do at all times to Jesus?"

"Pray."

"Where is he?"

"In heaven."

"Will he hear you when you pray to him?"

"Yes."

"Yes, he will hear you when you pray to him; and you must ask him to give you a clean heart, so that, should you not be spared to come back to school to hear of Jesus and the way to heaven, you may be fit to go there and to live with him in that happy place, where you will meet many good little boys and girls who loved and served him here on earth. Should you be taken to heaven, how do you think you would feel, Cecilia?" Almost in a whisper, she gently answered, "*Happy!*"

The answers, though feebly spoken, were so satisfactory that I could not help, before I crossed the threshold of the door, silently exclaiming, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven!"

When her father, who was "in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity," would quarrel with her mother, she was heard to say, "Mother, you must not quarrel—never mind, God does not like people who quarrel." Her days of sufferings were now drawing to a close, and her cries were frequent—"Mother, pray for me! Lord, have mercy on me! Have mercy on me, a poor infant! Christ, have mercy on me, poor Cecilia! I want to go home to Jesus!" These and similar cries she constantly uttered until the hour of her departure came.

Thus did God early remove this lamb from the power of an ungodly father and a wicked world, to the safe and happy home he had prepared for her in heaven.

# EXCELLENT PLAN FOR INCREASING THE CIRCULATION OF THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

THE following is an extract from the letter of a kind friend of Missions, and an excellent Sunday School teacher in the north. We shall rejoice if the plan he describes is acted upon in other schools, and we are sure, if it is, that the usefulness of our Magazine will be very much increased:—

"I may state," our friend remarks, "that, if all the Sunday Schools in the kingdom would do as we do, your Magazine might have a vast circulation. Last year we sold about a thousand, and we have done the same for many years. Our plan is this—we have a square box like a Missionary box. But this is our MAGAZINE BOX. There is a hole in the top of it large enough to let in a penny, and every Sabbath this box is taken round the school to receive something from teachers and scholars for the Magazine fund.

"Now, it may be supposed that the very poor children give but little; yet, as the teachers and those scholars who have more money, help the fund, it so happens that enough is collected in this way to buy a Magazine for every child in the school, and to leave something in hand, which is added to the Missionary collection. What adds to the value of this plan is the circumstance that every child has a right to a Magazine. It is not a gift, but a purchase, and it is valued more than it would have been if it had cost nothing."

Let our friends, the superintendents and teachers of Sabbath Schools, try this simple method, and we are much mistaken if it will not prove the means of promoting the Missionary spirit, and in other ways of doing good amongst the children for whose benefit they labour.

## THE INFANT SACRIFICE.

## A TRUE TALE.

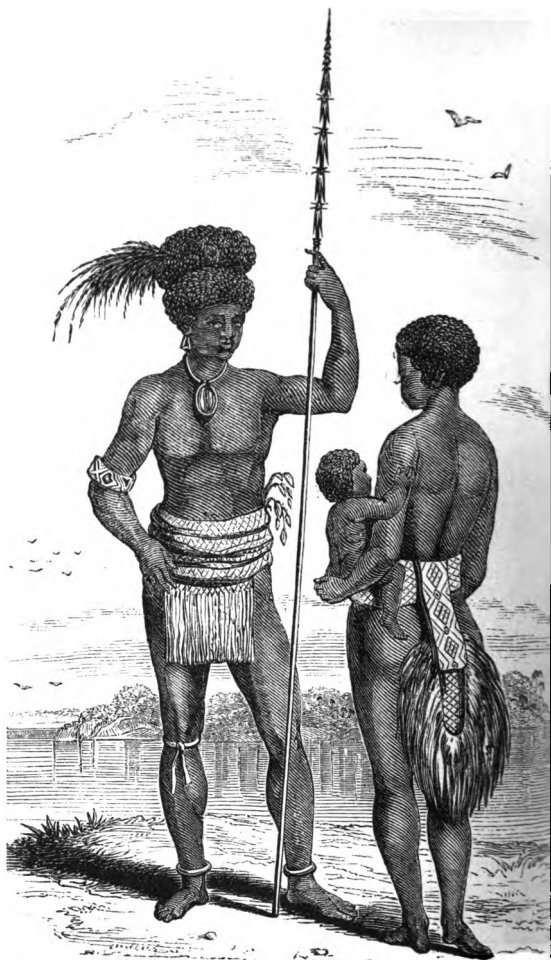
COOL evening's soft, unclouded light,  
 Shone pure on Gunga's sacred stream,  
 Where every tiny ripple bright  
 Caught, as it flow'd, a parting beam.  
 With rapid and uneven pace  
 A Hindu mother bore her child,  
 Bedewing oft its infant face  
 With bitter tears of anguish wild.  
 On to the river's brink she sped;  
 Then stood, all beautiful and young,  
 And silent o'er the baby's head  
 A wreath of fairest flowerets hung.  
 Then, with a strange and wild embrace,  
 And a quick glance of speechless woe,  
 First on the babe's unconscious face,  
 Next on the river's tranquil flow,  
 She dash'd beneath the gurgling wave  
 The treasure of her heart's deep joy:  
 No Christian arm was there to save  
 The Hindu mother's hapless boy.  
 Soft flow'd the stream, and bore along  
 The infant to a wooded ledge,  
 Where drooping branches, green and strong,  
 Hung downward to the silvery edge.  
 The baby grasp'd a bough, and crept  
 Up to the green bank, where he clung;  
 No more the affrighted mother wept,  
 For Gunga's terrors o'er her hung.\*  
 She seized the panting boy; her hand—  
 The mother's hand—destroy'd her child!  
 Then flung him from the verdant strand,  
 Far on the wave with gesture wild.  
 Sad was her silent home that night,  
 And chill her heavy heart, and lone;  
 Poor mother! could that offering bright  
 For thy deep heartfelt guilt atone?  
 Ah no! thy loved one died in vain;  
 Yet there's a Sacrifice for thee—  
 A spotless Lamb for sin was slain,  
 When Jesus died on Calvary.  
 How beautiful on India's plains  
 The feet of those who publish peace!  
 Who soothe her weeping daughter's pains,  
 And bid their blood-stain'd offerings cease!

*Missionary Record.*

\* Had the infant escaped, she would have believed herself under  
 ' curse of Gunga.







*Natives of Fate.*

THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER, 1855.

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FATE.

FATE is among the most beautiful islands in the South Seas. Our young friends who have read in our Magazine the accounts of the voyages of the "John Williams," will remember that this is one of the places where native teachers have been trying to teach the people God's holy word. Mr. Gill, in another of his "Gems from the Coral Islands," has given a very interesting account of the labours of these good men; and all who wish to have a clear idea of the places visited by the Missionary Ship, and which it is hoped she will visit again, should read these valuable little books. They are chiefly intended to show what God is doing in the South Seas by means of converted natives amongst the thousands of untaught heathen.

And this Mr. Gill has shown so strikingly, that every Christian as he reads these "Gems" will be ready to exclaim, "The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us: whereof we are glad."

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The inhabitants of Fate were, and nearly all of them still are, very wicked and very cruel savages. Like most of the islanders around them, they delight in war, and are shocking cannibals. To kill and eat their enemies seems to be among their highest pleasures. But besides these dreadful customs, there is another not so common in other islands, that of burying people alive. In this barbarous way they destroy most of the female infants born in the land; and the native teachers give some sad accounts of these cruelties. But they could not stop them, although you may be sure that these good men tried to do so. Just before the Missionary Ship, on one of her voyages, came to Fate, the teachers heard that a little girl who had been born in a hut near where they were living was buried alive; that her father and mother wished this to be done, and that their relations had dug the grave as fast as they could, had put the poor babe into it, then covered it up, and left the little one to die in that shocking way. As soon as the teachers heard of this, they hurried off to the grave, dug up the earth, and were delighted to find the infant still living. Thus they saved the little stranger from this dreadful death.

But sick people, the lame, the weak, and the old are treated in the same way. As soon as the grave is dug, they tie the hands and feet of the wretched creature whom they intend to bury, and then let him down into it. It is of no use for him to beg and pray them to spare him, or to shriek and struggle. The savage crowd, whose feet are swift to shed blood, drown his cries with their shouting, heap up the earth

over him, so that he is smothered and crushed under the load. Now and then, indeed, persons get away for a time from the hands of their murderers. But this does not save them. They are sure to be caught again and murdered. Mr. Gill gives a painful case of the kind. A young man was ill, and the people determined to get rid of him. They therefore bound his hands and feet in the common way, and buried him. But after a time he struggled so as to break the cords with which he was held, to crawl out of his grave, and to get away. But, poor fellow! he was soon followed, caught, and buried again. A second time, however, he worked his way up to the surface of the ground; but, alas! he was seen, and caught by his murderers, before he could flee to the mountains. This time they would not bury him any more, but instead of doing so, his own relations took him away to a valley, firmly tied him to a tree, and left him there to suffer and to starve.

These facts are enough to show how much these miserable islanders want the Gospel; and surely no one who reads of their wickedness and misery but will be ready to help in conveying it to their shores. Now this has been done by the Missionary Ship and native teachers. We must tell our readers a little about the manner in which it has been done, and if they wish to know more they will find it in Mr. Gill's book.

The providence of God prepared the way for the Gospel at Fate before the ship went to that island. You shall hear how this happened. In one of the wars which were carried on in Samoa while the inhabitants of that group were heathens, a party of more

than a hundred warriors, who had been beaten in battle, got into a large canoe, and sailed away for Tongatabu. But the wind was against them, and the canoe was driven to Fate, 1300 miles in a contrary direction. This voyage lasted several weeks, during which they suffered much, and many of them died at sea. Amongst these Samoans there was one man called Sualo. He had been a great warrior in his own country, and when he got to Fate, he joined himself to one of the tribes of that island then at war, and soon got great influence over them by his bravery and skill. In 1845, the Missionary Ship went to the New Hebrides on one of her yearly voyages, and while she was at Erromanga, a merchant vessel came there, the captain of which told the Missionaries that he had found Sualo and other Samoans at Fate, and that, having told them of the great changes which had taken place in their native land, Sualo had made him promise that he would go to the "servants of God" in Samoa as soon as he could, and beg them to come at once to Fate to explain to him the new religion. Sualo also promised that, if they would come, he would help them to do in Fate, the same things which they had done in Samoa.

When Messrs. Murray and Turner, the Missionaries then on board the "John Williams," heard this, they were very glad. They saw plainly that God had now opened their way to Fate. And so, on the morning of May day, 1845, the "John Williams" entered a large and beautiful bay in that island, and dropped her anchor there. Nothing could be more lovely than the country; but the natives were very wild and shy. For some time they would not come near the ship. Little

companies of them, savage-looking and naked, were seen upon the beach and among the trees, but it was not until the next day that a few of them were enticed on board. But soon the ship was crowded with them. Their shyness was afterwards explained; for, not long before, they had in that same spot seized and burned a ship and murdered her crew. By-and-by Suslo himself came off. He was a bold-looking man, and he had become so great a warrior that his very name spread terror through the land, and the tribe who got his help was almost sure to conquer the others. But this fierce warrior gave his Missionary visitors a hearty welcome. Four native teachers were left upon the island, with every prospect of safety and success; and thus was the good work begun at Fate.

Eighteen months passed away before the ship again visited the island. The time was long, and some of the heathen had begun to say that "the religion ship" would never return, and to try to persuade the teachers that the white Missionaries had deceived them, and only wanted to get their land. And no doubt the teachers themselves sometimes felt sad at her long absence. But when at length they saw her, their delight was great indeed; and as soon as they got on board, they fell upon the necks of their Christian brethren, and wept and cried for joy. The only words they could speak were "Praise be to God! Praise be to God for his great love!" Soon the deck was crowded with the natives, who showed a very friendly feeling, and at sunset, when they were asked to leave, "scores of these wild-looking savages," says Mr. Gill, "were seen scrambling down over the sides of the ship."

in what was to us confusion confounded by their hideous yells and shouts; each, however, understood what he was about, and, getting into his own canoe, paddled off to the shore."

Most of the following night was spent by the Missionary in conversing with the teachers, and they were rejoiced to learn that Sualo, though still a heathen, continued to be their friend; that each teacher had built a house, in which he both lived and taught the people; that many kept the Sabbath; that there were schools in the island for old and young; and that about a hundred at each station had given up their idolatry, and professed to believe in the new religion. But "the heathen raged" against the Gospel, and against those who had received it. They had even attacked them. Battles had been fought and blood shed. The teachers did what they could to promote peace and prevent cannibalism, but as yet they had little power.

Next day the natives were invited to attend a public service on board the ship. Soon they came off in great numbers, and the deck was crowded with naked savages. It was a strange-looking congregation; such an one perhaps never met for worship on any ship before. Mr. Gill says they were "tall, black, naked, and wild." Sitting down upon the deck, the Missionaries preached to these Gentiles "the unsearchable riches of Christ." The people were most attentive, and seemed to understand much of what they heard. How the Missionaries felt, Mr. Gill's book will tell you.

When the service was over, the people begged for more teachers, and four others were left upon the island.

Fate was not visited again until 1848, when Messrs. Turner and Nisbet went there. Nearly two long years, therefore, had passed since the former visit of the "John Williams," and during much of that time sorrow and suffering had been the lot of the teachers. Some of them died, and others, though living, were in weak health. One who had become delirious was, according to the custom of the country, put to death by the ignorant and barbarous people. But yet progress had been made, and in the midst of darkness and difficulties, the faithful teachers continued to scatter the precious seed.

There were now six Missionary stations in Fate, at which teachers were labouring. At three of these the heathen party was very strong, and filled with anger against the Christians. At one of these they burned down the chapel, and fiercely persecuted the Christians. While in this state, a company of twenty-nine came here from another station in a harbour, called Havanah, to barter; and as the people of Havanah were in favour of the Missionaries, the heathens resolved to murder them. By a false report they enticed the Christians to a spot which they had fixed upon for the purpose, and at a given signal twenty-two of them were killed, and their bodies afterwards eaten.

But we must bring this account to a close: and it is a sad one. For the present, the heathen have gained their wish, and almost put out the heavenly light which had begun to spread, like the beams of the morning, over their dark land. When the ship last went to Fate, Messrs. Hardie and Sauderland found that disease had prevailed there, that some of the



teachers had died, that others had been cruelly murdered by the heathen, and that only one of their number still lived. But "the day is at hand." Already, Mr. Gill says, there is "a considerable number" at a station called Erakor, "with their chief, who have abandoned heathen customs, are delighting in the word of God, constantly observe family and public worship, and otherwise give evidence of having experienced a saving change of heart."

For the present it was thought well to take Sualo, the chief, and Setephano, the surviving teacher, to Samoa; but the hope is that, when the "John Williams" next visits Fate, the heathen who, "in their rage and blindness," have destroyed their best friends, will have discovered their folly, and be prepared to welcome back, as in other cases, the servants of God to their shores.

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### THE RAJAH'S DAUGHTER.

ABOUT two years before I left India, Coorg—a country adjoining the Mysore—became a part of the British possessions. Many of the disaffected spirits who swarmed at that time over the Peninsula, had assembled around the throne of Mercara, and were persuading the Rajah to disregard all former treaties and acts of friendship, which he and his father had received from this country. War was therefore proclaimed; a British army was sent into Coorg, the country was conquered, and all members of the royal family who were taken in arms were sent off to Benares as prisoners. But there was one princess who submitted to the British power, and she and her husband were permitted to return to their native land. They came

to Bangalore. An officer of the Indian army, who felt great interest in the conversion of the natives, said to me, "Oh, my friend, I wish you could have a conversation with this princess and her husband before their return to Coorg." "Nothing," I replied, "would give me greater delight; but I know not how to obtain an interview." "Will you meet them," said he, "at my house?" "Most assuredly," I replied; and I met them there, and for more than three hours expounded to them the Gospel, and directed them to the Friend of sinners; and in bidding them farewell, I gave to that princess a Canarese New Testament, which I had used in the work of Christ for ten years, and which I valued highly.

As soon, therefore, as I read in the newspapers that the Rajah of Coorg was on his voyage to England, and that he was bringing the young princess, his daughter, with him to be baptized, I instantly thought of the events that happened at Bangalore, and wished very much to pay him an early visit; but circumstances prevented my doing so. But on returning to London from a Missionary tour, I received a letter from a ministerial friend, stating that he had an interview with the Rajah and his daughter at Lady ——'s; that he had obtained a Canarese New Testament for him from the Bible Society; that in course of conversation he had asked him whether he would like to see a Missionary who could speak his own language; and that his reply was, "He would be quite delighted with such a visit." "Go," added my friend, "to 4, Devonshire Place, and you will have a warm reception." This appeared to myself quite providential, and was a good introduction; so, writing under my name upon my card, in Canarese, "Bengaloorinda," (from Bangalore,) I started immediately, and giving that card to the servant who came to the door, I hoped for an interview. The English s

vant handed the card to the Canarese one, who was in waiting upon his Highness; and he was so delighted with seeing the word "Bengaloorinda" upon it in his own language, that he rushed down stairs, exclaiming, "Yeaneiya? Neennage, Cannada matoo burratuddo?" "What, sir? Does the Canarese come to you?" "Burratudde—Burratudde," I replied, "it comes, it comes." He rushed up the stairs, and down came the young princess, dressed in a white bonnet and English costume, smart, active, intelligent, and amiable, and inquiring, eagerly, "Does the Canarese language come to you, sir?" "Howdoo," I replied, "burratudde." (Yes, it comes). It was a remarkably favourable opportunity, as she had just come from her governess on a short visit to her parent, as I had done that afternoon, and it afforded me the privilege of seeing her and of conversing with her. After my reply to her question, she flew like lightning to the top of the house to inform the Rajah of my arrival, and that I could speak their own language. While he was preparing to receive me, I was shown into the drawing-room, and in came the princess and the Canarese servant to have their gossip out with me in their own vernacular.

I was very soon ushered into the library, and received a hearty welcome from the Prince of Coorg, who seemed in perfect rapture at hearing me speak in his own tongue. I mentioned to him the circumstances that occurred at Bangalore, and asked him what relationship that princess sustained to him? "Oh," said he, "she is my younger sister." While I enjoyed the conversation, the young princess sat upon his knees, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him before me in the most tender and passionate manner. "Ille bahala precté!" I exclaimed. ("Here is plenty of affection!") "O yes," he replied, "she is my dove amongst my crows; she is my lamb

amongst my sheep; she is better to me than my six sons whom I left behind at Benares." As Hindoos value sons so much more than daughters, how, I asked, could this be. "She is," he replied, "the daughter of a favourite Ranee; her mother died two days after her birth, and all my affections have consequently been fixed upon her." This love seemed to be mutual: it has led to this great change in his social position, and it may yet lead to greater and stranger effects upon his future history. At Benares, it appears, this princess became intimate with pious European ladies; indeed, I understand that she often went to receive instruction in the family and with the children of our beloved Missionary Mr. Kennedy. Many felt great anxiety for her salvation; and, in answer to prayer for her conversion, God appeared to grant his blessing.

After she had been instructed in the Holy Scriptures, and her mind was suitably impressed with the importance of what she learned, Gourumma felt that she could no longer worship idols, but that she must confess her love to Christ and receive in his name the ordinance of baptism. This she mentioned to her father, and what was his reply? "My darling child," said the Rajah, "it will cost me much to go to a foreign land; many are the sacrifices which I shall have to make. To leave my country and to cross the ocean for fifteen thousand miles, exposed to the storms of the deep, will be heavy undertakings; I know not what calamities may await me in a foreign clime; but I love you so much, I will go to England with you that you may there be baptized, and may acknowledge the God whom you wish to serve." Very shortly after their arrival here, Gourumma was baptized by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Chapel Royal. Her Majesty the Queen stood sponsor for her, and called her Victoria, after herself; and

she is now under the guidance and instruction of a Christian lady, receiving a superior and religious education. She will, I trust, be an honour to her family, a blessing to her race, and an ornament to the Christian name. Through Divine aid she will, I hope, exercise a beneficial influence over her parent and over her family, and allure one and another to renounce their idolatry and to follow her to the cross and to heaven !

Behold, my dear young friends, Gourumma, a young Indian princess, giving herself to Christ, sitting, like Mary, at his feet, to learn of him to be meek and lowly in heart. I entreat you to imitate her example. You cannot too early seek the Lord God of your fathers. Whatever may be your rank and your station, Christ alone can give you peace, and pardon, and everlasting life. While young princes and princesses are coming from the East to do him homage, and render to him the praise and glory of their existence, follow them ; seek, I entreat you, like them, the consecration of the Spirit, and spend your early and your best days in the Redeemer's service.

Like Gourumma, this young princess,  
From idol gods set free,  
Ye children of a Christian race,  
Aspire to liberty.

Like her, be glad to follow Christ,  
Though o'er the sea and land ;  
Allure your parents, by your love,  
To join the sacred band.

Like her, your father's house forget,  
This world, and every snare ;  
Be pilgrims to the heavenly state,  
Its glories rich to share.

INDIA.

## HINDOO FABLE.

As Mr. Leupolt, a German Missionary, was travelling in company with his wife and little girl in India, they saw one day a number of monkeys. The child was much amused with their black faces, white beards, and long tails; and with much simplicity she asked one of the native servants why their faces and feet were so black. The servant looked very grave and solemn, and then told her the following story:—

The god Rama, he said, was very fond of a girl named Sita; but Rawan, king of the island of Ceylon, stole her away from him, and hid her in his prisons and castles. The god Rama tried all sorts of ways to get her back again, but could not. At last he asked the great king of the monkeys, the god Hunuman, to help him. This god was quite ready, and jumped with a tremendous leap right over the sea that separates Ceylon from the main land of India. When he had found out the place where Sita was imprisoned he began to eat up all the fruit of the island, so as to vex the king. But as soon as Rawan was told what Hunuman was doing, he gave orders to make a large net to catch him in. But every time the great god of the monkeys was caught in the net, all at once he became as small as a little gnat, and got out through the meshes. To prevent his escape Rawan made a small net with very little spaces between the cords; but no sooner was Hunuman caught than he changed himself to a tremendous ox, and tore the fine net to pieces. At last, however, he was taken and condemned to die. And the way in which they meant to put him to death was this:—All the cloth that could be found in Ceylon was collected together and soaked in oil and pitch. It was then tied to his long tail and set on fire. But as soon as it began to blaze up terribly Hunu-

man sprang from house to house, and set the whole town in flames. When he reached the very last house he tripped his foot and fell into the burning building and singed his face, hands, and feet. But immediately he jumped up again and sprang into the sea. Still his face, hands, and feet were blackened by the fire, although his beard and tail remained unhurt. This, the native assured the child, was the reason why the monkeys, who are the descendants of Hunuman, have the mark in remembrance of his adventure in the island of Ceylon, and as a proof that the story is true.

Such are the foolish fables that the children of our Missionaries hear from their heathen companions, and which millions in India believe. While the story may make you smile, I am sure it will show you how much the poor idolaters want the Gospel. When they know the true God and Jesus Christ, the loving Saviour, they will give up such stupid tales as the one you have just read.

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#### THE SUITABLE REPLY.

SEVERAL years ago there lived in one of the large towns of America a poor old black woman, who had been very ill for nearly twenty years. At one time she had been a slave, and she was generally known by the name of Poor Betty. At the time that the fact I am going to tell you happened she was more than a hundred years old. An aged daughter lived with her, who, by God's blessing, was the means of making her comfortable in the close of her long life. In the same town there lived a rich and kind old gentleman, who, although he had a large business, and was much engaged, sometimes found a spare hour to visit Poor Betty and ask how she was, and she was

ways very glad to see him step into her poor little cottage. One day, Mr. B. took a friend with him to visit Poor Betty. As he entered the house, he said, "Ah! Betty, are you still alive?"

"Yes, thank God!" replied the poor old negress.

"Betty," he continued, "why do you suppose God keeps you so long in this world—poor, ill, and blind—while you might go to heaven and there enjoy so much happiness?"

Betty answered directly, in her negro language, "Ah! massa, you don't understand. There are two great things for the church to do: one is to pray, the other is to work. Now, you see, massa, God keeps me alive that I may pray for the church, and he keeps you alive that you may work for the church. Your large gifts do not help much, massa, without the prayers of Poor Betty."

"You are quite right, Betty," said Mr. B. "Your prayers are of more use to the church than my money."

This short but excellent reply was never forgotten by Mr. B. and his friend. We ought to remember it too; and whether we can now do much or little, at any rate let us ever forget that we can pray God to bless the labours of others, and he will hear us. Our prayers will not be in vain in the Lord.

#### A HINDOO SILENCED.

As Mr. Thomas was one day addressing a crowd of Hindoos on the banks of the Ganges, he was accosted by a Brahmin as follows—"Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts men to sin?" "Yes," answered the Missionary. "Then," said the Brahmin, "certainly the fault is the devil's; the evil, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer the punishment." Just then observing a boat descending the river,



Mr. Thomas directed his attention to it, and said, "Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?" "Yes." "Suppose I were to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board, and bring me all that is valuable in the boat; who ought to suffer punishment? I, for instructing them, or they, for doing the wicked act?" "Why," answered the Brahmin, "you ought *all* to be put to death together." "Ay," replied Mr. Thomas, "if you and the devil sin together, you and the devil will be punished together."

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#### BECHUANA CHILDREN.

A MISSIONARY in South Africa, in a letter to some children in his own country, thus writes:—"Fancy to yourselves, dear readers, a Missionary arriving in a village of the Bechuanas, where white men are scarcely ever seen. All the people crowd around him to examine his person and his dress from head to foot; but the children seem the most surprised at his strange looks. If he walks, immediately they walk behind him and try to step just as he does; and if he speaks to them, instead of answering him, they only repeat his words; if he asks them questions, they ask him questions too. But generally the younger children are very much frightened by the sight of the white stranger; they cry with fear, and cling to the necks of their mothers, who carry them towards the foreigner and try to reconcile them to his strange appearance. Thus the Missionary finds that he is looked upon by these savages much as if he were a new kind of wild beast. But, as he wishes to do them good, he does not care for this; for he well knows that but for the goodness of God, which caused him to be born in a country where the Gospel is preached, he might have been

like these pagan children, or even worse. But, happily, there are now many Bechuana children who enjoy the blessing of having Christian parents, and who grow up at a Missionary station. These are different from those I have just told you about. They "hear of heaven and learn the way."

I will tell you something about the happy end of one of these children. Her name was Sophia. She used to go to the school at Carmel. When she was very young, and was much loved by her mother, she was suddenly seized with inflammation of the lungs, of which she died in five days. During her illness she asked one day for something to drink, and felt a little better after it; so she sang, with a dying voice, a hymn in her own language, which begins thus—

Topollo ! lebitsa lena,  
Le letle ha ka kang !

My Saviour's redemption,  
How precious the theme, &c.

Her mother, surprised at what she heard, wondered at the earnestness of her dear Sophia. She said to her neighbour, a pious woman, who had come to watch by the bedside of the little sufferer, "I think that the Lord is going to take my child back to himself. Do you not see that she is preparing to go to God?" The neighbour answered, "Be calm, poor mother! God has still power to preserve her to you alive." The evening of her death, Sophia sang this other hymn—

Re kena ka tutumelo,  
Tempeleng ea morina.

We'll enter in the house of God,  
With reverence and holy fear, &c.

Such were the last words of this little one, who was

leaving this world of sorrow and weeping to enter that of joy and peace. All who stood by wondered at the knowledge of the child, so much beyond her years, and they felt that the Lord was there.

The mother wished to go with her child to her last home—the grave. She walked with a mournful look, and seemed almost in despair. At the moment at which they were letting down the corpse of her darling daughter into the tomb, she gave a loud cry and fell down almost fainting. She was led back to her house, where she wept bitterly. Before long, the Missionaries and the Christians of the place came to tell her of the comfort that Jesus offers to mourners. She listened to them eagerly, bowed her head before the Lord, and confessed that he is right even when he sends suffering. The father of Sophia was away from home when she died. This trial has been blessed to his soul also. He wishes, as well as his wife, to turn to the Lord and to become a real Christian; both ask for baptism. It seems that the hope of one day meeting their beloved child in heaven is one reason which leads them to seek the Saviour.

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#### THE COLLIER BOY.

"You all know," said a gentleman, addressing some children who worked in the mines, in Yorkshire, "what it is to work down in the coal-pits, for many of you spend your days in them. There was, a few days ago, a little fellow, not more than five or six years old, who was brought before some gentlemen to be questioned about his work; for they were thinking about passing those laws, which have been since made, to forbid such very little children working under ground. They asked him his age,

then what he had to do. He answered, that every day, from five in the morning till five in the evening, he sat without a light, beside a little door in the dark coal passage in the mine, and when he heard one of the 'corves,' or boxes, come rumbling along, he opened the door by a piece of string which he held in his hand. He was asked whether he had no way of amusing himself. Once he had caught a mouse, and this was quite an event in his life. But his chief, indeed his only way of amusing himself, was by begging of every one who came through the door, a piece of candle end, and then, when he had collected a sufficient number of pieces, he set light to them all. 'Well,' said the gentlemen, 'and when you have got a light, what do you do?' 'O,' said the little fellow, 'WHEN I GETS A LIGHT I SINGS.' Now, my dear children, this is a simple, touching story; but there is a lesson I want you to learn from it, and it is this. We are met to-day to think, hear, and learn about the poor heathen in distant lands, and they are like this poor child in the coal-pit; they live in darkness, in utter spiritual darkness. They are, the Bible tells us, 'sitting in darkness,' without God, without Christ, without hope. Now, the object of the Missionaries is to take light to them, the light of the Gospel; and the use of Missionary meetings is to stir up people to help in this blessed work. You, my dear children, give your pennies, and your halfpennies, and they are like the little boy's candle-ends which he begged of the men as they passed. They go towards getting the light of the Gospel spread abroad among the heathen; and when they have heard and believed the glad tidings of salvation, they sing praises to Him who has called them out of darkness into his marvellous light, just as the child said he sang when he had got a light in his coal-pit."

*Chil. Miss. Mag.*

## MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

A FEW days after attending the Annual Meeting of the London Missionary Society, held in Exeter Hall, I was present at the Ninth Anniversary of the "Morden Hall Juvenile Missionary Auxiliary," and being sure that what was there done and said will please you and do you good, I will give you a short report of it.

About nine years ago, Mr. White, the kind principal of the school, told the boys that he would like them to form *themselves* into a *Juvenile Missionary Association*; and thus encouraged, they held a meeting, and resolved—

I. That the sole object of their Association was to assist in spreading the Gospel among the heathen.

II. That any boy subscribing a *penny a week* should be a member.

III. That half-yearly meetings should be held, to report progress, and to give Missionary information.

IV. That the business of the Association should be conducted by a committee of six boys, chosen annually, with officers of secretary and treasurer.

Thus organized, the lads went to work with Missionary Boxes and Missionary Collecting Cards, and above all, in diffusing Missionary information.

The first year was a day of small things: they only collected £5; but God did not despise their small beginnings. It was a happy thing to *have begun*, and having begun, God looked upon them and blessed them, and helped them to *go on and increase every year*; so that when they held their *ninth* annual meeting, they had the pleasure of reporting that they had collected, during the last year, the large sum of *sixty-five pounds*, for Missionary purposes amongst the heathen; and the whole sum they have sent to the Missionary Society, since the formation of their Association, is more than **THREE HUNDRED POUNDS**.

With this money they support native teachers, and boys and girls in native schools in China, India, Africa, and in the South Sea Islands.

I wish with all my heart that every boy and girl who reads this letter could have been at their meeting. It would have done you good, and you would have wished, as I did, that we could have such schools all over the country; and that once a year we could get up, not in name but in *reality*, a thorough *Juvenile* Missionary Meeting of such boys, in Exeter Hall or in Finsbury Chapel, and, by the blessing of God, the Missionary Society would soon have an abundance of men and of money.

One lad, having heard that the London Missionary Society was in debt, composed a "Missionary Hymn," which the Juvenile Committee has had printed, and copies are now being sold to friends, and the money thus gained is to be sent to the Society, to *aid in paying off its debts*.

Some lads who had left the school came to the meeting, and others who lived too far away wrote letters to say how God had blessed their instruction while in the school, and how they had been led *first* to give *themselves* to Jesus as His disciples, and that they desired to do all they could through life to aid in Missionary work.

The Lord bless the lads! He has blessed them, and He will continue to bless them, and to make them blessings.

Dear young people who read this report of the "Morden Hall Juvenile Missionary Association," be encouraged by their example and their success to *unite* in your families, in your classes, in your schools, and looking up to Jesus by prayer, for his grace and blessing, ask to be amongst the number of "babes and sucklings" who are ordained to show forth his praise on earth, and concerning whom it is said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Yours very truly,

ONWARD.

## PRAY FOR THE HEATHEN.

PRAYER for the heathen!—prayer!  
 The God of grace will hear;  
 Where'er the praying are,  
 He bends a listening ear.  
 If in our souls his love  
 With quenchless ardour burn,  
 The gracious Heavenly Dove  
 Our pleadings will not spurn.

The soul for grace that pleads  
 And wrestles, cannot fail;  
 For Jesus intercedes,  
 And Jesus must prevail.  
 The world from Satan's chains  
 Groans loudly for release,  
 Through him who lives and reigns  
 In heaven, the Prince of Peace.

Then for his Spirit pray,  
 Your alms with praying join:  
 Wrestle till break of day,  
 For blessings all divine.  
 Meet in the social band,  
 In concert sweet unite,  
 For oh! in many a land  
 The harvest-fields are white.

Send, Lord, thy labourers forth,  
 Let none as idlers wait;  
 East, west, and south and north,  
 Is not the harvest great?  
 Thrice blest is he who reaps;  
 The wages he receives  
 Exceed the tears he weeps,  
 While gathering home his sheaves.

O give, what will not we  
 This ruined world to save?  
 Shave on th' accursed tree,  
 And in the voiceless grave,  
 The Lord hath deigned to show,  
 By being made a curse,  
 How much to him we owe,  
 Who gave his life for us.

E. R. B.







THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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NOVEMBER, 1855.

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ADAM'S PEAK, IN THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

THE Frontispiece this month shows us the heathen temple on the top of a mountain in Ceylon, called "Adam's Peak." This mountain-top is seven thousand four hundred and twenty feet above the sea. It is surrounded by a wall five feet high. Inside this wall there is a level space, and a block of granite nine feet high stands in the middle. On this granite rock there is a mark which is called the "Sri Pada," or holy footstep. On this mark the Buddhists say was left upon the stone by their god Gaudama Buddha. The people of Malabar and other Hindoos deny this, and declare that this mark was made by their god Schiva, and they call it "Siwano-Lipadam." But the Mohammedans deny both these accounts, and say that it is the footprint of Adam, and call it "Buba Aadamelai." When Adam, in the story goes, who was as tall as a high palm tree, was driven out of Paradise, which is in the seventh heaven, he jumped down from that great height to the top of a mountain in the island of Ceylon.

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and remained there standing on one foot for many years, until he had suffered much punishment for his sin. In this way, these foolish people believe, the mark was made upon the rock.

They also say that Eve did not fall down from Paradise upon the same spot, but upon another near Mecca in Arabia, and that after they had been separated from one another for two hundred years, Adam was led by the angel Gabriel to a mountain near Mecca, and found her there. He then accompanied her back to Ceylon, where they lived together and brought up their children.

This mark which is so much honoured is five feet seven inches long, by two feet seven inches broad. It would not look at all like a footprint, if some one had not coloured the stone so as to give it this appearance. This, there can be no doubt, was done by the priests, to make the people believe their foolish story. A wooden temple is built upon the rock, and, as the wind is often very boisterous on the top of this high mountain, the temple is held fast by strong iron chains, some of which are fixed in the rock, and others to the trees which grow around. The roof is covered with coloured cloths, and edged with flowers and flags. This wooden temple is used for the worship of the god "Saman," who is said to take care of the surrounding country. A priest's house, a small temple below to receive the offerings, and two bells, are all the other things on the top of the hill. One of these bells is rung by all the pilgrims who go to the temple. There is a Buddhist priest who leads the worship of the pilgrims, at the end of which all of them, young

and old, kiss each other and appear very friendly. Each brings a little offering, which is placed upon the holy footstep, and then taken away by one of the servants. These offerings belong to the chief priest.

But a happy time is coming, when no one will make a pilgrimage to Adam's Peak, for the people of Ceylon, and all heathen, will come and worship before Him to whom every knee must bow and every tongue confess.

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APPEAL TO THE YOUNG FOR AID IN THE REPAIRS AND OUTFIT OF THE MISSIONARY SHIP,  
"JOHN WILLIAMS."

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Few things have given the Directors of the London Missionary Society more pleasure than the zeal which many of you have shown in spreading the Gospel among the Heathen. Eleven years ago, when a new Missionary Ship was wanted, the Young came forward and raised more than Six Thousand Pounds to buy the *John Williams*, and when, five years since, their help was again required, they sent Three Thousand Pounds more to the Directors to pay for her repairs and outfit. This was noble. Parents, Pastors, Teachers, and other good people at home, rejoiced in what you had done—while Missionaries and converted Heathen abroad felt even greater thankfulness and joy. And they had reason to be grateful and glad. Never was money spent to better purpose. Never were the Young more usefully employed than when they gave and got it. Never did a ship sail across the wide ocean upon a more blessed errand, or do service more important to man, or pleasing to God. That ship has wonderfully helped the Missionaries in their good work. She has taught the

Heathen that the children of England care for them in their darkness and misery. She has carried Teachers and Bibles to the habitations of crime and cruelty, and, through God's blessing, her visits have delivered thousands from ignorance, misery, and death. During the last four years, she has been almost constantly sailing about on her mission of mercy. Again and again has she been to Manahiki, to the Penrhyn Islands, to Savage Island, to Tana, Aneiteum, Erromanga, Maré, Faté, Lifu, Fatuna, and other places; and the readers of the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine" know enough of the wonderful effects of these visits, to be satisfied that, if she had cost thousands of times as much as she did, the money would have been wisely spent.

Many of you have heard that the *John Williams*, after having made three voyages to the South Seas, has again returned to England. Here, however, her stay must be short. In a few months she will be once more on her way to Polynesia. But, before she can go back, she must be repaired. After having sailed hundreds of thousands of miles, in a hot climate, you will not be surprised to hear that she wants new woodwork, new copper, new sails, spars, and ropes, together with provisions and other stores sufficient to last four or five years. All this will cost a great deal of money. It cannot be less than *Two to Three Thousand Pounds!* Now, the Directors are looking to you to help them. This you *can* do, and they believe you *will* do. If you cannot *give* money, you can *get* it. Think how soon twice as much was raised eleven years ago, and how easily you got the same sum five years since; and if you will go to work again *in the same spirit*, and *in the same way*, you will as easily obtain all that is required.

Shall the Directors, then, ask their young friends to help them in vain? They trust not. Some may contri-

bute, others may collect, and many may do both. Let each of you, therefore, get a Card for the purpose, and do what you can. *Ask every one of your friends, and all the persons you know, who love the Missionary cause, for a donation.* Very few will refuse it for so good a purpose. Some, perhaps, will be able to afford no more than a penny; but others will gladly give you a shilling, a half-crown, or even a sovereign. You need not be afraid nor ashamed to beg for an object so great and useful.

But it may happen that some persons from whom you ask a donation do not know very much about the ship, and when they hear how large a sum she costs, they may wonder that the Directors should keep her; and therefore it will be proper for you to tell such friends *why* she is kept. This you may easily do, for the reasons are plain and strong.

First, then, *a ship of some kind there must be*, to visit the different islands where Missionaries labour. Many of these islands are scores, and some are hundreds of miles from one another. Now the English Missionaries on these islands want, at least once a year, a supply of food, clothes, medicines, books, letter-paper, and many other things which are necessary for their health and comfort, and for the carrying on of the work of God among the heathen. But perhaps you may ask, "Why should they want food in countries where bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts, bananas, plantains, yams, and arrow-root, grow so freely?" These things are, indeed, very good, and the Missionaries are thankful to have them; but *they cannot live* upon them as the natives do, for they have been used to bread, and they soon become weak and sickly without it. How, then, can they get it? for corn will not grow in those islands. Flour must be brought to them in ships: and one use of the *John Williams* is to fetch from Sydney, every year, a supply of this necessary article, together

with clothes and many other things which they cannot do without, and the carriage of which would cost a very great deal if they hired a ship for the purpose.

Then, besides the English Missionaries, there are the Native Teachers. Now, a large number of these useful men are labouring amongst savages, and it is quite necessary for their safety, as well as for their comfort, and for the good of the people whom they are trying to benefit, that they should be often visited. They too must have a supply of clothing, tools, and other property to buy food with. They also want the advice of more experienced Missionaries, for their difficulties and trials are often very great. Besides, if they were left year after year without a visit, the heathen would despise and kill some of them, under the idea that they were bad men, without property or friends, who had been sent away from their own islands.

For these and other reasons, all the Missionaries in the South Seas say that, if the ship is given up, many of the Missions must be given up too. And this is also the opinion of the Directors. It is plain, therefore, that *a ship of some kind we must have.*

And now you may take another step, and say, That not only must there be a ship, but that *she must be a Missionary ship.* It would indeed be difficult to hire other vessels to do the work which is now done by the *John Williams*; and the expense would be much greater. But if other vessels *could* be hired, even then all who wish to spread the Gospel in the South Seas would want a *Missionary Ship.* And why? You shall hear. In *such* a ship there is a pious captain, with pious mates, and sailors of good character; while in *other* ships, the officers and crew are too frequently wicked men. Now, what a very sad thing it would be for such men to go to our Missionary Stations! What do you suppose the *Heathen* would think of the *Missionaries*, and of the *Gospel* they bring, if they

came to them in such bad company? But when they see that those on board the Missionary Ship are very different from the crews of other vessels, it is reasonable to expect that the effect of this contrast upon their minds would be favourable to the Gospel. And this is really the case. The heathen now know the vessel and her errand, and they expect her return. All they knew of sailors before the visits of the Missionary Ship was what they learned from the wicked sandal-wood traders, and from the crews of whaling vessels, who are often nearly as bad. But now they see the difference between the *John Williams* and other ships, and in many islands her visits are hailed with delight.

Another thing which proves the value of a Missionary Ship is this,—that *it shows to the heathen that the teachers left at their islands have many kind friends.* The knowledge of this has, in some instances, saved their lives, and in others, it has increased their influence. In one island the savages wanted to kill their teachers, and would have done so, but for their chief, who said, “No. They are not cast away. They have their own country. *They have their own vessel to call and look after them.*” At another island, when the natives were speaking against the teachers, a chief stopped them, saying, “These men are not to be despised. They have come of their own will. *Their own vessel brought them, and will call to inquire after them.*” When the native Missionary at another island was ill, the chief sat by his side, weeping, and said, “Alas! alas! what shall I say when the ship calls, and they find my teacher is dead?”

But the good influence of the Missionary Ship is seen, not only among the heathen, but in those islands where the light of the Gospel has been long enjoyed. “The effect in Samoa,” writes a Missionary, “was very thrilling, when our present beautiful vessel first arrived there. The people looked upon her as a decided proof of the desire



felt by Christians in Britain for the evangelisation of the numerous islands of the Pacific Ocean. Often have I heard this great instance of Christian benevolence mentioned, in the strongest terms, in their speeches, and I do not recollect ever hearing a native pray without asking God to bless her voyages. The names they apply to her will show their feelings. They call her the 'Torch of Truth,' and the 'Beacon Light,' and the 'Messenger of Peace,' and the 'Ark of the New Covenant,' with many other names equally expressive of their views of the great work in which she is engaged. Her coming is always looked for long before it takes place, and she is always welcomed with delight. If the intelligence went out that she was to visit their shores no more, the effect upon their minds would be most painful, and the end very injurious. They would look upon it as a proof that British Christians had less care for the salvation of the heathen."

But, in addition to all this, the Missionary Ship is necessary for carrying out Missionaries from this country, and for bringing home their children to be educated. She also collects from the different stations the oil and arrow-root subscribed to the Society by the natives and brings it to England. But perhaps her best employment is to carry native teachers to heathen lands.

Surely, then, here is enough to show how useful the Missionary Ship must be, and how necessary it is to send her out again to the South Seas. And now, dear young friends, which of you will help this good work? Are you ready? Then, in a kind and modest way, ask your parents, your minister, your teacher, to get a Collecting Card for you, and try how much you can raise. These Cards may be obtained at the Mission House, Blomfield Street, Finsbury, London.

## DEVOTED CHRISTIANITY.

piety is always beautiful. God, and angels, and good men rejoice to see it. But it is never more pleasing when it appears in the character of those who were benighted and degraded heathen. Of this many instances have been given in our pages, and another will be in the brief but painful history which follows:—

The young Christian whose short life and sad death we about to describe was called Paire. He was born at Rarotonga just about the time that the Gospel was carried to that island by the devoted John Williams. His grandfather was one of the most savage cannibals and fierce warriors there; but his father was among the first of his people who believed and professed the Gospel. Tairi himself an early scholar in the schools formed by the teacher Pihia, who was left at Rarotonga by Mr. Williams, whom, in 1832, he received one of the first books that were printed in his native language. "He gave," says Mr. Gill, in his interesting account of Fate, "heed to instruction, made steady progress in reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, and was soon distinguished in the midst of his companions as a thoughtful, prayerful, and pious youth." When he was eighteen he joined the church, from that time he did all he could to teach and bless his countrymen. Three years after this, he went to assist Teu, the devoted native pastor of the church at Mangaia. There he laboured for two years, and was faithful and useful. At the end of that time an English Missionary went to Mangaia, and Tairi returned to Rarotonga, where he was made a deacon of the church at Arorangi; and as he was loved, above all things, to preach the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen, he gave up a large property in land to his younger brother, and spent his time in studies which

























































































































































































































of what you two told us, namely, to look upon God as our help. And as you said that we should write to you, that you might know how we are going on, see! we two are still going on well. Paulina is without fault, and we both are well. There is also little Eliza here for instruction. Paulina is gone for the present to Tahaa, because her little brother is ill. Mr. Platt is gone to Borabora to hold the May Meeting, and both Mrs. Chisholm and I have requested him to clean the place well where Mrs. Krause is, that it may look very nice.

““I have a very great desire to go and see Mrs. Krause’s grave, and I have spoken to Mrs. Chisholm about it; but she is not at all willing to let me go there. She is very good, indeed, to us two, and I try what I can to help her in all her work, and to please them both, because they are so kind to us. And your two kindness to me I never will forget; but I cannot at all be joyful in my thoughts, because I think so much on Mrs. Krause, when lying on my bed in the night, and I can see her how she trembled in her illness, and then I begin to weep for her, and I think of all you two have told us, and I feel so desolate. Every evening I weep. The servants laugh, because we two sing, read, and pray together. I hope you would see Mrs. Krause’s sisters and mother, and tell them about her death, because she was much beloved by all her brothers and sisters.

““This is all I have to say. Every blessing on you, through the true God, now and for ever.

““From your own little girl that you said,

“God bless you, my girl,

““POOR LITTLE FANNY.”

Mr. Chisholm writes :—

“ June 13, 1855.

“ Fanny often speaks of you, and was very particular in requesting Mr. Platt to see that the grave was well freed from weeds . . . . Fanny behaves well, and gives us great comfort.”



### THE YOUNG PRINCE OF LAHORE.

IN the far north-west of India is the country of the Punjab—the inheritance of the Sikhs—the territory which the disciples of Nannuck have long regarded as their home. As the people increased in numbers and in political importance, their Princes became more daring and ambitious, till, under the reign of Runjeet Singh, the Maharajah, the kingdom reached the height of its power, and the army became so great that the Prince used to boast that he could lead forth any day a hundred thousand cavalry into the field.

After Runjeet's death most distressing scenes were witnessed at Lahore. Revolutions upset the government, and warring chiefs claimed the power and authority of the State, while a war party led their troops across the river tledge into the British territory to attack the British army.

Awful was the loss of life ! Such horrible carnage has seldom been seen on a battle field ! The struggle was dreadful ! But in the end the chiefs were reduced to submission. But God, who alone can bring good out of evil, and order out of confusion, turned the curse into a blessing, and made the wrath of man to praise him. The young Prince was delivered out of the hands of the heathen, and was placed under the care of Dr. Logan, a Christian. In con-

sequence Dhuleep Singh received an excellent education, and having been trained up in the fear of God and the knowledge of his Son, has become one of the most devout and consistent converts to the Christian faith. Let us look at a few of the instances in which he has shown his Christian spirit and temper.

You know when kings and princes visit one another, the custom is to fire salutes in honour of such visitors. Now, when the Governor-General (Earl Dalhousie) was in that neighbourhood, he paid a visit to the Prince of Lahore; and when the young Prince returned his visit, the Earl wished to show all respect to his rank, and to fire salutes in his honour. But what do you think did the Prince do? As yet a child, very tender in years, and still under a course of instruction, he entreated the Governor-General to omit the salutes, because the ceremonial was too gay and worldly for him, and because he wished to enjoy a quiet and a social interview. It is said that his wish displeased the rajahs and princes of India, and the courtiers and dependants in the palace; but does it not remind us of Moses, who refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season?

After being thoroughly convinced of the truth of Christianity, and after feeling the love of Christ in his heart, Dhuleep wished to give up his heathenism and profess his belief in the Gospel by baptism. On such an occasion some would have called together the great and the noble, the rajahs and the nabobs, the bishops and deacons, and have rendered it a grand affair; but Dhuleep did not so; though he was a descendant of Runjeet Singh, was the Maharajah, was the Prince of Lahore, and worth an immense fortune, he was baptized in his own palace at Futtoghur, in the presence of the American Missionaries of the European residents, and of his own attendants and

vants, upon whom a deep impression is said to have been made. This action, so decided, and yet so humble on the part of the Prince, has done much to silence the gainsayer and to reprove the profane; so that, when a certain noble lord, who had ranged for a year over India, ventured, in the House of Peers, to say that he had never met with any Christian converts in Hindoostan, what was the striking and memorable reply which Sir C. Wood was able to make to him in the House of Commons, while introducing his Indian Bill? "There is strong testimony," said he, 'to the fact that the spread of Christianity among the more educated and enlightened class of natives is fast apping the foundation of their debasing faith. It may not be uninteresting to the house to know that, by the last mail (June, 1853), we have accounts of the baptism of Dhuleep Singh—the descendant of the Maharajah, a Prince of high rank—which ceremony, it appears, took place, *not ostentatiously*, but privately, and *without the slightest parade*. We interfere not, and I think rightly, in the propagation of our religion among the natives; but, on the other hand, I am bound to express my opinion that we have done perfectly right in taking care that the professors of Christianity shall incur no loss in consequence; and I cordially, therefore, support that law which secures them their religious liberty."

There can be little doubt that, among the princes of India, there are some who, like Nicodemus, and like Joseph Arimathea, are disposed, but are afraid, to acknowledge Christ as the Saviour of the world. What an influence, say we not hope, will the bold and consistent example of Dhuleep Singh have upon such in leading them to throw off their heathenism, and to profess themselves disciples of the Lamb!

Since that event in 1853, the Prince has been induced to leave his palace and his country, and to travel for the

purpose of seeing the world, and of gaining more knowledge of mankind. In the course of his journeying he came to Benares, the capital of idolatry, and the seat of Hindoo grandeur and magnificence; but on coming there, whom do you think did his Highness seek for, and whom did he find? The rich and the powerful? The high priests of the heathen? The wise men of Hindoostan? No! He went to his own company. He found the Missionaries and their fellow-helpers to the truth; and especially he met with a young convert of the name of Nehemiah, once a high and aristocratic Brahmin, but now a sincere and humble follower of Christ. As this young believer had lost his caste, his dignity, his honour, and his station; as his friends and relatives had all forsaken him; as his wife had been taken from him by force, and kept from him long against her will; as he had suffered the loss of all things because he obeyed the Gospel, Dhuleep found in Nehemiah a kindred spirit, sympathized with him in all his trials, and rejoiced with him in his steadfastness and Christian progress. On the other hand, if the Ethiopian eunuch found in Philip a friend in need and a kind instructor in the truth of God; if Cornelius the centurion found Peter a faithful companion and counsellor in his hour of anxiety; if Saul of Tarsus found Ananias a real helper in his trouble, and a sweet adviser in his distress, what must Dhuleep Singh have found in Nehemiah in the city of Benares, and on his pilgrimage to Zion? He embraced him as his friend; and as Nehemiah had studied medicine, he appointed him as physician to his suite, and has brought him to England, most likely to be a useful and a happy labourer in this foreign land. "A companion of wise men will be wise!" And happy is that prince who will choose the wise for his counsellors and friends!

On his arrival in England, Dhuleep Singh was welcomed

to court, and received the greatest attention and kindness from her Majesty, from Prince Albert, and the Royal family. But his heart was still set upon his people and upon the cause of the Gospel in India. During this last year, he has subscribed a hundred pounds to the Church Missionary Society. At the head of the list for August, stands his name for a hundred pounds to the London Missionary Society; and many more such gifts, I doubt not, have marked his short stay amongst us. But there is one circumstance more to which I must allude. It has long been for a lamentation, that in the neighbourhood of the East India Docks and on the banks of the Tames, there will always be found numbers of poor Lascars and other foreigners who come to this country as sailors, but who have often been either robbed and spoiled, have become the victims of sin and shame, and are left to perish in misery. Many of these poor outcasts have found a wretched grave, without light to cheer the present gloom, or hope beyond it in heaven. In order to cure these evils, some gentlemen who feel great interest in the welfare of India resolved to establish a "Stranger's Home," that these poor strangers may have a dwelling-place and be cared for while they stay amongst us, and still more, that they may learn something of the love of Christians and the greater love of Christ, so that when they return to their own land they may be better and happier men than when they left it. Now, many have subscribed handsomely to this institution. One gentleman's name stands for 20*l.*, another for 30*l.*, and many for 50*l.*; two gave one hundred guineas each; but what does Dhuleep Singh do? He gives Five Hundred Pounds, to show his love to Jesus and his anxiety for the welfare of his people; and if report states what is true, he is likely to part with his friend and his physician, Nehemiah, that he may be-



come the superintendent of this establishment, and that his labours may be useful to the stranger and to the outcast in this foreign land. May the Lord bless them both, and cause them to shine as lights in this dark world !

“ Kings shall fall down before him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore him,  
His praise all people sing;  
For he shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.”

INDIA.

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### THE HISTORY OF A JEWISH BOY.

MANY years ago, a Jewish family lived in a small country town in Thuringia. In the same place dwelt also a Christian professor, who was a sincerely pious man. This professor had a family, and amongst their playfellows was a little Jewish boy, whom they liked so well that they often took him with them to their home. In this way it happened that the Jewish boy was sometimes present at family worship. Though he was only ten years old, the reading in the Bible, the singing of hymns, and the prayer made so deep an impression on his mind, that one day he asked the professor to tell him more about the histories which were in the Bible. The good man was pleased with the request, and told the boy that if he continued to behave himself he would let him know all about them. From this time the professor began to instruct the boy in the Word of God ; but there was a great difficulty to be overcome, for he could not read.

After a time the professor became convinced that God had begun a good work in the heart of this young Israelite. He gave many proofs of this, and, amongst others, was

his desire to read the Scriptures for himself. The professor therefore did what he could to gratify this feeling; and, as the boy was quick, he soon made great progress. But now he wanted a Bible of his own; but, alas! poor boy, he met with opposition which he little dreamt of. One day, in the simplicity of his heart, he went to his father and begged him to buy a German Bible for him, as he had made up his mind to be a Christian. The father was utterly amazed at this request, and burst forth into a great rage. Instead of a Bible he gave his son a severe flogging, and ordered him to be confined in the house. The angry man also threatened, that if he ever dared to play with the "Christian monsters again," or entered again into the house of "the heathen" (for so he called the professor) he should be punished still more severely.

Scarcely, however, was the boy set free from his imprisonment than he ran to the house of his Christian friend and told him what had happened. The professor then sent him again to his father to ask his pity; but told him that if he was punished, to come to him, and that he would give him a Bible. This advice was followed, and the boy again asked his father to buy him a Bible. Upon this the father was so furious that he flogged the poor fellow more unmercifully than before, and ordered him to be shut up for many days in a dark chamber without any food but bread and water, and but little even of that. Indeed, he wished his son to die rather than become an apostate from Judaism. In this state the little fellow remained until he promised that he would never ask his father again for a Bible; but he did not promise that he would never think more of becoming a Christian.

Scarcely, therefore, was the door of his prison opened than he fled to the house of his friend the professor, and, falling on his knees, he begged his friend to pity him, and

not leave him to the cruelty of his father. He confessed that he believed Jesus Christ to be the promised Messiah, and declared that no power nor punishment should keep him from becoming his disciple. He knew, however, that his father would rather destroy him than consent to his being a Christian; and, therefore, he embraced the knees of the professor, and would not leave him until he had promised to take care of him, and not force him to go back to his father's house.

The first thing the professor did to help the poor boy was to go to the magistrates, and to ask them to protect him. The magistrates then heard what the boy himself had to say on the matter. His answers to their questions surprised them. They were more like those of an old Christian than of a young Jew. His parents were also present, and they said what they could to change his mind; but neither their promises nor threatenings could turn him from his purpose of becoming a Christian. The greater part of the Jews of the place, with their rabbi, were also present, and spoke to him; but the persuasion of the rabbi had as little effect upon the boy as the punishment he had received from his father. As his parents were rich, they spared no money to draw him back; but all was in vain. Though his father would not consent, as the boy still resolved to be a follower of Jesus, the magistrates agreed that the professor might take him into his family, and instruct him further in the faith of the Gospel.

Thus the young convert became an inmate of the house he loved. He was taught with the children of the professor. After a time he studied theology, and became a minister of Jesus Christ. God blessed his labours, not only to strangers, but to his younger brother, and many in the day of the Lord will be witnesses to the power with which he preached the Gospel.

# CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARDS THE REPAIRS AND OUTFIT OF THE MISSIONARY SHIP, "JOHN WILLIAMS."

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. Maliphant.....	1 1 0	C. Brown .....	0 6 0
Collected by—		H. Barnard .....	0 5 6
Amy and Cecil.....	1 0 8	C. White .....	0 5 4
Miss Caroline and Master		J. Pellatt .....	0 5 3
Henry Bennett.....	1 5 0	W. Bush .....	0 4 7
W. Cooper .....	0 3 6	W. Swan .....	0 4 6
Miss S. A. Coxeter.....	0 3 1	W. Rumball .....	0 4 6
Miss J. Darling .....	2 10 0	J. Roberts .....	0 3 9
Henry Gittens.....	0 13 0	G. White .....	0 3 3
Miss Elizabeth Houlgate .....	0 11 7	R. Horsey .....	0 3 4
Master Hudson .....	0 1 7	M. Dunkley .....	0 3 0
Miss Needham.....	0 3 3	G. Layzell .....	0 2 7
		J. Moore .....	0 2 3
Miss Louisa Spicer, <i>Brixton</i>		J. Dunkley .....	0 2 3
<i>Hill</i> .....	10 0 0	G. Payne .....	0 1 9
Miss Elizabeth Spicer, <i>ditto</i>	7 0 0	E. Ulrich .....	0 1 8
	17s.	W. Macro .....	0 1 8
Master Stewart Thompson	1 0 0	C. Bright and P. Swan .....	0 1 6
		S. Smith .....	0 1 2
Master R. G. Warton, <i>High-</i>		G. Ansell .....	0 1 0
<i>gate</i> .....	2 10 0	E. Workman.....	0 0 8
		T. Sheeley .....	0 0 7
<i>Albion Chapel. Additional.</i>			17. 5s. 5d.
Annie Hewitt .....	0 3 5		
Sarah Goodfellow .....	0 2 0	<i>Craven Hill, Sunday School</i>	1 0 0
	5s. 5d.		
<i>Bedford New Town.</i>			
Juvenile Collection .....	2 11 9	<i>Haverstock Hill.</i>	
<i>Borough Sunday School.....</i>	0 4 3	Juvenile Missionary Asso-	
		<i>ciation</i> .....	8 1 2
<i>City Road.</i>		<i>Sunday Schools</i> .....	3 10 4
By Miss E. Rooke .....	0 6 8		11s. 11s. 6d.
Sunday School Boys.....	6 10 2	<i>Holloway, per Mr. Turner.</i>	3 5 5
<i>Ditto, Girls</i> .....	12 15 1	<i>Horbury Chapel.....</i>	1 3 9
	19s. 11s. 11d.	<i>Park Chapel, Camden Town.</i>	
<i>Clapton.</i>		Collected by—	
Juvenile Missionary Asso-		Joseph Knight .....	0 9 5
<i>ciation</i> .....	10 0 0	The Pupils of Miss F. Gairdner's	
<i>Sunday Schools.</i>		<i>School.</i>	
Collected by		Master Barrett .....	0 10 0
Jane Briggs .....	0 11 0	Master James .....	0 6 6
M. A. Harding .....	0 8 0	Master Graham .....	0 6 0
Susan Eldred .....	0 7 6	Miss Weston.....	0 5 8
Miriam Hay .....	0 6 6	Miss Tozer .....	0 5 0
M. A. Eaton .....	0 4 0	Miss Wade.....	0 4 11
S. A. Layzell .....	0 3 0	Miss Cook and Master Jakins	0 4 0
Jane White .....	0 2 7	Master Griffin .....	0 3 4
E. Rowland .....	0 2 6	Master Panliding .....	0 2 6
S. Haggis .....	0 2 3	Miss Fleetwood .....	0 7 3
E. King .....	0 1 4	Master Ford and Master	
E. Bowden .....	0 0 7	<i>Harrison</i> .....	0 7 0
E. Youngman .....	0 0 3	Missionary Box .....	0 9 2
			4s. 0s. 3d.
<i>Boys.</i>			
J. Brooks .....	0 15 11		
J. Gibbons .....	0 13 8		

	£	s.	d.
<i>Pembury Grove Chapel.</i>			
Rev. J. Ross's Family .....	0	10	0

*York Road.*

Collected by—			
Miss Robinson .....	0	10	0
Sunday School Children.....	6	11	4
<i>7l. 1s. 4d.</i>			

## COUNTRY.

<i>Abercarney, by Christian</i>			
Campbell.....	0	9	1

*Aberdeen.*

## Juvenile Branch, Female Auxiliary.

Collected by—			
Miss Brown.....	1	3	6
Misses Stevenson .....	1	13	0
Miss Gardiner.....	1	2	8
Miss Wilson.....	0	11	8
Miss E. McKechnie.....	0	9	8
Master A. Robertson .....	0	2	8
Master J. Garden .....	0	4	6
Miss Edmond .....	0	6	4
Miss Hannan .....	0	7	6
Master A. Thomson.....	0	5	11
Master J. F. Holderness .....	0	5	9
Miss Russell, London.....	0	5	0
Miss Keith.....	0	8	0
Miss Barbara Cooper .....	0	9	2
Miss Keith.....	0	4	2
Miss Mary A. Morrison.....	0	6	0
Misses Leslie .....	0	5	3
Miss Arthur .....	0	2	2
Master A. Murray.....	0	4	3
Miss McGregor .....	0	5	0
Mr. Souttar's Family .....	0	2	6
Miss J. A. Wood .....	0	1	0
<i>9l. 4s. 10d.</i>			

*Adderbury.*

Miss Franklin.....	0	6	1
Mr. Cakebread.....	0	13	11
<i>1l.</i>			

<i>Alford (Aberdeen), Collect-</i>			
<i>ed, Miss Minto and Pupils</i>	2	2	2

*Alnwick.*

## Sion Sabbath School.

Collected by—			
Eliza Pringle .....	0	2	8
Tamer Robinson .....	0	1	7
Alice Black .....	0	8	2
Grace Thompson .....	0	2	2
Margaret Thompson .....	0	0	11
Ellen Hindmarsh .....	0	2	6
Sarah Hindmarsh .....	0	3	6
Eliza Hindmarsh .....	0	4	0
Elizabeth Johnson .....	0	10	8
Jane Southeron .....	0	5	4
Elizabeth Richardson .....	0	1	4
Mary Ann Trotter.....	0	3	2
Mary Ann Phillips .....	0	1	0
Mary Thompson .....	0	0	8
Sarah Stewart.....	0	2	4
Hannah Hall .....	0	2	6
Eleanor Cockburn .....	0	3	5
Elizabeth Davison.....	0	0	11

	£	s.	d.
Ann Robson .....	0	4	6
Francis Swanson .....	0	4	3
Maria Bell .....	0	8	0
Ann Dixon .....	0	0	9
Eliza S. Aitcheson, of Rock	0	3	0
Mrs. Hustwick .....	0	1	8
Miss Tate .....	0	3	6
Miss Ann Allen .....	0	6	0
Henry Mortimer .....	0	4	6
P. S. Mortimer .....	0	2	11
J. McMillan .....	0	1	4
W. Scholefield .....	0	1	6
Mr. Cockburn .....	0	2	6
Thomas W. Johnson .....	0	10	8
Richard Johnson .....	0	5	0
R. Johnson .....	0	3	1
John Patton .....	0	4	0
George and Robert Allen .....	0	10	8
Charles Embleton .....	0	0	9
James Thompson .....	0	2	2
Robert Greener .....	0	11	6
George Cockburn .....	0	3	2
Robert Dixon .....	0	0	6
George Knox.....	0	7	6
James Knox .....	0	1	8
Henry Scholefield .....	0	0	4
Mich. Oliver .....	0	2	0
Walter Stevens .....	0	2	7
<i>8l. 2s.</i>			

*Amluch.*

By Miss Hughes.....	0	7	8
H. Jones and W. Hughes .....	0	0	0
Sabbath School .....	0	4	0
<i>12s.</i>			

*Annan.*

Collected by—			
George Irving .....	0	10	1
Jane Cleminson .....	0	9	8
John Cleminson, Jun.....	0	7	8
Mary Neilson .....	0	2	10
David Richardson.....	0	3	7
Mary Irving .....	0	5	1
Jane Bell.....	0	4	10
William Bell .....	0	4	8
Betsy Irving .....	0	4	1
Isabella Lomas .....	0	3	3
Ann Irving .....	0	3	1
Janet Lawson.....	0	8	0
Isabella Harkness.....	0	2	10
Walter Carruthers .....	0	2	0
Margaret McNeil .....	0	1	0
James Ferguson.....	0	1	3
William Faulder.....	0	1	3
James Dalziel .....	0	1	1
James Rome .....	0	1	0
Margaret Rome .....	0	0	11
Elizabeth Graham .....	0	6	8
William Bonsthead .....	0	0	6
William Bell .....	0	0	6
Hannah Richardson .....	0	0	6
Margaret Ann Bell .....	0	0	3
John Lackie .....	0	0	4
William Edgar.....	0	0	4
<i>4l. 7s. 6d.</i>			

<i>Arundel, Sunday School ...</i>	1	0	0
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# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 67

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
<i>Ashbourne.</i>		William Stevens.....	
By Master J. Peach.....	0 10 3	Cyrus Wilcox.....	0 3 3
Miss A. S. Hollis.....	0 10 0	Andrew Quash.....	0 0 8
Evs. 4d.; 19s. 10d.		Jane Bolton.....	0 0 10
<i>Ashburton, Sunday School</i>	0 6 6	Anne Belcham.....	0 3 7
<i>Ashley.</i>		Louisa Ryers.....	0 3 0
Mary Ward.....	1 0 3	Sarah Briggs.....	0 1 4
Thomas Edge.....	0 3 3	Sarah Rust.....	0 1 1
George Dunn.....	0 4 3	Emma Gregory.....	0 1 6
Frederick Parr.....	0 2 6	Maria Pigrome.....	0 1 6
Mary Pigstock.....	0 0 1	Sarah Cooper.....	0 1 0
Evs. 4d.; 17. 10s.		Elizabeth Wayman.....	0 1 3
<i>Aspatia.</i>		Elizabeth Westbrook.....	0 1 4
Luther Bouch.....	0 1 2	Eliza Tunbridge.....	0 0 6
Robert Waugh.....	0 0 8	Jane Melvern.....	0 0 4
Eliza Bouch.....	0 5 4	Sarah Stevens.....	0 1 0
John Ganes.....	0 5 6	Eliza Harding.....	0 1 0
John Armstrong.....	0 0 4	Hannah Sewell.....	0 1 0
Mary Ann Hilton.....	0 1 5	Ann Beadie.....	0 1 0
Andrew Mackenzie.....	0 0 8	Jane Stevens.....	0 0 10
Ann Graham.....	0 1 5	Margaret Baxter.....	0 1 4
Isabella Mackenzie.....	0 0 8	Mary Ann Patrick.....	0 1 0
Joseph Berwick.....	0 3 10	Sarah Harman.....	0 0 6
Mary Berwick.....	0 7 6	Evs. 3d.; 17. 10s. 5d.	
John Rawling.....	0 4 4	<i>Barnard Castle.</i>	
George Tindale Fletcher.....	0 2 7	Collected by—	
Mary Ann Edwards.....	0 3 0	E. J. Metcalf.....	0 10 10
Ann Brown.....	0 2 9	Dory Penrith.....	0 3 2
John Barnes.....	0 2 6	Mary J. Borrowdale.....	0 4 2
Joseph Clark.....	0 3 8	Ann Thompson.....	0 2 1
William Wilson.....	0 3 3	E. Etherington.....	0 3 3
<i>Blennerhasset.</i>		E. Allenby.....	0 4 4
<i>Sunday School.</i>		Charles Hodgson.....	0 4 7
Sarah Nixon.....	0 14 6	William Simms.....	0 2 8
Margaret Black.....	0 5 0	Robert Borrowdale.....	0 1 9
Porter Matthews.....	0 4 0	Benjamin Metcalf.....	0 2 5
John Armstrong.....	0 2 4	W. A. Hodgson.....	0 3 7
Eleanor Rook.....	0 2 8	John E. Davis.....	0 5 0
Thomas Mann.....	0 1 3	Elizabeth Elliott.....	0 5 6
Mary Jefferson.....	0 3 6	William McKay.....	0 1 1
Phoebe Orrid.....	0 2 4	John Richard Winpenny.....	0 5 7
Ann Bell.....	0 5 0	Smaller Sums.....	0 8 1
Joseph Brown.....	0 2 6	34. 10s.	
Mary Armstrong.....	0 1 10	<i>Barnet, Sunday School</i> .....	6 1 8
Sarah Christina Samson.....	0 3 6	<i>Barnstaple.</i>	
Jane Charters.....	0 4 7	Sunday Schools.....	
William Emerson.....	0 2 6	Two little Girls.....	
Ann Coulthard.....	0 7 0	Master Pryer.....	
William Pattinson.....	0 1 0	Mr. J. Stewart.....	
John Irving Bell.....	0 3 7	51.	
Jane Gillespie.....	0 1 6	<i>Bawtry.</i>	
Margaret Telford.....	0 13 4	Collected by—	
67. 17s. 5d.		Miss Alvey.....	0 2 4
<i>Avebury.</i>		Master Handey.....	0 9 4
Collected by Mrs. Cornwall's Pupils.		Master C. Knowles.....	1 8 0
J. Chivers.....	1 0 2	Master Oram.....	0 3 3
F. Hamlen.....	0 8 10	<i>Basskill.</i>	
W. E. Hillier.....	0 7 2	Collected by Miss Atkinson	
S. Horsell.....	0 3 10	and Miss Theaker.....	
27.		0 11 4	
<i>Bakewell, A. Swindells</i> .....		27. 15s.	
<i>Barking.</i>		<i>Beaconsfield.</i>	
<i>Sunday School.</i>		Collected by—	
Ebenezer Gregory.....	0 6 8	Bagley and Thompson.....	0 10 0
		George Hatton.....	0 1 1

	£	s.	d.
Caroline Lake .....	0	5	0
James Riddle .....	1	2	0
<b>1l. 18s. 1d.</b>			

Beeralston, Sunday School	1	3	0
Belper, Mrs. Calvert .....	0	10	0

**Blackburn.**

Chapel Street Sunday School	2	2	0
A Boy, on his twelfth birth-day .....	1	0	0
<b>3l. 2s.</b>			

Blair by Dalry, Sunday School .....	1	0	0
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**Blakeney.**

William Okey .....	0	17	0
Fanny Ridler .....	0	10	6
Thomas Bullock .....	0	5	0
J. Warren .....	0	4	3
P. Jordan .....	0	3	2
H. Powell .....	0	2	8
G. Williams .....	0	2	6
E. and H. Shipton .....	0	2	7
E. and M. Powell .....	0	2	0
A. Beard .....	0	1	5
T. Ford .....	0	1	5
D. Ford .....	0	1	4
Martha Jones .....	0	1	3
J. Williams .....	0	1	2
E. Morgan .....	0	1	4
B. Warren .....	0	1	2
C. Humphreys .....	0	1	0
A. Butt .....	0	1	0
C. Birks .....	0	1	0
B. Warren .....	0	1	0
E. James .....	0	1	0
T. Haddon .....	0	1	2
Sums under 1s. ....	0	3	0
<b>3l. 7s. 11d.</b>			

**Bomere Heath.**

Collected by—			
Charles Oliver .....	0	14	1
Mary J. Teece .....	0	12	4
Mary A. Williams .....	0	1	2
William Smith .....	0	0	6
John Harper .....	0	5	0
Nathaniel Davies .....	0	0	2
Mary Niston .....	0	0	10
William Windsor .....	0	5	4
Mary A. Bailey .....	0	1	7
Mary A. Wilson .....	0	9	3
<b>2l. 10s. 3d.</b>			

**Boxford.**

Collected by—			
Mary Green .....	0	15	2
Othniel Smith .....	0	5	3
John A. Game .....	0	4	4
Mary Ann Randle .....	0	4	0
Harriet Todd .....	0	3	3
John Marsh .....	0	3	1
Cecilia Dansie .....	0	3	0
Sarah Balaam .....	0	1	7
Alfred Todd .....	0	1	6
Emma Whymark .....	0	1	1
Ann M. Whymark .....	0	1	1
Sarah A. Webb .....	0	0	11

	£	s.	d.
L. A. C. ....	0	0	7
Mary Scarf .....	0	0	0
A Friend .....	0	0	4
<b>2l. 5s. 8d.</b>			

**Brackley.**

Collected by—			
Miss Wilson .....	0	13	0
R. and E. Morris .....	0	3	6
Sarah Sergeant .....	0	2	0
L. Green and E. Smith .....	0	1	4
Ann Millar and M. A. Ward .....	0	2	0
Emily Austin .....	0	2	0
Miss Viccars .....	0	6	0
Eliza Austin .....	0	1	6
R. Shepherd .....	0	0	8
A. Shepherd .....	0	0	5
M. A. Collier .....	0	2	3
Benjamin Collier .....	0	1	6
Charles Sergeant .....	0	1	6
A. Trotman .....	0	0	6
William Norris .....	0	1	4
Benjamin Morris .....	0	1	1
Master Cave .....	0	4	1
Mr. Thomson .....	0	5	0
H. and E. Smith .....	0	1	0
Mr. Barker .....	0	6	0
William Bowers .....	0	0	7
Augustus Austen .....	0	3	2
E. Howard .....	0	0	8
A Friend .....	0	2	8
Fractions .....	0	0	5
<b>3l. 6s. 6d.</b>			

**Bradford.**

Horton Lane .....	3l	0	6
Brentford, Boston Road Sunday School .....	2	8	11
Brewood and Wheaton Aston .....	1	19	9

Bridgnorth, Girls' Sunday School .....	0	12	0
Boys' ditto .....	0	2	5
<b>14s. 3d.</b>			

Brighton, London Road Girls' Sunday School .....	2	7	1
Boys' ditto .....	1	0	0
Infants' ditto .....	0	2	4
<b>3l. 18s. 5d.</b>			

**Bristol.**

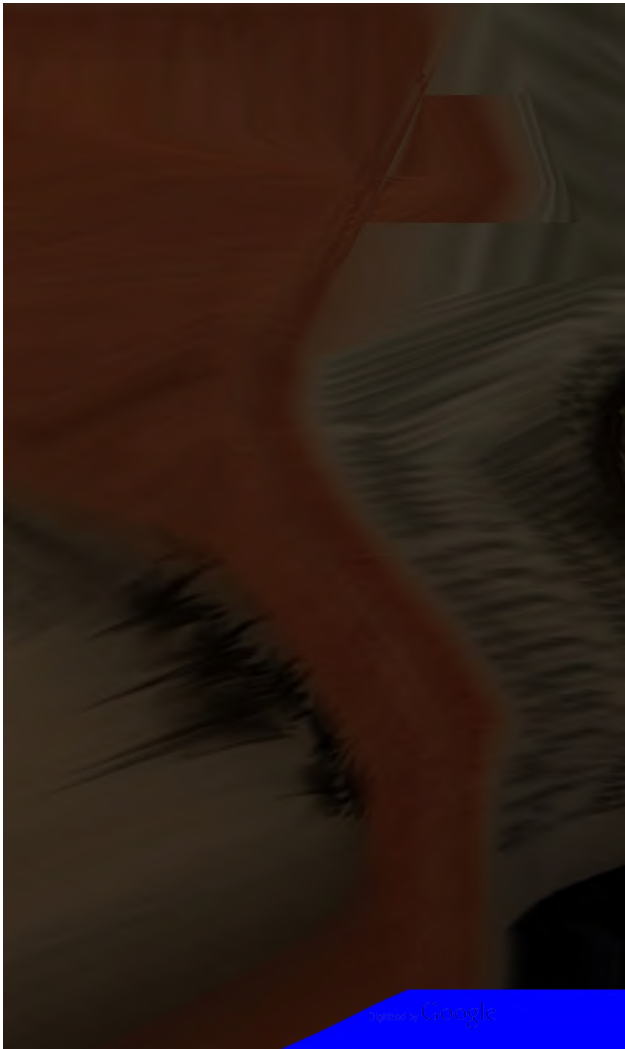
Zion Chapel.			
Collected by—			
Miss Colthurst .....	0	13	0
Miss Richards .....	0	10	4
Miss Garrett .....	0	6	0
Miss Lydia Taylor .....	0	6	8
Miss Pain .....	0	5	3
Miss Gunning .....	0	3	0
George Stewart .....	0	5	8
William Davis .....	0	5	0
Walter Davis .....	0	3	4
<b>3l. 0s. 6d.</b>			

Girls' Sunday School			
Amelia Vaughan .....	0	8	4
Elizabeth Stokes .....	0	6	0
Emma and Sarah Barrett .....	0	4	3

## CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 69

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Lacy Harris	0 4 3	<i>Bromsgrove.</i>	
Frances Lovatt	0 3 6	Sunday School.	
Mary Ann Harris	0 3 4	Mr. Skidmore	0 1 6
H. Moxham	0 3 1	Mr. G. James	0 2 0
Elizabeth Peters	0 3 1	Mr. D. Sandford	0 2 1
A. M. Pope	0 3 0	Mr. J. Witheford	0 1 2
Ellen Hunt	0 2 10	James Connard	0 8 1
Anna Bowrey	0 2 9	John Lewis	0 1 3
Elizabeth Smith	0 2 6	Thomas Crawford	0 2 1
Martha Toogood	0 2 6	Frederick Halfpenny	0 4 6
Elizabeth Thomas	0 2 0	Mrs. Amis	0 3 0
Elizabeth Willey	0 2 0	Mrs. J. Witheford	0 1 3
Ann Willey	0 2 0	Mary Jones	0 8 2
Rhoda Caddick	0 2 0	Elizabeth Crauford	0 2 6
Ellen Williams	0 1 10	Joseph Lacey	0 1 0
Mary J. Heaven	0 1 6	Ellen Loxley	0 1 7
Mary Ann Payne	0 1 6	James Lewis	0 2 0
Mary Ann Reed	0 1 5	Fanny Warner	0 2 6
Caroline Trevaske	0 1 4	Mary Perks	0 1 8
Mary Lewis	0 1 1	C. Woollens	0 2 11
Susan Rook	0 1 1	Jane Rogers	0 1 1
Lacy A. Harris	0 1 0	Edward Perkins, Superin-	
Eliza Cox	0 0 11	tendent of the above	
M. A. Roberts	0 0 11	School	2 10 4
Matilda Crease	0 0 10	The Pastor's Family	0 5 8
Ellen Hathway	0 0 10	Mr. Thomas Parry's ditto	0 4 2
S. A. Parsons	0 0 9	Mr. Barber's ditto	0 4 0
S. A. Tribble	0 0 8	Mr. Griffin's ditto	0 2 6
M. A. Stephens	0 0 6	Master Buggens	0 2 1
Ellen Rook	0 0 3		5l. 19s. 1d.
Sarah Wovis	0 0 3	<i>Brownhills</i>	0 4 6
<b>Boys' Sunday School.</b>		<i>Bruton.</i>	
James Chard	0 10 6	Collected by—	
D. A. Thomas	0 5 0	Miss Grier	0 11 0
Edward James Cole	0 4 0	Miss Clarke	0 8 5
Henry Huxtable	0 3 6	Master E. Clarke	0 5 7
Joseph Harris	0 3 6	Miss Martin	0 5 5
Robert Sanford Cole	0 3 3	Miss Spickernell	0 2 9
George Henry Sweet	0 3 0	Miss Jones	0 5 0
Henry Hemmons	0 2 6	Miss Mullins	0 5 0
Frederick Sergeant	0 1 8	Jane Marshall	0 0 7
William Heaven	0 1 8	Mary Parsons	0 1 1
Alfred Osborne	0 1 7	Ellen Sheans	0 0 10
Henry Collins	0 1 7	F. Wicks	0 0 9
George Harris	0 1 6	Ann Oram	0 3 6
John Williams	0 1 6	Jane Hill	0 2 9
William Hatzell	0 1 3		2l. 12s. 8d.
Robert Rook	0 1 3	<i>Bryn, Llanelly, by the</i>	
J. Lewis	0 1 0	Children	3 0 0
M. John Evans	0 0 10	<i>Burnham Market</i>	3 6 6
W. B. Williams	0 0 8	<i>Bury.</i>	
William Evans	0 0 8	Bethel Sunday School.	
William Saunders	0 0 7	Classes.	
Henry Cossins	0 0 7	Mr. John Ward	0 7 2
William Morgan	0 0 6	Miss Grundy	0 2 10
George Maggs	0 0 6	Miss Birkenshaw	0 4 0
Albert H. Creese	0 0 6	Miss Brown	0 3 0
James Stephens	0 0 6	Miss H. Wood	0 1 2
William John Clark	0 0 6	Miss R. Haworth	0 1 10
John Grey Crossman	0 0 5	Miss Jane Woodcock	0 0 6
W. H. Yeo	0 0 3	Miss Moore	0 5 11
Nehemiah Dite	0 0 2	Misses Thorburn	0 1 0
Fractions	0 0 2	Mr. James Holt	0 1 7
	9l. 10s. 2d.	Mr. Thomas Shuttleworth	0 0 3
<i>Broadway, Day and Sunday</i>			
School	0 10 0		





“JOHN WIL

ward Oliver.....

lish, Sunday Sch

Deal,

ella Hayward .....

ary Steed.....

Chitty.....

Elizabeth Baker .....

on Clayson.....

ara Hayward .....

Elizabeth Sutton .....

on Weston.....

Eliza Adams .....

arah Marsh.....

on Weston.....

ane Broad .....

ella James .....

ary Hughes .....

Elizabeth Archer .....

arah Mantle.....

Caroline Stunt.....

arah Weston.....

arah Redsul .....

ane Cavell .....

Rebecca Friend .....

Ellen Parker.....

Maria Knight.....

arah Attersol.....

Harriet Durban .....

Mary Chandler .....

Caroline Norris .....

Mary A. James .....

Eliza Jarvis .....

Catharine Hougham .....

Elizabeth Goldstone.....

Kate West .....

Elizabeth West .....

James Craig .....

Wilberforce Vincent.....

Henry Elgar .....

Richard Simmons .....

James Holborn .....

William Newby .....

Robert Hood.....

James Hawkesfield .....

Thomas Jarvis.....

Small sums under 4d

Exs. 6d. ; 3d

Dedding

Collected by—

Eliza East .....

Mary Wells .....

Selina Lovell.....

Selina Jones.....

Mary Freeman.....

Martha Parker .....

Fanny Williams .....

Denbigh, Swan La

day School.....

Deptford (Watts)

Borley, J. F. Tiz

their Schoolmate

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Nuttall .....	0	1	10
Mr. John Sagar .....	0	2	0
Mr. George Hopkinson .....	0	1	0
Miss E. A. Parkinson .....	0	0	4
Mr. M. Cockep and others .....	0	0	7

1*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.*

## New Road Sunday School.

## Girls' School.

Miss E. Shaw .....	0	3	0
Mrs. Shaw and Class .....	0	5	0
Miss Barnes .....	0	1	0
Miss Grime .....	0	1	9
Miss Stonehouse .....	0	4	6
Miss N. Hodgson .....	0	13	6
Misses E. and C. Young .....	0	17	0
Miss E. and G. Bland .....	0	11	8
Miss Jessie McLean .....	0	3	3
Elizabeth Eccles .....	0	2	0
Mary Scholes .....	0	2	6
Emma Howarth .....	0	0	6
Emma Pickering .....	0	0	4
Elizabeth Nuttall .....	0	0	6
Phillis Douglas .....	0	2	0
Eliza Anne Yates .....	0	2	4
James Carruthers .....	0	5	2
William Carruthers .....	0	4	3
Rowland Booth .....	0	2	1
Katliffe Nuttall .....	0	2	0

## Boys' School.

James Nuttall .....	0	1	8
Henry Webb .....	0	3	1
Thomas Taylor .....	0	3	9
Mr. Joseph Booth .....	0	6	1
Samuel Spencer .....	0	0	6
George Cass .....	0	0	6
John Atkinson .....	0	3	3
John Melledew .....	0	0	2
Joseph Albiston .....	0	1	8

5*l.* 5*s.*

Burton on Trent Sunday School .....	3	3	0
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Campbelltown. Milknoxe School .....	0	19	10
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Castle Hedingham Sunday School .....	12	0	0
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Chalford ditto .....	0	9	3
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Cheshunt, Crossbrook Street School .....	2	16	1
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Chorley, St. George's Street Sunday School .....	3	13	1
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Clevedon, the Young Gentlemen of Mrs. Soper's School .....	1	15	6
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## Cockfield (Suffolk).

By Emily Lister .....	0	14	6
Ann Boggis .....	0	7	4
Elizabeth Raffe .....	0	5	4

1*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*

Corfe Castle Sunday School .....	0	7	4
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## Cork.

Collected by— Sarah Boyd .....	1	2	0
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Henry Dale .....	£	s.	d.
Ellen Gower .....	0	15	6
Edward Gower .....	0	8	8
Charlie Harding .....	0	7	8
Lizzie Jordan .....	0	4	6
Bobbie Henderson .....	0	4	0
Mary Lizzie Mowle .....	0	5	1
Johnnie Newman .....	0	2	5
Nicholas Peterson .....	0	6	6
Mary Jane Roche .....	0	8	8
Annie Vaughan .....	0	2	2
George, Mary, and Alfred Warmington .....	0	4	0

5*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Cormilligan, by W. McCaw .....	0	11	3
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Corsham Sunday School .....	2	4	2
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## Coventry.

## Vicar Lane.

## Girl's Sunday School.

Mrs. Pratt .....	0	1	0
Miss Cooper .....	0	1	0
Sarah Smart .....	0	1	0
Elizabeth Roberts .....	0	1	0
Rhoda Smith .....	0	7	0
Eliza Shakspear .....	0	1	0
Ann Allen .....	0	1	0
Emma Cooke .....	0	1	0
Elizabeth Jones .....	0	1	0
Elizabeth White .....	0	1	0
Sarah Black .....	0	2	0
Eliza Clarke .....	0	1	0
Elizabeth Wallen .....	0	1	0
Elizabeth Townsend .....	0	1	0
Emily Bryan .....	0	1	0
Miss Lee .....	0	1	0
Eliza Cardall .....	0	1	0
Sarah Sackerson .....	0	2	0
Hannah Clarke .....	0	3	0
Caroline Jones .....	0	2	0
Emma Smith .....	0	1	0
Martha Page .....	0	1	0
Kezia Clarke .....	0	1	0
Maria Kench .....	0	1	0
Miss Spencer .....	0	2	0
Emma Smith .....	0	1	0
Eliza Clarke .....	0	1	0
Hannah Butler .....	0	1	0
Miss Hollings .....	0	1	0
Ann Rees .....	0	1	0
Louisa Bridge .....	0	2	0
Miss Hill .....	0	1	0
Caroline Ashby .....	0	1	0
Elizabeth Jackson .....	0	1	0
Emma E. Craig .....	0	1	0
Miss Archer .....	0	1	0
Ann Edwards .....	0	1	0
Jane Simonds .....	0	1	0
Fanny Kench .....	0	1	0
Charlotte Waters .....	0	1	0
Miss Roe .....	0	1	0
Miss A. Roe .....	0	1	0
Miss Butler .....	0	1	0
Louisa Pearman .....	0	1	0
Miss M. A. Spencer .....	0	7	0
W. B., a Juvenile Friend .....	0	4	0

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 71

	£	s.	d.
E. Brookes	0	2	6
Smaller Sums	0	7	0
Miss Smith	0	1	0
<b>Boys' Sunday School.</b>			
Master James Parish	0	1	0
Master Alfred Collingbourne	0	1	0
Master E. Flinn	0	1	0
Master Edward Cardall	0	1	5
Master John Heritage	0	2	3
Master David Taylor	0	1	1
Master B. Dunn	0	1	0
Master W. M'Leod	0	1	0
Master Robert Rees	0	3	4
Master William M'Millan	0	10	0
Master Joseph Lee	0	0	10
Senior Class	0	4	0
Infant Class	0	0	5
Small Sums	0	14	0

Exs. 10d.; 5l. 18s.

Craigdam Sabbath School	7	14	0
Cuckfield ditto	2	19	4
<b>Dallington, the May Day</b>			
Offering of the Children in			
Mrs. Barnes's Day School	0	10	6

**Darlington.**

School Missionary Boxes	0	10	0
Mrs. Young	0	8	0
<b>Sunday School Children.</b>			

Collected by—

Sarah Todd	0	7	6
William Murray	0	2	10
Thomas Knott	0	0	6
Richard Take	0	2	6
Richard Heslop	0	2	6
John Dickson	0	2	8
William Pattison	0	2	0
Jane Lightfoot	0	2	2
Mary Jane Stockton	0	1	6
Aznes Macadam	0	4	2
Ellen Lightfoot	0	2	1
Emma Morrell	0	0	6
Margaret Preston	0	3	2
Mary Jane Thompson	0	0	2
Ann Heslop	0	0	10
Margaret Murray	0	1	10
William Garanieu	0	0	2
Ann Watson	0	2	7
Mary Ann Stahler	0	3	5
Joseph Newcome	0	0	8
Alfred Rymer	0	1	0
Thomas Pattison	0	1	5
Emma Hodgson	0	2	0
Elizabeth Graham	0	3	0
Mary Bygate	0	4	6
Joseph Pattison	0	1	8
Alan Macadam	0	3	5
Henry Knott	0	0	10
Jane Wood	0	2	4
Mary Ann Reid	0	3	6

By Children attending the Chapel—			
Francis J. Common	0	10	0
Emma J. Common	0	10	0
George Graham	0	4	0
Donald Graham	0	3	0

Edward Oliver	0	5	8
<b>Dawlish, Sunday School</b>	0	11	5

**Deal.**

Amelia Hayward	0	1	0
Mary Steed	0	3	1
Ann Chitty	0	4	3
Elizabeth Baker	0	2	6
Ann Clayson	0	0	4
Clara Hayward	0	2	6
Elizabeth Sutton	0	5	9
Ann Weston	0	0	10
Eliza Adams	0	3	4
Sarah Marsh	0	1	3
Ann Weston	0	0	6
Jane Broad	0	0	8
Delia James	0	0	6
Mary Hughes	0	1	8
Elizabeth Archer	0	1	0
Sarah Mantle	0	0	6
Caroline Stunt	0	0	6
Sarah Weston	0	1	6
Sarah Redoul	0	0	5
Jane Cavell	0	0	4
Rebecca Friend	0	1	2
Ellen Parker	0	0	10
Maria Knight	0	0	7
Sarah Atteraul	0	0	6
Harriet Durban	0	2	6
Mary Chandler	0	3	7
Caroline Norris	0	0	6
Mary A. James	0	2	7
Eliza Jarvis	0	0	4
Catharine Hougham	0	1	1
Elizabeth Goldstone	0	2	0
Kate West	0	0	5
Elizabeth West	0	3	0
James Craig	0	5	9
Wilberforce Vincent	0	2	10
Henry Elgar	0	2	0
Richard Simmons	0	1	0
James Holborn	0	1	10
William Newby	0	1	0
Robert Hood	0	2	6
James Hawkesfield	0	2	4
Thomas Jarvis	0	1	6
Small sums under 4d.	0	3	8

Exs. 6d.; 3l. 15s. 1d.

**Deddington.**

Collected by—			
Eliza East	0	2	6
Mary Wells	0	3	11
Selina Lovell	0	7	2
Selina Jones	0	7	6
Mary Freeman	0	4	5
Martha Parker	0	14	9
Fanny Williams	0	3	4

2l. 3s. 7d.

Denbigh, Swan Lane Sun-			
day School	1	4	8

Deptford (Wills) by Jane			
Borley, J. H. Tizzard, and			
their Schoolmates	1	4	8

	£	s.	d.
Wiley, British School .....	0	2	6

1l. 7s. 2d.

Derby, Victoria Street, Young Men's Bible Class	1	0	0
Diss, per Mr. G. Moore .....	1	2	6

*Dorking.*

West Street Sunday School.			
Girls .....	2	18	6
Boys .....	2	3	2
Infants .....	0	12	9
Master Newby .....	0	11	7
Miss Reeves (School) .....	0	10	2
Miss Higgins .....	0	6	10

7l. 3s.

*Dorington.*

Miss Mary Sankey .....	0	7	7
Miss Davies .....	0	6	6
Master Helghway .....	0	7	0
Masters D. and T. Roberts .....	0	6	0
Master B. Morgan .....	0	4	0
Miss Cloud .....	0	3	11
Miss M. A. Cloud .....	0	4	8

Exs. 4d; 1l. 19s. 4s.

*Dover.**Zion Chapel.  
Juvenile Collection.*

Master Adams .....	0	3	6
Master Bartlett .....	0	3	4
Master Bourn .....	0	2	0
Master Carrier .....	0	0	9
Master Coveney .....	0	4	0
Master Dilks .....	0	3	0
Master Emery .....	0	5	0
Master Faith .....	0	4	4
Master Farmer .....	0	3	8
Master Greenland .....	0	1	2
Master Hunter .....	0	3	5
Master Luckhurst .....	0	2	0
Master May .....	0	2	3
Master Young .....	0	3	0
Miss Abley .....	0	1	6
Miss Adams .....	0	1	11
Miss Cook .....	0	3	9
Miss Coram .....	0	12	10
Miss Grigsby .....	0	7	6
Miss Halke .....	0	4	5
Miss Hanson .....	0	0	11
Miss Hatton .....	0	0	7
Miss Lane .....	0	0	6
Miss Middleton .....	0	6	6
Miss Molland .....	0	1	4
Miss Part .....	0	2	4
Miss Pulling .....	0	2	7
Miss Robins .....	0	5	2
Miss Sharp .....	0	1	10
Miss Simpson .....	1	0	0
Miss Spain .....	0	5	0
Miss Wootton .....	0	4	2
Smaller Sums .....	0	1	5

6l. 6s. 6d.

Dublin, collected by Miss E. Norman .....	1	3	0
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Dudley, by Joseph Greaves Dumfries .....	0	5	7
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Loreburne Sunday School, per Mr. Grogan .....	1	1	0
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*Cards.*

£ s. d.

Miss Gwyther and Miss M. Mackay .....	1	14	6
John Jamieson .....	0	10	2
Jane Shortridge .....	0	10	1
Elizabeth Shaw .....	0	2	6
Isabella McMinn .....	0	1	7
Agnes Hair .....	0	2	7
Margory Forrest .....	0	0	10
Children's Missionary Box .....	0	11	9

4l. 14s. 6d.

Dundee, by Master Alexan- der Smith .....	0	10	6
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*Ealing.**Collected by—*

Albert Standage .....	0	2	3
John Rose .....	0	1	7
Jonathan, George, and Tho- mas Mumford .....	0	5	6
Daniel Besley .....	0	7	0
William Fountain .....	0	8	0
Francis Lawford .....	0	1	11
George Adeney .....	0	10	6
Charles Waylett .....	0	1	11
John Brass .....	0	5	4
Joseph Turner .....	0	2	7
John Wills .....	0	4	7
Thomas Stone .....	0	1	1
John Hitchcock, for his Class .....	0	5	0

*Girls.*

Sarah Walters .....	0	8	8
Rosa and Emma Burgess .....	0	3	0
Anna Rose .....	0	4	2
Jane Wills .....	0	3	3
Sarah and Rebecca Lawrence .....	0	2	9
Ellen Grover .....	0	1	1
Emma Rowles .....	0	3	3
Elizabeth Moore .....	0	1	3
Susan Burroughs .....	0	2	6
Mary Ann Buckman .....	0	1	6
Caroline Waylett .....	0	2	2
Fanny Brass .....	0	3	6
Fanny Bond .....	0	1	4
Matilda Oliver .....	0	1	9
Agnes Blagrove .....	0	0	3
Elizabeth Plumridge .....	0	13	8
Eliza Besley .....	0	6	5
Elizabeth Lawford .....	0	2	6
Fanny Oliver .....	0	3	7
Jane Eliza Banks .....	0	10	0
Jane Walters .....	0	3	9
Fanny Cope .....	0	0	3
Harriet Blagrove .....	0	0	3
Mary Buck .....	0	0	4
Harriet Ruck .....	0	0	7
Fanny Wells .....	0	0	1
Rosa Burgess .....	0	3	2
A. T. .....	0	0	4
Mrs. Moore's young Ladies .....	0	10	0

7l. 13s. 3d.

East Budleigh, Sunday School .....	1	0	0
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# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 73

	£	s.	d.
<i>Elswick, near Garstang.</i>			
Elizabeth Thompson	0	10	6
Wm. and Margaret Beesley	1	0	2
Sarah Sowerbutts	0	10	1
Jane Wainsley	0	5	0
Benjamin Raby	0	2	7
John and Ann Bamber	0	5	0
Mary and Betsy Catterall	0	3	0
Ann and Betsy Kirby	0	5	0
Henry and Mary Strickland	0	3	0
Ann Leeming	0	1	7
Jane and Alice Houghton	0	3	3
Thomas Miller	0	3	0
James and Peter Preston	0	3	7
Deborah Hall	0	1	1
Lezzett Parkinson	0	4	4
Thomas Parkinson	0	2	7
<i>St. 2s. 9d.</i>			

<i>Enfield.</i>			
Baker Street Sunday School.			
Given by the Children	0	2	5
Given by Superintendent 1s. to their every penny	1	0	6
Collected by—			
Thomas Cracknell	0	7	6
William Forster	0	3	0
Benjamin Welch	0	3	0
Maria Cole	0	2	0
George Wingrove	0	2	3
Alfred Welch	0	2	2
Sarah Valender	0	1	6
Charlotte Budd	0	1	0
James Hains	0	1	0
Thomas Lyne	0	1	4
Thomas Hild	0	1	1
The Superintendent's little Boys	0	0	7
<i>St.</i>			

Chase Side Chapel	2	7	10
Eniscorthy, G. E. B.	0	0	0

<i>Erdington.</i>			
Collected by—			
Jane Bellamy	0	5	3
Joseph Benton	0	1	0
Mrs. Blewett	0	4	1
Hannah Clark	0	4	6
Louisa Coton	0	3	0
Mr. Crannage	0	0	0
Francis Dawson	0	1	0
Emma Faulkner	0	2	0
Elmer Gould	0	2	0
Lavinia Gould	0	2	0
Ann Harvey	0	1	8
Henry Heatheote	0	0	4
Mr. Alfred Jeffs	0	1	7
Emma Leisure	0	5	0
Henry Parkes	0	0	1
Elizabeth Shipley	0	4	7
Decimus Taylor	0	2	8
Rita Wilson	0	0	10
Maria Wright	0	0	5
Master C. Yates	0	1	0
Master William Yates	0	1	0
<i>St. 2s. 6d.</i>			

	£	s.	d.
<i>Fareham.</i>			
Collected by—			
A. J. Alexander	0	3	0
Fanny Buckett	0	2	11
Ellen Brook	0	5	2
James Bailey	0	4	0
M. E. Colburn	0	3	3
John Cole	0	1	3
Mary Dewey	0	2	6
James Dore	0	0	10
Miss Franklin	0	4	6
J. M. Faro	0	1	4
J. Foot	0	2	7
James Faro	0	2	2
John Hattin	0	3	2
Sophia Herington	1	5	8
M. A. Kinch	0	7	0
George Newman	0	4	1
Emma Parker	0	1	10
Elizabeth Pack	0	1	11
E. Ransom	0	1	11
Alice Strong	0	2	10
Thomas Smith	0	1	0
Walter Simmons	0	1	0
Sarah Wrapson	0	5	1
Harriett Wrapson	0	15	3
Elizabeth Wrapson	0	3	0
Emma West	0	4	0
Caroline White	0	3	7
George White	0	2	6
<i>St. 10s. 4d.</i>			

<i>Finchingfield.</i>			
Sunday School Children	2	12	0
By Miriam Ward of Ridge- well	0	15	0
<i>St. 7s. 6d.</i>			

<i>Foulsham, by Miss Sarah Cabitt</i>	1	15	0
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<i>Frampton-on-Severn.</i>			
Collected by—			
Ellen Knight	0	10	2
C. and K. French	0	8	7
Ellen Frapce	0	6	4
Alfred Frapce	0	5	10
Elizabeth Vick	0	3	7
Emma Pick	0	1	0
Charles Dunn	0	2	2
Missionary Box	0	12	4
<i>St. 10s.</i>			

<i>Frome, Zion Chapel Sunday School</i>	3	4	6
<i>Gainsborough, Sunday School</i>	3	17	0
<i>Glasgow, Parliamentary Road Sabbath Schools</i>	7	16	3
<i>Gorefield, near Wisbeach, by Miss Woolsey</i>	0	11	3
<i>Gorleston, Sunday School</i>	0	0	0

<i>Great Wakering.</i>			
By Miss S. H. Phair	0	5	0
By Miss E. S. Phair	0	5	0
<i>10s. 4d.</i>			

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
<i>Greenock.</i>		
Collected by—		
Joseph and John Walton ...	2 0 0	Senior Class (Girls) .....
Margaret Longwill .....	1 3 0	Second Class do. ....
Abigail Low, two Cards .....	1 1 6	Third do. do. ....
Robert Hamilton .....	1 1 0	Fourth do. do. ....
Helen Rougie, two Cards ...	0 18 0	Sixth do. do. ....
George Houston .....	0 17 6	Eighth do. do. ....
William Moffat .....	0 7 1	Louisa Saunders .....
Mary Ferguson .....	0 5 0	Wm. Dodd .....
Jessie Campbell .....	0 5 0	
Missionary Boxes .....	0 18 11	5l. 10s.
	8l. 17s.	
<i>Guernsey, Eldad Sunday</i>		
<i>School, less Premium .....</i>	1 9 10	
<i>Hales Owen.</i>		
Miss Granger .....	0 4 5	
Sarah Smith .....	0 1 3	
David Jones .....	0 3 5	
Sarah Ann Jones .....	0 6 7	
Maria Hall .....	0 7 0	
Girls' School .....	1 13 2	
Mr. Rose's Boys .....	0 2 2	
Sarah Coley .....	0 1 9	
Elizabeth Adams .....	0 1 0	
Boys' School .....	1 10 0	
John Outler .....	0 3 9	
Mr. Harris, Sen. ....	0 10 0	
Mr. Harris, Jun. ....	0 2 6	
Mr. Bullers .....	0 3 6	
Mr. Whatmore .....	0 3 3	
Aquilla Moon .....	0 1 2	
Mrs. Harris .....	0 5 0	
Mr. Rose .....	0 6 7	
Miss Wakeman .....	0 5 7	
	Exs. 5s.; 6l. 6s. 8d.	
<i>Halifax, by Samuel Binns</i>	1 3 0	
<i>Halstead, High Street Sun-</i>		
<i>School .....</i>	4 0 0	
<i>Harrold.</i>		
Collected by—		
Misses Louisa and Julia	0 18 0	
Allen .....	0 17 2	
Misses Elizabeth and		
Eleanor Fever .....	0 17 2	
	1l. 15s. 2d.	
<i>Hartlepool Sunday School</i>	2 6 0	
<i>Hartshill Juvenile Collec-</i>		
<i>tion .....</i>	1 14 0	
<i>Hawick Second Congrega-</i>		
<i>tional Church School .....</i>	0 8 3	
<i>Hertford.</i>		
Cowbridge Sunday School.		
Wm. Crane .....	0 4 2	
James Gates .....	0 3 3	
George Saunders .....	0 3 0	
Wm. King .....	0 3 0	
R. & H. Hill .....	0 4 10	
Henry Thake .....	0 1 10	
Mary and Louisa Cannon ..	0 2 4	
George Thake .....	0 2 5	
Ann Durgan .....	0 3 5	
<i>High Wycombe.</i>		
Crendon Lane, after an Ad-		
dress by Mr. S. Williams	4 6 6	
Trinity Chapel Sunday		
School .....	2 0 0	
West Wycombe Sunday		
School .....	1 0 0	
	7l. 6s. 6d.	
<i>Hockliffe and Eggington.</i>		
Richard Hack .....	0 3 11	
G. & S. A. Bird .....	0 1 14	

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 75

	£	s.	d.
George Inwards	0	1	6
Charlotte Ludgate	0	3	2
Emma Bandy	0	2	3
Ann Turnbull	0	2	0
Elizabeth Mitchell	0	2	0
Ellen Rickett	0	1	5
Sarah Edwards	0	5	3
M. A. Stevens	0	5	0
Emma Hobbs	0	1	2
Ann Mead	0	1	1

1*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.*

## Hoddesdon.

Sunday School	6	0	0
Mosale Tonge	0	5	0

6*l.* 5*s.*

## Huntly. Collections.

Chapel School	1	3	6
Southwell School	0	15	0
Minor School	0	7	0
Brass of Gartly School	0	12	0
Ann Geddes	0	10	8
Jane McGregor	0	8	1
John McKrae	0	5	4
Mellen Wilson	0	5	4

4*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.*

## by Miss L.

McPhail	0	10	9
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## Jedburgh.

Collected by the Children of the Free Church School	2	19	6
Ditto, Independent School	5	0	0
Blackfriars United Presby- terian School	6	2	0

Exs. 9*d.*; 14*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.*

## Kenilworth.

Collected by—			
Webb and William Moss	0	11	0
M. A. Richards and A. Bod- dington	0	10	1
Miss Russell	0	8	0
Webb and P. Cooke	0	7	10
H. Gumbley and R. Page	0	5	10
Neale and T. Holland	0	4	2
Laurence and T. Jordan	0	5	4
Paerton and J. Smith	0	3	0

Exs. 6*d.*; 2*l.* 14*s.*

## Kettering.

Collected by the Girls	3	16	8
Ditto, Boys	1	10	0
Mr. G.W.'s Class Ditto	0	10	0

5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

## Kilmarnock.

Collected by—			
Jane M'Fie	0	7	6
Elizabeth Laughland	0	5	7
Nancy E. Henderson	0	10	0
Friends	0	3	10

1*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.*

Ringwood near Wotton			
Under Edge	5	1	0

## Lapford and Stations.

Lapford, Richard John			
Corke	0	14	0

## Morchard Bishop.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Wreford	0	6	10
Thomas Mortimer	6	5	0
Ellen Edwards	0	4	0
Philip Greenslade	0	2	0
Caroline Tucker	0	2	3
Jane Tucker	0	1	9
Charlotte Tucker	0	1	5
John Gleanfield	0	0	8

## Bosc.

Mary Ann How	0	1	0
Mary Bowden	0	1	0
Ann Clemet	0	1	0
Mary Brawn	0	1	0
Susan Heard	0	0	10
Ann Cockram	0	0	5
M. Powsland and W. Jack- man	0	0	7
Holcombe, Miss A. Darch	0	13	3

Exs. 9*d.*; 2*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*

## Leamington.

### Collected by—

John White	0	15	10
James Knibb	0	10	6
James Wyatt	0	8	8
Charles Ellis	0	10	0
George Gilbert	0	5	6
Alfred Butler	0	3	0
William Ball	0	2	10

3*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*

## Ledbury.

### Collected by—

Anne Mary Burden	1	4	0
Harriet Bill	0	5	0
Sarah Bill	0	4	0
Elizabeth Wargent	0	2	0
Caroline Purnell	0	2	0
Emma Gurney	0	1	0
Mary Anne Phillips	0	0	8
Harriet Davis	0	0	10
Sarah Shead	0	0	6

2*l.*

Leeds, by Benjamin M. Hood	0	10	0
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## Linlithgow.

### Collected by—

Jane Gillon	0	17	8
Martha Tegg	0	5	1
George Watt	0	4	4
William Melkie	0	7	8
Margaret Sommerville	0	5	0
Jessie B. Burns	0	12	6
William Law	0	7	0
Hugh A. Webster	0	7	0
William Young	0	8	7
William Ramsay	0	10	0
James Nimmo	0	15	2
Miss Abercromby	0	15	3
Agnes Nimmo	0	10	0

6*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*

Linton, Sunday School	0	10	6
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Liskeard, per Mr. Snell	1	0	0
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		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
<b>Little Baddow.</b>					
Collected by—			Miss Andrews, Louth		0 7 0
Ann White	0	3 4	Miss Hewson, Marsh Chapel		0 3 0
Ada Balls	0	1 8	Miss Nicholson, Louth		0 3 9
Lucy Edwards	0	1 8	Misses M. G. and E. Smith		3 11 0
Mary Maddocks	0	1 8	Cannon Street Sunday School.		
Anna Voce	0	2 4	1st Class—Boys.		
H. Forster	0	2 7	Cards.		
Stephen Scotchman	0	2 10	Mr. Goy		0 2 0
Rosetta Everett	0	1 9	Christopher Walker		0 0 8
Emma Smith	0	2 6	2nd Class.		
Abigail Campion	0	2 0	Mr. Colbridge		0 4 0
Mary Lewrie	0	4 5	Richard Wilkinson		0 1 0
Julia Sorrell	0	2 1	Thomas Rennison		0 1 8
H. J. Sorrell	0	1 0	John Lancaster		0 0 7
Mary West	0	3 0	3rd Class.		
Sarah Joice	0	1 3	Mr. O. Owen		0 3 0
Mary A. Smith	0	1 7	Alfred Plaskett		0 3 0
Fanny Young	0	1 8	Samuel Mawer		0 2 8
Josiah Holland	0	3 6	Elias Mason		0 1 8
Harriet Lucking	0	2 10	4th Class.		
William Marsh	0	1 0	Mr. Walkerley		0 3 8
George Smith	0	1 8	Charles Mitchell		0 0 10
Ellen Hills	0	2 6	5th Class.		
George D. Voce	1	6 9	Mr. J. Norton		0 3 10
Mary Lucking	0	1 8	Edwin Mason		0 1 0
<b>3l. 17s. 8d.</b>			1st Class—Girls.		
<b>Liverpool.</b> Collected by			Cards.		
Samuel Prankerd Hodgson	1	12 0	Miss J. Gray		1 0 8
Llanbadangareg	0	6 6	Emily Carter		0 12 0
<b>Llandegla.</b>			Ann Basford		0 5 0
By Mary Evans	0	12 0	H. M. Overton		0 4 0
By Jane Williams	0	8 0	Sarah Green		0 4 0
<b>1l.</b>			Elizabeth Mawer		0 3 0
<b>Llangattock Sunday School</b>			Jane Shearsmith		0 2 0
and Friends	2	17 6	Fanny Crow		0 1 12
<b>Leng Melford.</b>			2nd Class.		
Mary Claydon	0	18 3	Misses Lindsey and Fell		0 18 8
Eleanor Chater	0	18 7	E. Christian		0 1 1
John England	0	7 1	S. A. Schofield		0 7 3
George Claydon	0	7 1	Emily Bingham		0 1 0
M. Hammond	0	5 0	Susannah Waite		0 4 1
E. Salter	0	3 7	Emma Tuxworth		0 1 0
Agnes Burgess	0	3 3	Rebecca Veal		0 1 3
R. Theobald	0	3 3	3rd Class.		
Sunday School, &c.	0	13 5	Miss C. Gelsthorpe		0 3 1
4l., including 3l. 18s. 6d. acknowledged last month			Elizabeth Rowe		0 4 1
<b>Lostwithiel, by George Collins</b>			Annie Sugden		0 1 1
	0	5 0	M. A. Hickling		0 0 8
<b>Louth.</b>			Alice Jackson		0 3 0
Collected by—			4th Class.		
Master Colbridge	1	10 0	Miss Forman		1 1 0
Master F. Gray	0	18 0	Elizabeth Johnson		0 1 0
Master Burdett	0	10 0	Emily Flint		0 1 0
Master Bywater	0	7 7	Jane Colbeck		0 1 0
Master Hicks	0	4 0	Sarah A. Green		0 1 4
Master Sutton	0	4 0	5th Class.		
Masters C. and S. Smith	1	12 10	Miss Snowshall		0 8 8
Master J. Theodore Barker	0	5 0	Sarah Bradstreet		0 0 8
Miss Sharpley, Acthorpe	2	11 0	Emma Colbeck		0 0 8
Miss M. Sharpley, Carlton	0	16 6	Mary Pickwell		0 0 8
Miss Chapman, Reddington	0	10 0	6th Class.		
			Miss L. Flowers		0 4 0

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 77

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
<b>7th Class.</b>		<b>Middlesborough.</b>	
Miss E. Geilthorpe	0 7 0	Elizabeth Richardson	0 0 2
237. 8s. 3d.		Martha Brant and J. A. Jones	0 0 10
<b>Macclesfield.</b>		M. A. Paterson	0 1 8
Roe Street.		Elizabeth Lambert	0 3 0
Collected by young Friends	10 2 7	Betsy Stonehouse	0 0 5
Miss at Bollington	0 12 8	M. J. Hill	0 4 0
Miss in Sabbath School	1 7 8	Fanny Davis	0 2 8
127. 2s. 6d.		Mary A. Andrews	0 3 2
<b>Maidenhead.</b>		Isabella Richardson	0 1 0
National Sunday School	7 2 8	Sophia Cox	0 0 7
<b>Maidstone.</b>		Mary Gillespie	0 1 3
Collected by—		J. E. Winch	0 0 6
Master Chas. Henry Brown	1 0 0	William Jordan	0 1 10
Misses Dadds	3 0 0	William Hewetson	0 1 8
Miss Hoadly	2 0 0	Edward Oldfield	0 1 7
Miss Woodlands	0 8 0	J. Roberts	0 0 1
Miss Crossfield	0 6 0	N. Skilton	0 0 0
Miss Stonestreet	0 5 1	Other Parties	0 6 8
Mrs. Harding	0 1 10	14. 11s. 3d.	
Mr. Barrow	0 3 0	<b>Minster (Isle of Sheppy).</b>	
Mr. Sawyer	0 2 6	Bethel Sunday School	0 15 0
Children in Girl's Sunday School	1 10 3	Mitcheidean, by Children	0 3 7
Miss Boys' ditto	1 3 4	<b>Mold.</b>	
107. 10s.		Collected by—	
<b>Malpas.</b>		Margaret Roberts	0 10 5
Collected by—		Elizabeth Harrison	0 7 7
William Bailey	0 12 6	Anne Williams	0 3 4
Elizabeth Lanceby	0 10 0	Maria Powell	0 4 0
John Lee	0 0 4	Margaret Roden	0 3 0
Josephus Harris	0 4 0	Anne Roberts	0 0 0
Mary Elizabeth Stockton	0 5 0	Mary E. Needham	0 3 7
Mary Ann Stant	0 4 0	Miriam Jones	0 1 7
Martha Harris	0 4 0	Sarah Jones	0 1 6
Federick Stant	0 3 7	Amelia Tatwin	0 2 3
John Reeves	0 0 7	Elizabeth Foulkes	0 3 6
Frances Hughes	0 1 8	Elizabeth Roberts	0 0 0
John Reeves	0 1 0	Margaret Williams	0 3 2
24. 15s. 8d.		Oliver Jones	0 2 0
<b>Culliton, Sabbath School.</b>		Oliver Edwards	0 2 10
	0 18 0	Evan Owens	0 2 6
<b>Manchester.</b>		Edward V. Jones	0 1 0
O. N.	1 0 0	Emma Edwards	0 6 0
Ark Chapel Sunday School	7 1 6	Mary Ellen Williams	0 1 8
<b>Richmond Road.</b>		Bella Edwards	0 0 2
Collected by Master Gerard		William Williams	0 2 7
Ford	1 0 0	Adam Jones	0 2 6
Mrs. Lipscomb (D.)	0 5 0	John Griffiths	0 2 10
Sabbath School Children	4 11 6	Josiah Davies	0 6 0
54. 16s. 6d.		David Jones	0 2 5
<b>Mere.</b>		Harriet Oldfield	0 3 0
Collected by—		Elizabeth Edwards	0 0 0
Federick Baverstock	1 3 8	Jemima Hughes	0 1 8
Fanny Cross	1 1 1	Alfred Jones	0 1 6
Woodland Erlebach	1 3 1	Margaret Jones	0 1 7
Mary Godwin	0 4 0	"Cefn Bithel," and Frac-	
M. Pitt Hart	0 0 3	tions	0 3 10
Alan Lander	1 0 7	54. 5s.	
Henrie Maidment	1 8 7	Philadelphia Sunday School	0 11 0
Miss Toy	0 7 0	Mounmouth Sunday School	1 0 0
Miss Woodland	1 0 6	Montrose, Waterside Sab-	
74. 10s. 3d.		bath School	0 9 0
		Moore Green, ditto	0 5 0

<i>Nailsea.</i>	£ s. d.
Collected by—	
M. A. Bolwell .....	0 2 4
Rhoda Baker .....	0 4 0
Elizabeth Tucker .....	0 3 8
Mercy Cook .....	0 7 3
Abigail Hyatt .....	0 3 9
Anna Morris .....	0 2 0
Ellen Balwell .....	0 7 6
John Hardwick .....	0 1 5
Charles Balwell .....	0 1 4
Hezekiah Harvey .....	0 0 10
Edwin Button .....	0 1 0
Frederick Barnett .....	0 1 8
John Silverthorn .....	0 2 0

17. 18s. 9d.

<i>Narberth</i> , additional .....	0 1 0
<i>Newark</i> , by Mrs. Jackson's Children .....	0 10 0

<i>Newcastle Emlyn.</i>	
By Thomas and Edwin Williams .....	0 3 6
Esther Williams .....	0 3 7
Elizabeth Williams .....	1 5 11

17. 13s.

<i>Newport (Gloster).</i>	
Missionary Box .....	0 3 11
Collected by—	
E. A. Fowler .....	0 4 3
Hannah Lewis .....	0 2 3
Daniel Lewis .....	0 0 9
Harriet Wilks .....	0 0 7
Hannah Barnfield .....	0 0 3
Miss S. and J. Evans .....	0 1 0

13s.

<i>Newry</i> , by Cards .....	1 17 0
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<i>North Walsham.</i>	
Collected by—	
Frederick Cooper .....	0 7 8
William Doughty .....	0 7 8
Susan Peck .....	0 6 8
M. A. Sewell .....	0 6 0
M. Cork .....	0 5 0
George Cooper .....	0 5 6
A. Larner .....	0 2 9
E. Dixon .....	0 3 6
Jane Slap .....	0 1 8
Elizabeth Gay .....	0 1 8
B. S. .....	0 0 4

27. 8s.

<i>Norwich.</i>	
Tabernacle.	
Collected by Sarah Shorter .....	0 4 0
Sunday School Children .....	0 3 10
A Friend .....	0 1 8

10s.

<i>Oban.</i>	
Collected by—	
Mary Henderson .....	1 3 3
Duncan McCorquodall .....	0 12 2

17. 15s. 5d.

<i>Oldham</i> , Hope Street School .....	3 10 0
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<i>Ollerton.</i>	£ s. d.
Collected by—	
Betsy Hughes .....	0 10 0
Martha Straker .....	0 7 7

17s. 7d.

<i>Ottery St. Mary.</i>	
Collected by Miss J. Littley .....	0 12 8
Sunday School and Bible Classes .....	1 2 8
Donations .....	0 5 4

27.

<i>Over.</i>	
Collected by—	
Eliza Bracegirdle .....	0 1 9
Ann Hamblett .....	0 0 8
Harriett Hamblett .....	0 2 2
Matilda Latham .....	0 0 11
Ellen Bebbington .....	0 2 0
Jane Sandbach .....	0 9 8
Janet Young .....	0 2 1
Anne Vernon .....	0 2 1
Ellen Rigby .....	0 0 8
John Blackhurst .....	0 2 8
John Jackson .....	0 2 8
Edwin Arrowsmith .....	0 1 8
Richard Arrowsmith .....	0 1 1
Henry Baker .....	0 1 8
James Ledwards .....	0 0 8
John and Thomas Court .....	0 4 8
Benjamin Mellor .....	0 3 8
Robert Whitby .....	0 1 8
Herbert Hodgkinson .....	0 6 12
John Wood .....	0 7 7
Joseph Finney .....	0 0 7
John Henry Billington .....	0 1 1

27.

<i>Pain's Hill.</i>	
Collected by—	
Annie Burley .....	0 3 8
Sarah Tamplin .....	0 3 8
Fanny Benson .....	0 3 8
Ellen Canfield .....	0 3 8
Mary Ann Gorham .....	0 4 8
Elizabeth Hoad .....	0 3 8
Ann Brann .....	0 1 3
Kate Outtrim .....	0 2 8
Mary Best .....	0 2 7
Henry Steer .....	0 3 8
Thomas Bustace Heason .....	0 4 8
James Steer .....	0 3 8

£ s. d.; 27. 4s. 2d.

<i>Pembroke, by Master Ing-</i>	
<i>ham.</i> .....	0 4 8

<i>Pembroke.</i>	
Tabernacle.	
Collected by—	
Ellen Mary Trewant .....	1 2 8
M. Perkins .....	0 4 8
Charlotte Miller .....	0 3 8
M. A. Truscott .....	0 1 8
Martha Thomas .....	0 3 1
Sarah James .....	0 1 8
Ellen Phillips .....	0 2 1
Martha Jones .....	0 0 8
William Tracy .....	0 3 8

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 79

	£	s.	d.
Thomas Bowen	0	4	7
Mark Simon	0	5	10
Thomas Simon	0	2	6
Francis Davies	0	3	2
Andrew Nishett	0	2	4
Thomas Jones (1st)	0	1	7
Thomas Jones (2nd)	0	0	3
Francis Tracy	0	0	10
John Jenkins	0	2	8
Henry Williams	0	0	7
James Cole	0	2	1
John James	0	1	0
Lavinia	0	1	4
<b>3l. 16s.</b>			

## Penygroes.

Collected by—			
Thomas Evans, Nantyr-			
Idygen	0	3	3
Simon Picton, Mnesgwyn	0	4	5
Melchior Evans, Tyddyn	0	0	0
<b>16s. 8d.</b>			

Pedersfield, Sunday School	0	4	0
Plas Breton, by Arthur			
Turner	0	14	0

Pontyberem, near Llanelli	0	7	8
Chapel Stion	0	6	4
<b>Exs. 7d.; 13s.</b>			

## Poole.

Sunday School Teachers			
and Scholars, deposited in			
a Model Ship of the "John			
Williams" Jan. 6, 1856	4	7	11
Bowe Sunday School	0	10	0
Parkstone ditto	1	1	3
<b>5l. 19s. 2d.</b>			

## Portsmouth.

Highbury Sunday School.			
Lonin Matthews	0	0	10
Henry Wheeler	0	2	2
Harry Wright	0	0	10
Henry Drew	0	1	1
Helen Wright	0	0	5
Fanny Calcott	0	2	6
Sophia Boar	0	0	6
Fanny Bishop	0	0	6
Jane Jenkins	0	0	3
Ann Ferrell	0	0	10
Henrietta Cobden	0	2	4
Alice Rogers	0	1	4
Mary and Jesse Scott	0	2	0
Mary Ann Nash	0	2	1
Matilda Newman	0	1	0
Emma Hayward	0	0	10
Mary Ann Windsor	0	1	1
Eliza Martin	0	2	3
Kate Wright	0	1	4
Elmer Bishop	0	1	8
Harriett Drew	0	1	8
<b>Exs. 8d.; 1l. 6s. 10d.</b>			

Prestonkirk Free Church			
Sabbath School	1	1	0

## Ramsgate.

Collected by—			
Miss Dubois	0	12	0
Miss Maxted	0	5	0
Miss Friend's Class, part of	0	7	6
Miss S. A. Apps	0	4	6
Miss E. Hayly	0	4	0
Elizabeth Crump	0	7	8
Jane and E. Austen	0	5	6
Jane White	0	8	0
Frances Norris	0	3	1
Emma Doewra	0	3	4
Lucy Miller	0	3	0
Caroline Bailey	0	2	10
Phoebe Martin	0	2	10
Eliza Martin	0	2	8
Ann Hunter	0	3	3
Eliza Dunt	0	2	1
Margaret Friend	0	2	0
Clara May	0	2	8
Ann W. Hinds	0	2	0
Jane Hinds	0	2	0
Ann Bing	0	2	3
Maria Ratcliff	0	2	0
Jane Warden	0	2	0
Sarah A. Barnes	0	1	3
Sarah Stockley	0	1	6
Mary Jane Bennett	0	1	3
Louisa Adams	0	1	2
Mary A. Miller	0	1	6
Mary Westley	0	1	6
Cyrus Fox	0	10	0
Timothy Head	0	10	10
William Blackburn	0	10	1
Fred. and R. Bennett	0	5	7
Henry Bevis	0	5	0
William Foat	0	4	8
James A. Powell	0	4	3
George Bushell	0	3	7
Herbert Hunter	0	3	6
George English	0	3	3
Edwin Bing	0	1	6
Joseph Goldfinch	0	1	10
William Patching	0	1	6
Richard Smith	0	1	5
John Gore	0	1	2
A Friend	0	1	2
Charles Patteson	0	1	1
Smaller Sums	0	5	0
Donations	0	1	6
<b>9l. 4s.</b>			

## Reach, near Newmarket.

Mr. John Mason	0	5	0
Mrs. Jane Mason	0	2	0
John Mason, jun.	0	1	0
Henry Mason	0	1	0
Maria Mason	0	0	6
Jane Mason, jun.	0	1	0
Sarah A. Mason	0	1	0
Collected by Henry Mason	0	12	0
Teachers and Children	1	1	0
<b>1l. 13s. 6d.</b>			

## Redcar.

Collected by—			
Ranford Adamson	0	10	4
Margaret Clark	0	4	2

	£	s.	d.
Sarah Ann Rountrees.....	0	3	4
Margaret Bilton.....	0	3	0
17. 0s. 10d.			

Rhayader Sunday School... 2 17 0

### Rhynie.

Collected—			
George Stuart, M. Dixon, and Charles McAdam.....	0	19	0
David Horn and James Bremner.....	0	8	7
Margaret Horn, Ruth Bremner, and Isaac Dun- can.....	0	5	6
Elizabeth Pirie.....	0	13	6
Wm. Maconachie's Class...	0	5	7
Elizabeth Fleming's Class...	0	7	6

### Essie School.

Ann Proctor.....	0	7	7
Isabel Cruickshank, and Ann Bremner.....	0	2	10
Isabel Grant.....	0	1	8
W. Shearer's Class.....	0	4	7
Helen Henderson's Class...	0	2	9
Isabel Mortimer's Class.....	0	1	1

### Tollockley School.

Mary Johnston.....	0	7	0
James Cormack.....	0	6	3

### Clatt School.

Alexander Smith.....	0	13	0
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### Cairndaird School.

Elizabeth Law.....	0	5	0
57. 11s. 6d.			

Richmond, additional.....	0	4	7
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### Ringwood.

Ebenezer Juvenile Dorcas Society.....	0	10	0
Ditto Sunday School.....	1	0	8
17. 10s. 8d.			

Ross, Sunday School.....	1	11	0
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Rotherham, Juvenile Society	0	15	0
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### Roydon.

Per Rev. W. C. Frith.....	1	9	6
Sarah L. Pamphilon.....	0	3	0
Emily Ann Pamphilon.....	0	2	9
John S. Pamphilon.....	0	2	9
17. 18s.			

### Ruthin.

Welch Independent Church, Wells Street.....	0	19	0
From Friends.....	0	19	0

Collected by—			
Miss Anne Maria Roberts...	0	7	10
Miss Jane Madocks.....	0	4	4
Miss Laura Parry.....	0	1	8
Miss Elizabeth Hughes.....	0	1	6
Exs. 4d.; 17. 14s. 6d.			

### St. Alban's.

Collected by—			
Miss Cherry.....	1	1	3
Miss J. Ironmonger.....	1	5	9
Miss Allin.....	0	6	2

G. and M. Munro.....	0	19	0
Miss Selkirk.....	0	7	0
Master Robert M'Caw.....	0	13	0
Senior Class (Girls).....	0	12	0
Senior Class (Boys).....	1	1	0
Small Sums.....	1	6	0
77. 7s.			

### Selby.

Master B. P. Coulson.....	1	2	0
Sabbath Scholars.....	2	7	0
31. 0s.			

Settle, by the children.....	0	7	0
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Sheffield, by J. B. Bradshaw	0	12	0
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### Shrewsbury.

#### Swan Hill Chapel.

Collected by—			
Miss Ralphs.....	0	12	0
Misses M. A. and E. Evans	7	7	0
Misses E. and R. Muir.....	0	12	0
Eliza Edwards.....	0	11	7
Sarah Jones and M. Evans	0	8	0
Sarah Bostock.....	0	3	0
Mr. Gardon.....	0	7	0
Mr. D. Davies.....	0	8	0
W. and J. Franklin.....	0	11	0
J. and W. James.....	0	3	0
C. E. Nicholls.....	1	0	0
Mr. W. McKenzie.....	0	18	0
Mr. D. K. Smith.....	0	7	0
Mary Humphreys.....	0	5	0

### "Newton-on-the-Hill"

Collected by—			
Mr. W. H. Bickerton jun.....	0	11	0
Miss C. B. Bickerton.....	0	12	0
Miss Ellen Fox.....	0	12	0
Miss Hannah Fox.....	0	3	0
Miss Emma Fox.....	0	7	0
Odd copper sent.....	0	0	0
Exs. 8d.; 147. 5s. 4d.			

Sleaford, Sunday School.....	0	17	0
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### Southampton.

Albion Chapel Sunday School.....	0	13	0
Collected by Miss M. W. Parker.....	0	12	0
Collected by Master C. W. Yonge.....	1	19	0

### Stafford.

Sunday School girls.....	1	6	0
Ditto, boys.....	1	13	0
87. 4s. 6d.			

Staines.....	0	13	0
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### Stambourn.

Collected by—			
Sarah Metson.....	0	10	0
Herbert Spurgeon.....	0	13	0
17. 4s.			

### Stamford.

Collected by—			
Mary Clarke.....	0	2	0
Harriet Dixon.....	0	4	0

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 81

	£ s. d.
Elizabeth Islip	0 2 10
Helen Tebbutt	0 1 2
Elizabeth Bassendine	0 0 9
Annie Whitehead	0 1 0
Sarah Fisher	0 1 8
Elizabeth Waterfield	0 3 0
Helina Broughton	0 2 10
Emma Chesterton	0 1 9
Mary Jane Roberts	0 1 1
Elizabeth Luke	0 0 0
Emily Green	0 8 1
Emma Thompson	0 2 5
Sarah Winney	0 1 0
Harriet Cole	0 1 0
Helen Ashley	0 1 6
Emma Living	0 1 0
Rhoda Jones	0 1 5
Mary Jones	0 0 6
Mary Brewster	0 3 6
Emma Studwell	0 1 0
Charlotte Sanders	0 2 1
Sarah Johnston	0 2 1
James Brown	0 4 0
Joseph Luke	0 4 6
John Hasson	0 9 0
Henry Chesterton	0 2 0
William Roberts	0 0 7
Morris Rookaby	0 0 7
Mrs. Green	0 1 0
Henry Jones	0 1 2
John Lake	0 3 1
Robert Christian	0 1 5
John Henson	0 3 7
Arthur Broughton	0 4 0
William Dawson	0 7 4
John Kirby	0 1 10
Joseph Landall	0 0 8
Smaller Sums	0 2 1

Exs. 7d.; 5l. 2s. 7d.

Winstead, (Essex)	0 16 10
Winstead, (Herts) by Henry	
Blackaby	0 9 0
Winstead, Sunday School	4 7 11
Winstead, Tabernacle Sun-	
day School	2 0 4
Winstead-upon-Trent, Sunday	
School	2 2 4

## Stonemarket.

Combs Sunday School.	
John Southgate	0 3 0
Harriet Fryke	0 1 2
John Hammond	0 1 1
John Southgate	0 4 0
William Wright	0 0 0
Robert Airey	0 1 8
Mary Webb	0 9 5
Esther Webb	0 9 2

1l. 10s. 6d.

Tonham Sunday School	1 17 2
Winstead, Trinity Chapel	1 4 0
Winstead, Bethamias Sun-	
day School	2 4 4

	£ s. d.
<i>Teignmouth.</i>	
Collected by—	
Master and Miss Slater	1 0 6
Miss England and Miss F.	
Beater	0 8 10
Charley and Fanny Mus-	
grave	0 10 2
Robert Musgrave	0 10 2

## Classes.

Miss C. Barber	1 8 8
Miss Wreyford	0 6 10
Miss Gifford	0 8 1
Miss Hunt	0 3 1
Miss Maries	0 4 8
Miss L. Walker and Miss	
C. Hine	0 8 1
Miss Stoneman and Miss	
Carter	0 2 5
Miss Warren and Miss Sim-	
mons	0 1 2
Hannah Stoneman	0 1 8
Ellen Godfrey	0 2 8
Elizabeth Godfrey and Cooma	0 1 4
Mr. Dallyn	0 8 10
Mr. Clapp and Potter	0 1 7
Mr. Croot	0 6 7
Master Hine	0 1 8

7l. 1s.

Tenby, Tabernacle Sunday	
School	4 0 0

## Terling.

Collected by—	
Miss Smith	0 18 10
Miss H. Cousins	0 15 6

Exs. 4d.; 1l. 14s.

## Thaxted.

Collected by—	
Miss E. Reynolds	2 0 0
Miss M. Starling	1 2 0
Miss E. Tanner	0 12 9
Miss L. Tyler	1 0 3
Master W. Cornell	0 10 0
Master Moss	0 2 9
Sabbath School	0 15 6

6l. 8s. 6d.

## Thetford.

Collected by—	
Miss Fison	0 4 8
Miss Woodrow	0 7 6
Miss Battal	0 3 2
Miss Brown	0 2 6
Miss Finch	0 3 6
Miss Watson	0 1 0
Miss Thompson	0 4 3
Mr. Puttick	0 3 7
Mr. J. Clarke	0 2 0
Mr. Springall	0 2 0
Master Harvey	0 3 8

1l. 17s. 10d.

## Thornbury.

Collected by—	
Jesse Pullen	0 7 10
George Edwards	0 6 6

	£	s.	d.
Edwin Williams .....	0	3	7
Thomas Birt .....	0	2	6
John Royals .....	0	1	8
Elizabeth Heal .....	0	1	8
Clementina Roberts .....	0	1	8
Emily Williams .....	0	1	6
Ellen Luster .....	0	1	6
Priscilla Thomas .....	0	1	5
Mary Ann Barner .....	0	0	10
	11.	10s.	8d.

*Thurstone.*

Collected by—			
Thomas Mather .....	0	2	0
Elizabeth Woodcock .....	0	1	2
Risdon Darracott Woodcock .....	0	7	10
Hannah Woodcock .....	0	1	4
Arthur Moorhouse .....	0	5	0
Harriet Newell Woodcock .....	0	2	1
William Henry Moorhouse .....	0	7	9
	11.	7s.	2d.

<i>Topsham, Sunday School ...</i>	2	5	1
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*Torrington.*

Collected by—			
Mary Buckpitt .....	0	15	0
William Eastmond .....	0	4	6
Sarah Gunn .....	0	5	0
John Jackson .....	0	2	9
E. A. Cocks .....	0	2	6
Susan Pettie .....	0	2	10
Henry Handford .....	0	2	6
John W. Cocks .....	0	2	6
John Bowden .....	0	2	0
Emma Bastard .....	0	1	6
William Lake .....	0	1	0
Emma Fry .....	0	0	7
John Toms .....	0	0	4
	21.	8s.	

*Totton and Netley Marsh.*

Collected by—			
Thomas Larnson .....	0	5	0
Alfred Caton .....	0	4	0
Alfred Lott .....	0	0	8
Martha Moody .....	0	1	1
Martha Watts .....	0	1	0
Emma Lowe .....	0	0	6
Maria Larnson .....	0	0	6
Jane Hunt .....	0	3	4
Matilda Weaver .....	0	3	7
Mary Olding .....	0	1	5
William Watts .....	0	15	6
Mrs. Anthony .....	3	11	1
James Boaze .....	0	0	7
Alfred Hickman .....	0	0	5
Charles Hickman .....	0	0	7
Master Fletcher .....	0	8	10
H. and S. Martin .....	0	5	8
Louisa Gilbert .....	0	3	1
George Judd .....	0	0	3
A Friend .....	0	0	10
Ann Light .....	0	0	0
	31.	13s.	10d.

*Tunbridge Wells.*

Collected by—			
Masters W. H. and C. A. Lyon .....	3	0	0

Sunday School Children .....	1	7s.	
Miss Kate Baker, <i>Pembury</i> .....	1	0	
<i>Tuttie's Village, Sunday School</i> .....	2	0	
	71.	10s.	7d.

*Verwood, Cranborne.*

Collected by—			
Thomas Fry .....	0	2	
Maria Shering .....	0	2	
	4s.		

<i>Ulverston, Sunday School</i> .....	2	2	
<i>Uppingham, ditto</i> .....	1	10	
<i>Upway, S. S. Teachers</i> .....	0	13	
<i>Uttoxeter, Sunday School</i> .....	2	10	

*Wakefield.**Zion Juvenile Society.*

Maria Eliza Exley .....	0	2	
James Henry Exley .....	0	12	
Catherine Phoebe Walker .....	0	0	
Benjamin Walker .....	0	0	
Annie Sophia Dear .....	1	2	
Thomas Perkin Robinson .....	0	7	
Frederic Stocks .....	0	0	
Lucy Blakeney .....	0	0	
S. Skidmore .....	0	0	
William Lorraine .....	0	0	
Elizabeth Lorraine .....	0	0	
M. Hope (Grove Terrace) .....	0	0	
Charles and Elizabeth Chapman .....	0	0	
S. Oates .....	0	0	
Thomas Green .....	0	0	
Mary Ann Morris .....	0	0	
Elizabeth Huntington .....	0	0	
Eliza Wilby .....	0	0	
Elizabeth Chadwick .....	0	0	
Ann Childe .....	0	1	
Eliza Burton .....	0	1	
Isabella Forrester .....	0	2	
Jane Debb .....	0	2	
Elizabeth Cannon .....	0	1	
Ellen Turner .....	0	1	
Jane Ann Arundale .....	0	0	
Blanche Robinson .....	0	0	
Mary Ann Healey .....	0	1	
Elizabeth Rhodes .....	0	1	
Caroline Schwab .....	0	2	
Elizabeth Sowry .....	0	1	
Mary Louisa Glover .....	0	2	
Elizabeth Wormald .....	0	1	
Zion Sabbath School Collection .....	0	2	
Zion Day School, per Mr. R. H. Carr .....	0	13	
Small sums under 1s. .....	0	1	
	71.	13s.	6d.

*Wandsworth.*

Independent Sunday School.			
Emma Backhouse .....	0	4	
Humphrey Bright .....	0	7	
Jesse Breeze .....	0	0	
Ina Breeze .....	0	7	
W. Boorman .....	0	8	

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 83

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Ed Boorman	0 6 8	Eliza Reed	0 6 8
A. Boorman	0 4 3	Caroline Rowles	0 1 6
Isa Boorman	0 0 1	Sophia Stovel	0 0 10
ah Bixley	0 6 0	Mary Ann Sopp	0 4 0
se Bushnell	0 8 3	Eliza Sopp	0 3 8
arringer	0 7 10	M. Soden	0 0 7
ry Biggs	0 2 10	Emma Stanbridge	0 3 8
a Biggs	0 2 0	Joseph Scott	0 4 1
ert Burley	0 2 6	Sarah Scott	0 3 9
ed Burley	0 1 10	Harriet Slater	0 0 8
l Burley	0 1 6	W. Selwood	0 7 7
ert Bagden	0 1 9	M. A. Selwood	0 7 4
ayliss	0 5 10	Annie Serle	0 14 0
ham	0 2 0	Louisa Sayers	0 2 8
a Cox	0 13 7	James Sawyer	0 2 10
l. Cox	0 10 0	M. A. Seabourne	0 2 2
	0 3 0	Sundries	3 7 3
Capitt	0 1 10	Thomas Thwaites	0 2 1
olins	0 3 2	T.	0 3 0
a Cartwright	0 2 0	Fanny Woodham	0 4 1
a Cartwright	0 2 6	E. Wilford	0 3 8
a Cropper	0 8 0	Eliza Williams	0 1 1
a Cropper	0 1 6	Emily Watts	0 2 0
ah A. Davis	0 5 9	S. A. Walters	0 2 0
omas Dennis	0 1 4		25l.
eline Davis	0 3 6		
as Day	0 4 4	Warminster.	
Day	0 5 0	Girls' Sunday School	1 11 6
is Daly	0 2 3	Boys' Ditto	1 17 0
ay Jane Elliott	0 12 0		3l. 8s. 6d.
ily Forrest	0 6 0		
sa Field	0 6 0	Weedon.	
Fox	0 4 6	Collected by—	
Fabian	0 8 2	Miss Mary Amos	0 14 6
eline Goddard	0 1 7	Miss M. A. Waring	0 11 1
est Grimes	0 8 3	Miss Clara Capell	0 10 0
ariotte Grimes	0 3 0	Miss Fanny Ballett	0 10 0
Hampton	0 1 3	Master William Bird	0 10 0
Higgs	0 1 4	Master Charles Adams	0 9 7
Hennell	0 2 0	Miss Elizabeth Gudgeon	0 4 5
le Holt	0 2 0	Miss Isabella George	0 2 6
Heath	0 2 2	Miss McIntyre	0 1 9
ry A. Humphries	0 2 10	Master William Checkley	0 1 8
Haynes	0 11 0	Master John Page	0 6 7
Herrington	0 3 9		3l. 10s. 1d.
Herrington	0 4 4		
is Hild	0 3 8	Wem.	
Ledger	0 2 10	Collected by Cards	7 4 5
A. Jackson	0 4 9	Ditto, in Sunday School	0 7 7
Jackson	0 3 9		7l. 12s.
ertha Johnson	0 4 6		
oe Keeble	0 2 6	West Cowes.	
orge Levens	0 4 6	Collected by Anne Good	0 9 6
ama Langford	0 1 9	Ditto, Miss Alice White	0 13 3
ella Lake	0 1 3	Union Road Sunday School	
omas Melbourne	0 3 0	Teachers and Children	4 10 6
ry Mann	0 4 0		5l. 13s. 2d.
sa Milam	0 2 0	Weymouth, St. Nicholas	
bert Newens	0 10 4	Street Sunday School	1 6 10
ber Newton	0 6 7	Wiltshire, J. N. S., J. W. S.,	
anie Potter	0 8 6	Fanny, and Harry	0 5 0
ay Potter	0 13 5		
Partridge	0 7 3		
ay Pigott	0 4 6	Wincanton.	
red Pryor	0 4 0	Collected by—	
Parrott	0 1 6	E. Vining	0 6 8
l. Rendell	0 4 0	Eliza Martin	0 1 7
		Lydia Tapper	0 1 2



	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Susan Hunt .....	0 1 6	A Friend .....	0 0 10
Ann Holmes .....	0 4 6	Woodbury, S. B. ....	4l. 10s.
Thomas Parsons .....	0 1 3	Worcester.	
John Dove .....	0 2 4	By Master E. Hancock .....	0 7 0
Charles Rawlings .....	0 1 2	By Sunday School Boys .....	0 6 0
Mirinda Drover .....	0 3 2	Ditto Girls .....	0 7 0
Miss C. Deane .....	0 12 0		1l.
1l. 15s. 4d.		Wotton-under-Edge, By	
Windsor, William Street		Charles Bartlett .....	0 17 0
Sunday School .....	5 12 9	Wrentham.	
Winslow Sunday School .....	1 17 0	Collected by—	
Wisbech.		James Moore .....	0 11 4
Collected by—		Miss Bicker .....	0 10 1
Frederick Bellars .....	0 4 0	Miss Browne .....	0 7 1
S. A. Chapman .....	0 2 6	Maria Palmer .....	0 4 0
Marion Green .....	0 5 8	G. Woolterton .....	0 3 0
Reuben Hodget .....	0 2 0	Miss Read .....	0 2 6
M. A. Ingram .....	0 5 0	R. Gunn .....	0 2 1
M. E. Hopkins .....	0 2 6	James Aitls .....	0 1 0
M. J. Hopkins .....	0 4 0	G. Gunn .....	0 1 0
Sophia Kirk .....	0 0 6	R. Baldry .....	0 1 0
Maria Lilley .....	0 5 0	J. Dade .....	0 1 0
George Parlett .....	0 1 5	W. Denington .....	0 0 10
Phebe Plant .....	0 2 6	G. Manning .....	0 0 10
Eliza Rust .....	0 4 0	R. Quattrill .....	0 0 0
Eliza Stone .....	0 11 8	G. Allgar .....	0 0 0
Maria Stone .....	0 3 4	Exs. 7d.; 2l. 9s. 1d.	
Emily Stone .....	0 1 9	Wymondham, Norfolk.	
James Smith .....	0 2 0	Collected by—	
Clara S. Trigg .....	0 0 0	Master W. Baker .....	0 15 0
W. Upward .....	0 2 6	Mrs. Proctor .....	0 1 0
Thomas Edward Waddington .....	0 10 0	Mrs. Drake .....	0 1 0
Alfred Wilkinson .....	0 4 8	Miss M. Anderson .....	0 4 0
G. T. Wilkinson .....	0 6 0	Mrs. G. Kemp .....	0 1 0
Exs. 4d.; 4l. 19s. 4d.		Miss M. J. Anderson .....	0 2 0
Wistanswick.		Miss H. Plunkett .....	0 1 0
Collected by—		Miss Camp .....	0 2 0
Arthur Pearse .....	0 16 2	Mr. Horne .....	0 1 0
Isaac Bradland .....	0 6 5	William Long .....	0 0 10
Exs. 5d.; 1l. 2s. 2d.		Master John Anderson .....	0 2 0
Wetheridge, Sunday School .....	0 10 0	Mr. W. Bunn .....	0 2 0
Woodburn (Bucks) .....	2 6 6	John Kerrison .....	0 1 0
Woodbridge.		Master John Standley .....	0 2 0
Beaumont Chapel.		Master R. Newhouse .....	0 0 0
Collected by—		Ashley Stubbs .....	0 2 0
Robert Last .....	0 3 6	Mr. V. Jermyn .....	0 1 0
Emily Baker and Miss Hines .....	0 14 8	Edward Stebbings .....	0 0 0
Ellen Seamen .....	0 2 10	Master William Jermyn .....	0 2 0
Robert Broadbank .....	0 3 2	Miss Martha Parsley .....	0 1 0
Emma Foreman .....	0 1 2	Miss Matilda Sant .....	0 2 0
Rebecca Head .....	0 6 0	Miss Masons .....	0 1 0
Samuel Cullingford .....	0 15 9	Mr. J. M. Perfit .....	0 1 0
David Hildyard .....	0 3 3	Stephen Blazey .....	0 12 0
G. and E. Taylor .....	0 4 0	Thirza Harvey .....	0 2 0
Edward Spore .....	0 2 1	Friends .....	0 2 0
George Giles .....	0 1 0	5l.	
Ann Cullingford .....	0 5 0	Fatton, by James Gilpin	
Ann Owles .....	0 8 6	Gregory .....	0 3 0
William Thurston .....	0 3 2	By Anna Louisa Gregory .....	0 8 0
Elizabeth Turner .....	0 1 2	12s.	
E. Blandon .....	0 2 1	Fethelm, Kelsa, Kirk Sab-	
William Murril .....	0 1 10	bath School .....	1 12 0
Elizabeth Frost .....	0 12 6	Fork, Juvenile Collection .....	12 0 0
Mary A. Smith .....	0 6 9		
Robert Watling .....	0 1 0		





*Brahma.*

THE

# JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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APRIL, 1856.

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## BRAHMA.

As our readers well know, the Hindoos worship "lords many and gods many." But some of their idols are better known and more honoured than others. This is the case with Brahma. You may see his likeness in the Frontispiece. Though he has four heads he does not seem to have made much use of them; for the best way in which he can contrive to get through the world is upon the back of a goose, with a stick in one hand, and a dish to beg money in the other.

But Brahma, whatever *we* may think of him, is, in the opinion of the millions of India, a very wise and powerful god. Their sacred books teach them, and they believe it all, that he is the grandfather of gods and men, and the creator of the world. In the great work of creation, we are told he first made the sea. Then he formed the earth. After this he caused some Brahmins and four women to be born out of his own mind. Once more he caused a Kshutrein, a creature of high caste, to spring from his arms; a Volshyn, of lower caste, from his thighs; and a Sudra, the lowest of all, from his feet. Who does not wonder that any

beings with an understanding can believe such follies and fables as these, and who will not pity the millions of blinded idolaters who are so deluded!

Brahma is not one of the cruel gods of the Hindoos. He does not delight in blood. No sacrifices, therefore, are offered to him. But the Brahmins worship him three times a day. As a part of the service, they offer their god a flower, or some of the clarified butter called ghee, which is so much used in India. And once every year an earthen image of Brahma, with Vishnoo on one side and Siva on the other, is worshipped. But the honour thus shown to the gods lasts only for a single day; for the image before which the multitude danced and sung, and bowed down, is the next day flung into the river.

But though Brahma is not thought so cruel as some other gods, he is described as fighting and stealing, and deceiving and doing many other very wicked things. One day he saw Krishna, another god, feeding a herd of calves in a field, when he managed to get into the field without being seen, and to steal some of the calves. At another time, he and Siva fell out and fought with one another; but Brahma, it seems, got the worst of it, for he lost one of his four heads. Whether this loss made him wiser or more foolish than before, these "sacred books" do not tell us.

Brahma is believed to dwell in a heaven of his own, 800 miles long, 400 broad, and 40 high. If this were so, it would be a good thing for the poor people of India to keep him in his own place, that he might not destroy them with his priests, his temples, and his worship.

What has now been stated is the common account of Brahma. But there are other histories of the wonderful things he did, which are also found in the Shasters; and which, though not so commonly believed, are certainly quite as true. For example, we are told that he was sleeping upon the waters of the deluge, when a water lily grew out of his body, and that from this flower sprung the divine person Brumha. But Brumha had no children, and this grieved Brahma greatly. So one day, being very sorry, he began to cry, when, lo and behold, the tears, as they rolled down his cheeks, were at once turned into Titans, or great giants. This was certainly very wonderful; but it was not all. For Brahma heaved a sigh; and no sooner had the breath passed from his mouth than it was changed into a god called Roodra. But here the process of god-making did not stop. Another god came out of his head; two from his eyes; others from his breast, his heart, from his mind, and from the air in his body. After this he formed giants, elephants, serpents, and innumerable other creatures. And then, the strangest thing of all was, that he split his own body right in two, and one half of himself became a man, called Swayumbhoovu, and the other a woman called Shutu-Roopa.

But we have given our readers enough of these wretched fables. Nor would they be worth a moment's thought if they were not believed by millions who have souls—immortal souls—fitted to know the only true God, and to love, honour, and obey him. That *men* should be so dark, so degraded, how sad is this! And how fearful too! Reader! what are you doing to bring them out of this darkness?

## WITCHCRAFT IN INDIA.

IN the forests south of Udayapur, in India, there is a tribe of natives called Bhils. They are nearly all hunters, robbers, or murderers. The English government has not as yet had much to do with them, so that they live in a very rude state, and do not at all trouble themselves about those laws and customs which are so much valued in more civilized countries. We will tell you a little about some of their superstitious habits.

In their village lives a "Bhupa." This word means in English literally landlord or chief; but the "Bhupa" is really only a witch-hunter. He gets his living because the people believe in witchcraft, and he generally manages to obtain a good income every year. Whenever any serious case of illness happens in the village, or when several cows die quickly one after the other, the "Bhupa" is at once sent for. He receives five rupees (about ten shillings), and then he carefully examines some seeds which have been swung seven times over the sick person. While he is doing this he repeats words, which they fancy have some strange power in them. He then tells the people whether the illness is caused by natural disease, witchcraft, or possession by a devil. If it is caused by witchcraft, a few days afterwards the men of the village come together and take an oath over a sword that they will not protect the witch, whoever she may be, and that, after she has been punished, they will do no harm to the "Bhupa." The "Bhupa" then calls upon the god Hameiyinan, and, after performing some ceremonies, he names the witch, who is generally some poor harmless old woman of the place. Immediately the men rush off to search for the wretched creature who has been marked out for their vengeance; and, as soon as they have found her, they seize her, tie a

cloth, covered with powdered pepper, before her eyes, fasten two ropes round her feet and body, and then hang her from a tree with her head downwards. There they swing her about from morning till evening, while the crowd all around is crying and yelling. Generally the pain is so great that it forces her to acknowledge that she is a witch. But if the old woman is stubborn they begin the same torment again the next day. The crowd sit round eating and drinking all the time, at the expense of the sick man or his friends, and the more drink is given to them the bolder they become in asking for it. At last they hear a confession from the unhappy woman that she was once injured by the sick person, and that she has taken his heart to eat. She must then wait while they fetch a goat, one of whose veins is opened, and the miserable old woman has to drink the blood of the poor wounded animal while she is still swinging backwards and forwards. Then they suppose that the desire of the witch for blood is satisfied, and they send to see if the patient is better. If the messenger brings back a good report, the witch is taken down from the tree and led to the sick man. She shakes some leaves over his head, and promises not to have anything more to do with evil spirits. It is just possible after this that she is taken back into her family, but generally she is driven away, and left to die a miserable death. Of course no other tribe will take in the outcast.

This is the most merciful treatment of a person who is accused of being a witch. Sometimes she loses her senses, and then they think that her guilt is proved without any further trial, and that the devil is so strong in her that she cannot confess. In such a case the drunken and violent mob do not stop any longer, but cut her body to pieces, or light a fire under her head as she is hanging, so that she is soon killed. When this happens they do not expect that



the sick man will recover. Some of the Bhils say that if the body of a bewitched man is burned, a large lump of fat, bones, hair, leaves and earth is left which the fire does not touch. English officers have offered a reward to any persons who would bring one of these lumps; but they have never seen one yet.

Before the witch is publicly named, all the women in the place are in a state of great terror; but as soon as she has been selected no one dares to speak in her favour. There is a story of one who fled into the forest, hoping to escape death. But the people of the village met together and agreed, if possible, to kill her. One night, when she was almost starved, she ventured to enter her house. Her nephew gave her some food to eat; but so soon as she had fallen asleep after the meal, he stoned her to death. Another was saved by an English officer, just as the people were going to swing her on the second day; but would have been killed if she had not fled with her husband into a distant part of the country.

If the bewitched person dies before the accused woman has been swung, the "Bhupa" tells all the people the name of the woman they must beware of as a witch; and before the next night has passed her body is generally found pierced through with several arrows.

But these "Baupas" have not altogether a very easy life. It is true they possess great power; but still they are exposed to many dangers. Yet although the "Bhupa" will not name the witch until every man in the village has taken an oath over the sword not to hurt him for doing so, it has now and then happened that just one man of the village has been out of the way at the time, and has not therefore taken the oath. If so, he may feel himself bound to take vengeance on behalf of the family of the woman upon the "Bhupa" or his children. Or, if the old woman

dies while she is being swung, without making any confession, the "Bhupa" is in great danger of losing his life.

Efforts have been made to prevent the "Bhupas" continuing their cruel practices; but we fear that the Bhils will still hold fast to their old religion until the Gospel takes its place in their hearts. Nothing is stronger than such superstitions, but the force of truth and the grace of God. Let us, then, be more and more active in bringing these poor deluded ones out of the power of darkness into the mild and blessed kingdom of God's dear Son! How wonderful it is that human beings should be in such a state as these poor Bhils! But is it not more wonderful still that any Christian who knows what his Lord requires, and what the Gospel can do, can be selfish and careless, can withhold his prayers, his labours, or his money from the great and glorious work of Missions? Dear reader, have you done, are you doing, what you can to help it forward?

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#### THE CHILDREN'S COLLECTION FOR THE REPAIRS AND OUTFIT OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

WHEN the appeal was made to the children of England once more to help the good work of spreading the Gospel amongst the heathen by collecting Three Thousand Pounds for repairing and outfitting the Missionary ship, there were some who shook their heads and expressed a doubt whether they could raise so large a sum; but upon this point the Directors of the London Missionary Society had no fears. They knew how much interested their young friends were in the ship they had bought, and they believed that all would be done by them that was needed to fit her for another voyage of mercy. Very soon after their

appeal was published, this belief became a certainty; for applications for cards came in so fast, and there were so many letters expressing the desire of the young to give and get money towards the object, that it was impossible to doubt their success. Now, according to present appearances, these hopes will be more than realized. Already (March 18th) £2700 have been received, and there is a good deal more coming at the end of the month; so that it seems certain that above £3000 will be raised. Is not this a cheering fact? Will it not rejoice the hearts of the collectors and their friends, and may we not hope that hundreds who have begun in this way to help forward the great work of sending the Gospel to the heathen will, from this time to the end of their lives, continue to help it?

We might fill many numbers of our Magazine with interesting letters which have been sent with the money from different places in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. All these letters are written in the same spirit. They describe the readiness and joy with which the young have gone to work. But it is impossible to publish them all, and it would be unfair to make a selection. We shall not, therefore, print any letters written in this country; but there are three from other parts of the world which must be given to our readers, because they show what an interest is felt in their ship by children thousands of miles away.

The first of these is from a Sunday-school of negro children at one of the Missionary stations in Demerara. The station is called Canal, No. 1; and the letter is written by the Missionary, the Rev. C. Rattray:—

“On the Sabbath before Christmas,” writes Mr. R., “it was proposed to the children of our Sunday-schools, that they should become fellow-workers with the young people in the British Isles, by endeavouring to collect among

themselves and their friends something towards the repairs of the Missionary Ship. They appeared delighted with the proposal; and on Christmas morning several boxes and bags were applied for by boys and girls who wished to become collectors. During the holidays, nineteen collectors were employed in collecting what would give the Sunday-school children at Canal, No. 1, Demerara, a right and title to a share, however small, of the good ship "John Williams." On the afternoon of January 3rd, there was a Juvenile Missionary Meeting held at Lust en Rust Chapel, when the collectors produced their boxes, and bags, and little baskets, which were found to contain 24 dollars 64 cents, (five guineas sterling)."

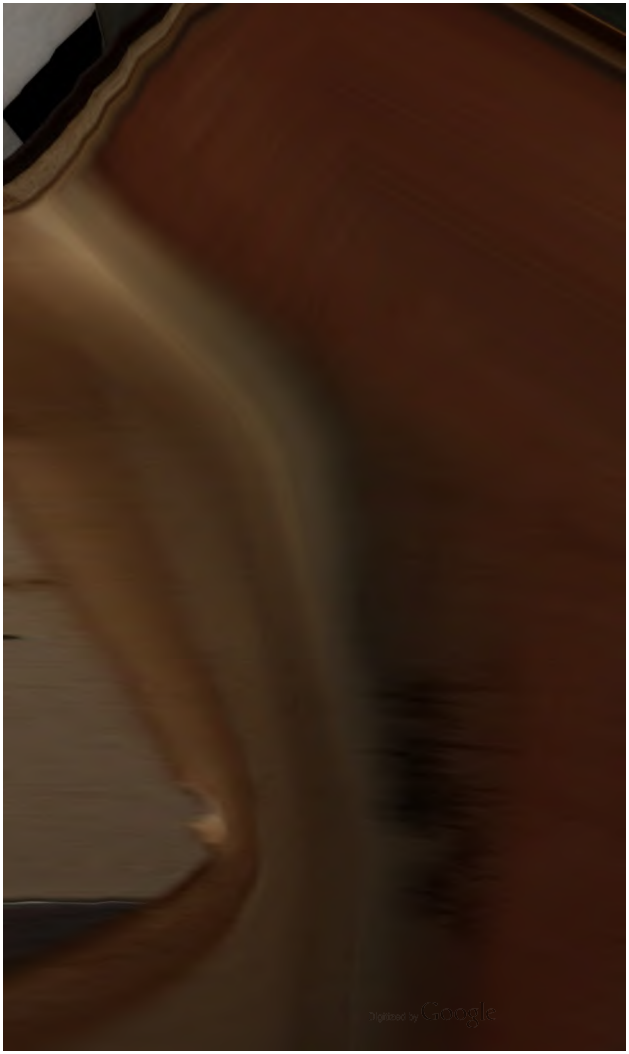
The next letter is from the Rev. Dr. Wilks, of Montreal, in Canada.

*"Montreal, 11th February, 1856.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—This will be handed to you by Mr. —, a respected member of my church, a teacher in our Sunday-school and a prosperous merchant.

"The principal design of introducing him to you, however, is to obtain for him, through you, access to the Missionary Ship "John Williams." We are desirous that he should visit that vessel for the following reason:—

"Just before the middle of December, at a Missionary meeting of our Sunday-school, I took occasion to describe some of the scenes in the South Seas and some details of the voyages of the ship. It was mentioned that she was now lying in London Docks for repair; that the ordinary funds could not accomplish this; that the children had bought her, and had repaired her once; and that they were depended upon to do so again. The question was asked—Why not this school have some share in so good a



...to hear, etc.  
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...of the  
...Juvenile M  
...as well  
...bought the  
...ship in so  
...to another  
...ocean rolls be  
...very near to  
...blessed Sa  
...are called; a  
...Lord,' to every  
...redeeming lo

John Williams' is a  
...it grows in power  
...we think that if v  
...at last, there is hardl  
...in that bright and b  
...such delight in greeti  
...of Erromanga.' We have  
...schools, which bears this h  
...our hearts warmed and  
...powerful influence which it ex  
...offering may be in time to  
...of repairing the ship; bu  
...go to purchase something  
...on board of her.  
...men, it is our earnest praye  
...undantly in your good work  
...ary ship, may preserve he  
...her for many years of useful  
...she is engaged!

work, though nearly 8000 miles away? Why not Zion Church, S. S. Montreal, have an anchor, or a topmast, or a yard, or something else on board? The young people, under the guidance of superintendent and teachers, took up the matter as a Christmas offering, and the result was handed to me on Saturday night in a cheque for £40 currency, or about £33 sterling. I have some additional money to send you, but cannot give attention to the matter to-day. You shall soon hear from me. But we are anxious that Mr. — should visit the ship, that he may describe it to the scholars on his return; and we are desirous also, if £33 will purchase any specific thing, to have that determined, that they may know they have placed an anchor, or a something on board; and that what they have provided is usefully employed in the work of the Lord in the Pacific Ocean.

“ Believe me,

“ Faithfully yours,

“ HENRY WILKS.”

The last of these interesting letters for which we can find room, is from an excellent clergyman in the United States. It is addressed to the Directors.

“ *Philadelphia, January 22nd, 1856.*

“ GENTLEMEN,

“ Enclosed you will please find five pounds, or twenty-five dollars, from the Sunday-school children of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, towards the repairs of the Missionary ship 'John Williams.' When this noble ship came home for repairs four or five years ago, we had the privilege of sending a similar amount for the purpose of putting a plank in her. Since then we have watched her movements with great interest. We all feel that we have a sort of

ownership in her; and when we heard the 'Letter from a Missionary of the South Seas to the *owners* of the "John Williams," published in your interesting Juvenile Missionary Magazine, we felt that this meant us, as well as the many hundred children in England who bought the ship, and we do not want to forfeit our ownership in so profitable a concern. And though we belong to another branch of the Church of Christ, and the wide ocean rolls between you and us, yet we feel our hearts very near to yours. We desire to love all who love our blessed Saviour, wherever they live, and whatever they are called; and we 'wish good luck, in the name of the Lord,' to every proper effort to spread abroad the tidings of redeeming love in our ruined world.

"And then the name of 'John Williams' is a sort of sacred name to us. We feel that it grows in power and influence as years roll by; and we think that if we are permitted to get to heaven at last, there is hardly any servant of God of modern times, in that bright and blessed world, whom we shall take such delight in greeting as 'The Martyr Missionary of Erromanga.' We have a Missionary class in each of our schools, which bears this honoured name, and we often feel our hearts warmed and quickened by the silent but powerful influence which it exerts.

"We hope our humble offering may be in time to aid in defraying the expenses of repairing the ship; but if it should not, please let it go to purchase something that will be of permanent use on board of her.

"In conclusion, gentlemen, it is our earnest prayer that God may bless you abundantly in your good work; that He may bless the Missionary ship, may preserve her from all danger, and spare her for many years of usefulness in the good work in which she is engaged!



"On behalf of the Sunday-school children of St. Paul Church, Philadelphia, by their

"Friend and Pastor,

"RICHARD NEWTON.

After reading these letters, we are sure that many of our young friends will rejoice more than ever in the part they have taken, and the money they have raised.

#### LETTER TO THE CHILDREN OF ENGLAND.

THE children in the Mission Industrial School at Salem send greetings to the children in England, and write as follows:—

"Salem, Dec. 11, 1855.

"BELOVED FRIENDS,—

"We hear much of you, and of your zeal in the cause of Missions, from our teacher, the Rev. J. M. Lechler, who has lately returned to us from England, where, he says, he saw and spoke to many of you. The people of this, our country, are indeed covered with darkness, but, praised be God, some of us he has called together from different places by his blessed Gospel, and now is teaching us by his beloved servants in the things that belong to the salvation of our souls. Blessed be the Lord for all that he has done for us, through his children, and through you also. By his grace we have obtained much mercy, and we here desire to express our gratitude to him and to you, and to all who remember us. When our blessed Saviour was on earth, he not only preached salvation to lost sinners, but went about also doing good to people's bodies, and all that they might believe in him; so by his children he crowns us with mercies that we should love him, and for this pur-

those we hear you pray for us. This calls forth our love and gratitude and prayer for you. As it is said in the Bible, 'We love him because he first loved us;' so you first loved us, and therefore we love him, and desire to love and remember you.

"Beloved children,—we feel that we are under great obligations, both to the Lord and to his people, and we see that we are under the direction of his wise and kind Providence. Morning and night we are instructed in the Word of God, exhorted to flee from the wrath to come, and to walk worthy of the Gospel we profess. On the Lord's day we have two services, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. We school children have more of the blessings of the Gospel than all the others. I will tell you now something of our schools. In Salem alone we have now four schools (all are united, and form one large orphan refuge), containing nearly one hundred and fifty children. These are the infant, the girls, the boys, and the industrial schools. The infant and girls' school are in one building, and Miss Schill, who lately came from Europe with our minister, lives with them and helps in teaching. The girls learn in the forenoon, and do needlework in the afternoon. The boys' school is now superintended by Mr. Holznorth, who also came lately from Germany. The boys spend nearly all their time in learning. The lads of the industrial school work from seven to twelve o'clock in the morning, and from two to six in the afternoon. They dine at one o'clock, Tuesday and Thursday; from twelve to one o'clock we have a Bible class with our minister; and on Monday and Wednesday we have drawing with Mr. Eppinger, who also came lately from Germany. In the industrial school we are now twenty-eight lads. These trades are taught in it: carpentry, cabinet-making, turning and

wheelwright, smithery and masonry. In the morning we all rise at five o'clock, bathe in the river, and then have prayer and reading. At half-past six we have breakfast, and at seven go to our work. Two hours a week we work for the Bible and tract societies, viz. on Friday and Saturday from twelve to one o'clock. In the evening, when we have left our work and cleaned ourselves, we, with all the children and people who live near, assemble for evening prayer. The Acts of the Apostles are now explained to us by our minister, excepting on Monday, when we have a Missionary meeting, where we hear anything remarkable that our minister may have heard or read, and have addresses from two or three catechists who may be present. The first Wednesday in the month we pray for our schools here; the second, for the adults; the third, for the schools and people belonging to the mission in the country; the fourth, for you, and the friends who pray for us and our countrymen, and send the Gospel to this dark land. When we come away from prayer we take our supper, and then read for an hour, or an hour and a half, till ten o'clock, when we go to sleep. We find, dear friends, that it is very profitable to us to have such order, and so many privileges. We are cared for both as to body and soul; nothing is wanting. May the Lord grant that we may so walk as to please our beloved teachers, and to be sincere followers of them, so that we may at last enter into His heavenly kingdom, and there meet you also. For this we will pray; pray you also for us. We conclude now with our respectful salaams to all of you.

"In the name of the lads of the Industrial School,

"Yours truly,

"JOSEPH."

. A true translation.



Miss S. Massingham	0 13 0
Miss E. Massingham	0 12 0
Miss M. Moncur	0 7 4
Miss M. A. Pears	0 5 0
Master Pleydell	0 2 8
Master P. J. Ralph	0 4 7
Miss E. Shotter	0 3 1
Miss S. Shotter	0 2 6
Miss Simmonds	0 10 0
Mrs. Stacy's Bible Class, per Miss Ingram	2 0 1
Miss Margaret Teede	1 10 10
Miss Ellen Teede	1 2 11
Miss A. F. Teede	0 15 3
Miss Mary Teede	0 14 1
Miss Thorpe	0 8 6
Miss E. Turner	0 5 6
Miss F. Wells	0 10 8
Miss G. Wenn	0 5 10
Miss Wilkinson	0 7 9
Miss Winn	0 13 6
Sunday Schools	15 0 0
36l. 6s. 11d.	

*Blackheath, Sunday School* 2 11 0

*Fetter Lane Sunday School* 3 0 7

*Hanover Chapel, Peckham,  
Juvenile Society* 16 13 5

*Harley Street, Bow* 7 1 3

### Kensington.

Girls' School	11 13 1
Boys' School	5 5 9
Infants' School	1 2 6
18l. 1s. 4d.	

### Maberly Chapel.

#### Sunday School.

Miss M. A. Biles	0 1 8
Miss E. Clark	0 2 8
Miss E. Davis	0 4 0
Miss S. Metcalfe	0 4 0
Miss M. A. Richardson	0 5 0
Miss A. Standerling	0 7 3
Miss P. Walton	0 2 8
Miss Whittaker	0 4 0
Miss M. E. Woolcott	0 10 0
Master A. Beavis	0 2 0
Master Draper	0 1 6
Master J. H. Smith	0 7 3
Master C. Smith	2 5 6
Collection in the School	0 4 7
57l. 2s. 6d.	

### Mansfield Street (Southwark).

#### Sunday School.

Collected by—	
H. Alston	0 1 0
George Amery	0 0 9
H. C. Brock	0 7 2
Charles Denby	0 0 2
James Eason	0 1 0
John Henderson	0 1 0

George Howell	0 1 3
Alfred North	0 4 6
John W. T. Sack	0 0 5
Sarah Chambers	0 1 7
Miss A. Clark	0 5 6
Bianch Hind	0 6 11
Mary Ann Johnson	0 0 2
C. & K. Jones	0 4 8
Harriet Laycock	0 0 11
Matilda Manwaring	0 0 3
Harriet Marriott	0 0 10
Julia Elizabeth Mason	0 1 3
Miss Miller	0 2 7
Mary Ann Motton	0 4 0
Mary Nottingham	0 0 7
Miss Room	0 5 0
Annie Sargent	0 0 10
Elizabeth Sargent	0 1 0
Emily Sargent	0 4 5
Louisa Shaw	0 0 7
Charlotte Swan	0 1 2
Elizabeth Tasker	0 2 11
Fanny R. Taylor	0 2 0
Eliza Thorpe	0 7 3
E. J. Tottem	0 4 4
Emily Wake	0 0 6
Mary Ann Wake	0 0 6
E. M. Williams	0 3 0
Matilda Wood	0 5 0
Other Sums	0 2 3
42l. 4s. 10d.	

### Marlborough Chapel.

*Sunday School* 16 0 0

### Old Gravel Pit, Homerton.

#### Collected by—

Walter and Alfred Ebbs	0 10 8
E. M. Lane	0 10 2
Annie Smith	0 5 3
C. Meyer	0 3 10
F. Smith	0 2 6
Benjamin Smith	0 2 6
Ellen and Ruth Gardner	2 5 0
Louisa Ball	0 3 0
Walter and Arthur Unwin	0 3 0
W. and C. Good	0 15 9
John Davies	1 7 6
Augusta E. Burn	0 15 7
Willie B. Parson	0 14 6
Lily Press	0 2 0

#### Sunday School.

Charles Edwards	0 3 6
Charles Godbold	0 0 2
Richard Abbott	0 1 4
A. Chapman	0 2 8
H. H. Emery	0 1 1
W. Vigo	0 6 8
Alfred Bull	0 6 11
Walter Riddell	0 2 0
Thomas Davis	0 3 1
William Church	0 5 7
Sheldon Parker	0 2 7
James Charles Truman	0 3 8
Joseph Francis	0 1 3
Edwin Barford	0 9 6
George King	0 5 3

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 103

Thomas Coleman	0	3	2
T. Hutchins	0	2	8
Richard Day	0	1	0
Thomas Welbourn	0	3	10
Thomas Poole	0	0	7
Maria Harley	0	2	1
Rebecca Dyer	0	4	2
M. A. Paterson	0	1	4
S. Mitchell	0	2	6
Frances Mill	0	3	3
Sophia Parker	0	4	2
P. Horton	0	4	0
Elizabeth Dann	0	3	3
Eliza Freeman	0	3	3
Martha Harrison	0	2	10
Sarah Norton	0	1	0
Anne Roome	0	2	7
Lucretia Jane Godbold	0	1	0
Clara Gimson	0	1	1
Martha Attwood	0	1	0
E. Sherrin	0	3	0
E. Toze	0	2	2
A. Peskett	0	1	8
S. Garner	0	2	0
S. Savill	0	1	5
S. Ball	0	2	8
J. Russell	0	4	0
S. Chaffer	0	2	6
F. Thorndecraft	0	0	0
L. Watts	0	1	11
A. Lambard	0	2	8
R. Cowling	0	0	7
E. E. Stonhill	0	2	4
M. Hawkins	0	0	6
A. Netzko	0	0	8
J. Wiseman	0	0	5
A. Andrews	0	2	0
Wm. and M. Brown	0	5	0
Martha Mault	0	7	6
E. Stokes	0	1	7
Hannah Batt	0	0	0
Elizabeth Holmes	0	2	2
M. A. Tubb	0	2	8
M. Brown	0	3	0
M. A. Dyal	0	0	8
H. Abbot	0	3	4
E. Jenkinson	0	1	7
M. Campbell	0	3	1
S. A. Stally and M. Stally	0	11	3
Jane Parry	0	3	4
Susan Field	0	1	7
M. and C. Hill	0	4	3
— Kynaston	0	1	4
M. Sawyer	0	1	3
J. Cheney	0	4	1
— Coleman	0	1	3
M. and M. Holmes	0	1	2
— Hartwell	0	4	4
J. Wemyss	0	5	0
Louisa Leakon	0	2	0
E. Chapman	0	0	6
Jane Savill	0	3	7
Lois Newell	0	11	0
E. Stokes	0	1	8
E. Vigo	0	2	6
E. Gibbs	0	1	6
A. Vigo	0	1	6
Fanny Dann	0	1	6

— Barton	0	0	8
R. Emmerton	0	0	6
S. More	0	2	2
E. Carey	0	0	6
Hester Jenkinson	0	0	8
Martha and Sarah Heaps	0	4	6
— Webb	0	0	3
Mary Snelth	0	1	1
Eliza Wicks	0	2	0
Alice Anne Shorter	0	2	0
— Flandecs	0	0	1
Missionary Box	0	3	3
— Tozeland	0	3	3
— Hillier	0	0	3
Susan Clark	0	0	8
Sarah Ann Plumb	0	2	2
Elizabeth Green	0	1	0
A. A. Shorter	0	0	6
Sundries	0	0	10

217. 13s. 6d.

## Orange Street Chapel.

### Collected by—

W. S. Burgess	0	0	0
George Rood	0	4	0
Richard Cresfield	0	2	0
William Minty	0	2	6
William Huntley	0	2	3
Lewis Huntley	0	2	3
Henry Willson	0	2	2
Edmund Burch	0	2	0
Samuel Jones	0	1	4
— Flood	0	1	2
Samuel Baldry	0	1	1
Henry Hutley	0	1	0
G. Graves	0	1	0
Thomas Baity	0	1	0
Edward Bromley	0	0	6
E. H. Smith	0	0	6
Thomas Wilkes	0	0	6
Joseph Douglas	0	0	4
Walter Gregory	0	0	4
B. Jones	0	0	4
F. Freeman	0	0	3
— Start	0	3	6
Emily Keene	0	3	0
Ellen Hayell	0	2	0
J. E. Wiggins	0	1	0
Emma Smith	0	1	8
Elizabeth Allen	0	1	6
Eliza Rogers	0	1	3
Mary Lush	0	1	6
— Hammer	0	1	0
Rebecca Nicholls	0	0	7
Girls in Miss Higgin-			
bottom's Class	0	2	1
Master T. Skeggs	0	10	0

37. 6s.

## Park Chapel, Crouch End.

### Sunday School.

### Collected by Miss Cook—

J. Clutterbuck	0	3	3
William M. Cornwell	0	5	4
The Misses Gower	0	9	0
Thomas Gower	0	2	4
Walter Hazell	0	11	0
Eleanor Hasler	0	4	10

H. Kelby	0	1	1
M. Proughten	0	3	0
T. Sanderson	0	7	9
J. Smith	0	2	0
M. E. Turner	0	0	9
James Turnbull	0	1	8
Gertrude Westlake	0	4	6
Clara Westlake	0	4	6
G. C. W.	0	3	4

8l. 3s. 4d.

*Park Crescent, Clapham.*

Sunday School.

Boys.

G. Emmerson	0	4	5
H. Beeching	0	2	7
J. Courteney	0	0	6
J. Catermole	0	1	4
W. Short	0	8	6
T. Young	0	1	6
W. Stammers	0	6	0
J. Taylor	0	0	7
W. Young	0	1	6
A. Williams	0	9	7
T. Neil	0	0	10
W. Elsey	0	2	1
W. Moore	0	0	2
T. Scott	0	0	2
G. Stone	0	0	2
F. Hance	0	0	3
G. Butler	0	0	8
C. Ball	0	4	0
O. Brooke	0	6	7
J. Wise	0	2	3
F. Wallis	0	0	4
C. Moore	0	0	9
J. Emmerson	0	0	5
H. Lumsden	0	2	11
G. Hillier	0	6	8
J. Thompson	0	2	8
L. Jacobs	0	0	8
F. Hinton	0	1	10
W. Gridly	0	0	4
W. Marks	0	2	2
A. Selles	0	0	4
B. Head	0	0	6
H. Denby	0	1	2
T. Jenner	0	0	2

Girls.

F. Dawson	0	10	5
B. Young	0	3	0
M. Evershed	0	1	6
M. A. Hinton	0	2	1
H. Mallett	0	0	4
J. Vayes	0	2	6
B. Mallett	0	1	1
S. Ellsley	0	4	2
M. Denby	0	2	10
C. Geary	0	2	7
E. Hopper	0	0	8
H. Jenner	0	0	2
M. Taylor	0	0	4
C. Catermole	0	0	6
M. Beeching	0	5	0
M. Freeland	0	3	6
M. Ashby	0	1	0
M. Mason	0	0	2

E. Adams	0	1	9
E. Turner	0	0	2
S. Turner	0	2	0
S. Tuckie	0	0	9
J. Bentley	0	0	11
L. Wise	0	0	8
S. White	0	3	10
M. A. Candell	0	2	9
M. Cook	0	1	9
A. Friend	0	2	6
Miss Haslem	0	6	10

7l. 0s. 6d.

*Robert Street, (New Cut).*

Sunday School	0	3	0
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*St. Thomas's Square, Hackney.*

Miss J. Borwick	1	10	0
Miss C. Borwick	0	14	10
Miss Blomfield	1	2	0
Hannah Bowler	0	3	2
Mrs. Clarke	0	0	6
Master Crook	0	14	6
Miss E. Crook	0	10	0
Miss M. A. Crook	0	9	0
Miss C. M. Eaton	0	1	6
Miss L. C. Eaton	0	1	6
Ellen	0	3	0
Mary Fairbairn	0	1	8
Master Felton	0	3	6
Master C. Hardy	1	0	0
Miss E. Hardy	2	4	0
Miss Imray	1	12	0
Master Joselyne	0	5	0
Master T. C. Lewis	0	16	6
Miss E. Matthews	0	16	6
Miss A. Matthews	0	5	0
Master O. Matthews	0	4	6
Master S. Matthews	0	3	6
Master S. Hope Morley	1	1	0
Master Howard Morley	1	0	6
Master C. Morley	1	0	0
Sarah Parkes	0	7	6
Miss M. A. Pearson	0	5	3
Master F. F. Richards	0	5	2
Miss Salmon	0	4	10
Mrs. Sands	0	4	6
Master Turner	0	17	6
After Mr. Mann's Lecture	1	5	8

Boys' School.

J. Child	0	5	10
W. Ward	0	1	0
C. Keen	0	1	0
H. Folkard	0	3	3
F. Ashby	0	4	7
W. Holmes	0	1	0
J. Stribling	0	6	7
C. Ottery	0	2	6
H. Davenport	0	2	6
H. Jackson	0	8	7
E. Thomas	0	4	6
R. Folkard	0	0	7
T. Grinyer	0	1	6
R. Giles	0	4	10
T. G. Sharp	0	10	0

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 105

T. Bailey	0 1 1	E. Stewartson	0 1 11
J. Owen	0 2 0	E. Webber	0 0 8
P. Jecks	0 2 0	Caroline Warren	0 2 3
W. Reynolds	0 2 0	Louisa Fowler	0 1 2
W. Davenport	0 2 2	Sarah Rumsey	0 1 6
J. Bullock	0 3 6	E. Wood	0 7 0
G. Owen	0 1 0	E. Wilson	0 1 1
E. Grace	0 1 6	Louisa Lampitt	0 1 0
R. Eason	0 3 2	Mary Ann Montague	0 1 0
J. Emmerson	0 0 6	J. Todd	0 6 1
W. Hawks	0 0 6	E. Bush	0 7 7
F. Ward	0 0 8	Maria Giles	0 1 6
R. Travers	0 1 0	Matilda Ovendon	0 0 7
H. Tucker	0 0 10	Elizabeth Bryon	0 0 9
W. H. Roberts	0 1 1	S. Bunney	0 0 11
L. Jecks	0 1 0	Sarah Oakley	0 0 8
J. W. Cockhill	0 0 5	Sarah Green	0 0 3
J. Tibbs	0 1 1	E. Tucker	0 0 6
B. Syrett	0 0 6	Charlotte Coggin	0 0 2
W. Brotherton	0 2 9	Harriet Bye	0 1 6
E. Hutchinson	0 2 6	Maria Turner	0 1 7
J. Bryon	0 2 6	E. A. Jarvis	0 0 4
H. Roland	0 1 3	E. Jarvis	0 0 3
H. Reynolds	0 0 7	Julia Hope	0 2 6
A. Haines	0 0 3	Mary Williams	0 1 0
M. Mee	0 0 10	Isabella Bardolph	0 0 9
G. Whitby	0 0 7	Emily Bardolph	0 0 9
H. Clark	0 2 7	Eliza Wheaton	0 2 9
W. Deane	0 1 3	M. E. Nelson	0 0 11
F. Owen	0 0 7	Mary Ann Bowden	0 2 6
W. Tibbs	0 1 1	E. Pelly	0 1 0
C. Gilligan	0 0 6	Mary Ann Dalby	0 3 9
H. Godfrey	0 0 4	Ellen Wood	0 0 5
W. Jackson	0 0 4	S. Allard	0 0 8
R. Marsden	0 0 0	E. Govey	0 0 3
J. Holmes	0 1 8	Harriet Hills	0 1 0
W. Ovendon	0 0 5	Harriet Cassell	0 0 9
J. Wingrove	0 1 0	Ellen Cassell	0 0 3
S. Yates	0 1 4		
W. Robinson	0 0 3		
E. Suchlay	0 0 7		

31s. 10s. 3d.

## Sutherland Chapel.

### Sunday School.

M. Roberts	0 6 0	Robert Cooper	0 4 9
Elizabeth Fullagar	0 4 2	John Claydon	0 1 6
Hephzibah Bush	0 2 1	Lydia Dannit	0 1 1
E. Lock	0 0 9	Emily Hook	0 1 7
M. Critten	0 1 0	Jane Humphries	0 3 7
Ellen Bunney	0 0 4	John Jenner	0 1 4
Emily Powell	0 2 3	Emma Madelaine	0 0 6
E. Britton	0 2 6	Thomas Machin	0 2 3
Kate Jecks	0 3 0	Louisa Mussett	0 2 3
Louisa Sherring	0 11 6	Matilda Newton	0 12 8
M. Daubeny	0 0 10	Jane Plaise	0 0 6
Mary Ann Gardner	0 7 8	William Pratt	0 1 5
M. Thomas	0 2 6	Walter Selway	0 3 5
Mary Ann Bullock	0 3 0	Elizabeth M. Thompson	0 1 0
Adelaide Wilson	0 1 1	Wilhelmina Trist	0 0 6
E. Isman	0 0 7	James Turnbull	0 0 7
J. Grimwood	0 0 3	Emily Wood	0 2 0
Charlotte Newman	0 1 2	Collected in School	0 4 0
Charlotte Lacy	0 3 8		
Ann McDonald	0 0 5		
S. Suckling	0 0 3		
Sarah Thomas	0 0 8		
S. Clarke	0 0 2		
Alice Pritchard	0 0 8		
Eliza Oliver	0 2 11		

22. 3s. 11d.

## Trevor Chapel.

### Sunday School.

#### Girls.

Mary Baron	0 4 6
Jane Benwell	0 0 6



Susan Boon	0 16 0
Elizabeth Bullock	0 0 6
Eliz. and Harriet Burnett	0 3 3
A. C. Cartwright	0 1 5
M. A. and Isabella Coburn	0 0 8
Elizabeth Corp	0 0 7
Emily Cowdry	0 4 7
Lydia Crust	0 3 3
Sarah Dear	0 7 7
Jemima Devereux	0 2 6
A. and E. Eslick	0 0 3
Mrs. Fletcher	0 13 3
Miss O. Godsen	0 12 8
R. Hall	0 0 4
E. Hartley Class	0 0 5
Harriet Hartley	0 5 6
The Misses Johnson	0 9 7
Catharine Moore	0 2 7
E. and S. Peekham	0 6 8
Fanny and Eliz. Percy	0 3 0
Emma and Ann Spedding	0 3 0
Sarah Simpson	0 12 6
Martha Stecker	0 3 3
Eliza Vivian	0 0 10
Catherine White	0 2 8
Drusilla Windle	0 6 4
Margaret Windle	0 10 0

## Boys.

R. R. Baron	0 4 6
T. Bulling	0 8 0
S. Bayfield	0 0 10
W. G. Caperton	0 3 6
C. F. Champion	0 2 10
T. Chantler	0 1 0
T. Chatterton	0 0 9
J. W. Cooke	0 1 9
James Cooke	0 1 8
W. Cobbett	0 9 0
E. F. Cowdry	0 5 3
S. Dean	0 3 3
Edward Duke	0 5 1
Thomas Emmins	0 10 4
W. Evans	0 1 0
J. Freeman	0 1 5
Benjamin Fickling	0 2 8
C. D. Harrod	0 5 4
W. Harrod	0 4 0
G. Haley	0 1 6
F. Haxby	0 2 1
Alfred Kemp	0 0 3
R. Lucas	0 7 0
J. W. Monk	0 10 2
W. Mitchell	0 1 6
F. Parrott	0 0 4
T. Sinton	0 0 9
E. St. John	0 4 0
Fractions	0 0 5

117. 18s.

## Westminster Chapel.

Collected at Meeting	2 5 0
Miss Newall's Class	0 13 2
Miss H. Lethbridge's Class	0 2 1
Master and Miss Andrew	0 7 0
Master Howard Martin	0 13 3
Children's Cards	0 2 6
By J. Newell	0 10 6

## Boys.

William Dobson	0 10 4
William Nawton	0 4 8
Richard March	0 0 6
Frederick King	0 0 8
Edward Harris	0 1 8
G. K. Sadler	0 2 0
Charles Lough	0 1 0
W. R. Smithson	0 3 0
— Cockram	0 1 0
Louis Jinkes	0 0 3
Edwin Shuff	0 3 3
H. Burrell	0 5 4
James Ward	0 1 8
William Smith	0 1 6
Edward Dent	0 1 2
Henry Massey	0 4 1
Arthur C. Dent	0 1 4
Thomas Fishbourne	0 0 4
John and William Nestling	0 0 7
John Wright	0 1 6
Henry Shellard	0 1 0
Frederick Nickolls	0 1 0
Joseph Bennett	0 0 0
James Brown	0 0 7
Alfred Hough	0 0 7
Alfred Cox	0 0 6
James Black	0 1 2
Edward Greenslade	0 2 1
Robert Salt	0 0 7
James Gregg	0 3 0
Charles Bobly	0 0 3
A. R. Wells	0 7 2
David Capen	0 1 8
W. H. Wear	0 4 8
— Collard	0 3 0
H. Brown	0 1 8
— Bradley	0 0 6
— Pratt	0 0 4
Thomas Nickolls	0 7 1
Charles Lacy	0 9 3
William Church	0 1 11
William Blanchenay	0 0 6
No Name	0 1 0
C. and C. Manning	0 0 6
No Name	0 0 7
Mary Roper	0 1 0
Alice Godshall	0 1 7
Louisa Smith	0 0 11
Jane B. Allingham	0 1 0

## Girls.

Emma Fuller	0 1 3
Phoebe Plows	0 0 3
Jane Hyslop	0 1 0
Sarah Anne Ware	0 0 7
Elizabeth Boxall	0 2 0
Mary Anne Mallous	0 0 4
S. A. Dent	0 1 2
Anne Pailthorpe	0 3 0
Lizzy Roberts	0 3 0
Anne Jane Williams	0 2 4
Sarah A. Longland	0 0 3
Emma Newton	0 1 9
Jane Campbell	0 0 11
Louisa Townsend	0 3 2
Margaret Richards	0 3 6
Emily Meredith	0 4 7

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 107

Christiana Brunstill	0 1 4	Jane Rust	0 3 0
Jane Humphreys	0 0 3	Jessie Clark	0 0 7
M. A. Coffey	0 0 3	Mary Jane Cassie	0 0 6
Fanny E. Grainger	0 1 11	Margaret Burleigh	0 2 9
Martha Davies	0 1 1	Elsie Macdonald	0 4 6
Fanny Christie	0 1 7	Jessie Moir	0 7 0
Edith Howard	0 2 10	Mary Ann Archle	0 3 0
Maria Shaw	0 2 0	Sarah Davidson	0 1 2
Mary Crowhurst	0 4 0	Georgina Munn	0 0 3
Emma Strong	0 2 0	Mary Jamieson	0 1 0
Mary Fernandez	0 5 0	Mary Morgan	0 0 6
Mary Plows	0 4 0	Jane Watson	0 0 8
Louisa Webb	0 0 4	Mary Troup	0 1 6
Sophia Smith	0 0 8	Mary Alexander	0 1 0
Francis and C. Lock	0 0 0	Jane Gordon	0 0 9
Helen Sykes	0 5 6	Mary Ann Milne	0 1 6
Emma and H. Payne	0 8 4	Margaret Cannon	0 0 0
Louisa Hyslop	0 0 8	Jessie Morgan	0 0 4
Frances Willmin	0 3 4	Ann Thomson	0 4 5
Emma Gregg	0 0 7	Jane Henderson	0 1 6
Emma Barrington	0 2 0	Hellen Pirrie	0 2 2
Alice Puttick	0 2 6	Isabella Dawson	0 0 10
Anne E. Leonard	0 2 4	Isabella Munro	0 5 0
Emily Toesland	0 0 4	Elizabeth Balfour	0 0 6
Mary Anne Bennett	0 0 6	Mary Harvey	0 2 1
F. and J. Symes	0 1 1	Margaret Campbell	0 0 9
Charlotte Marsh	0 1 0	C. Macintosh	0 0 4
Mary Cook	0 0 6	Ann M. Porter	0 1 6
Margaret Neilson	0 0 8	Eliza Milne	0 5 0
Bertha Nathan	0 0 7	Alexander Neil	0 2 0
Mary Jane Huddy	0 0 3	John Carnie	0 0 6
Martha Sykes	0 4 0	Thomas McGuffie	0 1 10
Emily Pritsey	0 0 9	Peter Donaldson	0 2 1
Hephzibah Rhodes	0 1 1	James Porter	0 3 1
Elizabeth Davies	0 2 2	John Rust	0 2 0
Bertha Clapham	0 2 0	Robert Mackie	0 3 3
Jane McClure	0 0 5	Robert Milne	0 1 0
Alice and C. Smith	0 1 0	William Troup	0 2 3
Elizabeth Goodman	0 0 1	James Rae	0 2 3
Elizabeth Price	0 2 6	Alexander Robertson	0 4 4
Elizabeth Mawle	0 10 2	Alexander McLeod	0 0 7
N. Parks	0 2 0	Alexander Leask Edward	0 0 6
Matilda Gosling	0 1 2	James Neil	0 2 0
Victoria Sadler	0 2 6	John Ross	0 6 0
Louisa Richardson	0 6 3	William Jackson	0 1 6
Partheia Nathan	0 0 3	Charles Dickie	0 1 6
Alice Rogers	0 2 0	Joseph Lamb	0 1 3
Eliza Bowler	0 0 3	George Anderson	0 1 6
S. Wadland	0 4 9	James F. K. Johnston	0 0 7
M. A. Jackson	0 6 2	John M. Skinner	0 5 0
Jane Smithson	0 6 2	Coppers	0 0 5
F. S. Lough	0 1 9		
H. J. Leatt	0 2 5		
Harriet Bulman	0 5 0		
Stewart	0 5 6		
Stewart	0 4 10		
E. T. Davies	0 2 7		
L. P.	0 1 0		
P. K.	0 1 0		
K. J.	0 1 0		
S. S.	0 0 6		

Exs. 5s.; 17l. 18s. 2d.

## COUNTRY.

### Aberdeen.

Blackfriars Street Sabbath School.  
Hellen Garvie 0 6 8

David Bell's Sabbath  
Evening School 0 2 6

## Appleton Wicks.

Collected by—  
Catherine Easby 0 4 6  
Mary Alderson 0 5 0  
Ann Maria Routledge 0 3 3  
Elizabeth Shanks 0 0 8  
William Stephenson 0 0 9  
William Alderson 0 6 1  
William Routledge 0 3 10  
Richard Routledge 0 3 3  
William A. Garnett 0 1 9

Thomas Paul Garnett .....	0	1	6
John Delafield .....	0	1	9
Three Friends .....	0	4	6
John Alderson .....	0	2	5
Juvenile Meeting .....	0	7	2

2l. 12s. 8d.

## Aytton.

Leonard Armstrong .....	0	7	2
Edward Waren .....	0	4	0
Elizabeth Pringle .....	0	2	0
Elizabeth Lincoln .....	0	5	4
Elizabeth Nelson .....	0	2	2
Anne Nelson .....	0	2	2
Hannah Rowland .....	0	1	1
Elizabeth Marshall .....	0	1	0
Louisa Anne Hustwick .....	0	2	1
William Hutton .....	0	2	1
Edward Bottomly .....	0	2	6
Mary Jane Heslop .....	0	1	10

1l. 13s. 8d.

## Bath.

Collected by Charles Boden .....	0	17	11
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## Percy Chapel.

Female Bible Class .....	2	10	0
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Collected by Sunday School Girls .....			
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S. Bottle .....	0	5	9
E. Harris .....	0	5	6
— Trowbridge .....	0	1	3
S. Bottle .....	0	6	6
Miss Lillington .....	0	7	6
A. Hewitt .....	0	2	4
C. Ponting .....	0	0	11
M. Lanham .....	0	0	8
E. Ash .....	0	0	6
M. Davidge .....	0	2	6
J. Butt .....	0	1	3
J. Diddin .....	0	2	6
Alice E. King .....	0	5	0
Mrs. Weston .....	0	1	6
L. Bartlett .....	0	2	0
T. Hutching .....	0	0	6
— Elwood .....	0	1	2
H. Crabbe .....	0	2	7
— Bush .....	0	2	6

## Boys.

G. Owen .....	0	1	6
W. Lankesheer .....	0	1	8
W. Williams .....	0	2	11
C. Hoare .....	0	6	2
H. Axford .....	0	1	8
J. Davidge .....	0	2	6
— Ford .....	0	3	0
F. Head .....	0	0	1
— Loveless .....	0	0	2
— Foxwell .....	0	0	2
C. Lovelass .....	0	0	9
— Prewett .....	0	0	2
— Lane .....	0	0	3
— Love .....	0	0	2
— Rogers .....	0	0	2
R. Dillon .....	0	1	10
— Hardwick .....	0	3	4
— Harris .....	0	0	1
— Powell .....	0	3	0
J. Sturges, Treasurer .....	1	1	0

7l. 13s.

Argyle Chapel Sunday School .....	10	15	2
Collected by Miss Yarnold .....	2	0	9

## Bedford.

## Bunyan Meeting.

## Collected by—

Louisa Crowsley .....	0	5	0
Susanna Favell .....	0	3	3
Rebecca Mercer .....	0	3	1
Eliza Mustill .....	0	3	0
Jane Bevan .....	0	3	0
Sarah Corbett .....	0	2	11
Catherine Bicheno .....	0	2	9
Esther Ward .....	0	2	8
Harriet Taylor .....	0	2	3
Betsy Peer .....	0	2	3
Susan Rose .....	0	2	3
Mary Ann Course .....	0	2	1
Mary Ann Hughan .....	0	2	1
Hannah Hart .....	0	2	0
Fanny Hart .....	0	2	0
Charlotte Newman .....	0	1	7
Miss Mayes .....	0	1	6
Sarah Green .....	0	1	6
Annie Perry .....	0	1	4
Julia Grey .....	0	1	3
Caroline Jane Barge .....	0	1	3
Sarah Field .....	0	1	1
Mary Smith .....	0	1	1
Mary Bailey .....	0	1	1
Sarah Ann Simcoe .....	0	1	1
Mary Ann Pickering .....	0	1	0
Eliza Mayes .....	0	1	0
Jemima Lilley .....	0	0	10
Miss Lovell .....	0	0	9
Jane Binns .....	0	0	9
Christina Fraser .....	0	0	8
Annie Fraser .....	0	0	7
Priscilla Daniels .....	0	0	7
Jane Binns .....	0	0	7
Rebecca Garrett .....	0	0	6
Sarah Gazeley .....	0	0	6
Ann Lilley .....	0	0	6
Annie Fletcher .....	0	0	6
Small Sums .....	0	3	5
Miss E. Malden .....	0	13	6

## Boys.

Frederick and Geo. Stevens .....	0	4	6
Thomas Denny .....	0	3	0
Joseph Henry Sturges .....	0	2	7
J. H. and B. D. Nichols .....	0	1	7
George Green .....	0	1	6
Clement George Sturges .....	0	1	4
James Course .....	0	1	1
George and William Mercer .....	0	1	0
Thomas Peer .....	0	1	0
Francis Mercer .....	0	1	0
Henry Berrill .....	0	1	0
Edward Henry Blyth .....	0	0	8
Octavius Attack .....	0	0	8
T. Harry Rose .....	0	0	9
John Brown .....	0	0	7
Samuel Chandler .....	0	0	6
John Daniels .....	0	0	6
George Clark .....	0	0	6
John Shirley .....	0	0	6
Small Sums .....	0	1	5

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 109

Elstow School.	
Miss Strange's Class	0 5 6
5l. 8s. 4d.	

Collected by Miss Julia Bodger	0 13 0
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## Howard Chapel.

Collected by—	
Miss Bull	1 2 6
Miss L. Grey	0 6 0
Miss Mayhew	0 4 0
Ann Northwood	0 1 2
Eliza Stonebanks	0 5 2
Susan Attack	0 2 11
Alice Hawkins	0 0 5
Ann Harper	0 0 11
Elizabeth Morton	0 1 0
Susannah Read	0 1 10
Amelia West	0 0 7
Sarah Brown	0 2 0
Ann Smith	0 0 5
Jane Northwood	0 0 0
Sophia Saniford	0 0 0
Mary Ann Eye	0 0 3
Charles Wright	0 2 7
Frederick Harriass	0 5 2
William Warwick	0 1 8
Henry Harper	0 0 6
Alfred Corby	0 0 0
Henry Benskin	0 3 0
5l. 5s. 4d.	

## Benton Park, Rawden.

Collected by—	
Miss Riley	1 2 6
Master William Goodall	0 0 0
Master E. Aykroyd	0 3 6
Master W. B. Haley	0 4 0
Master J. Kenion	0 5 0
2l. 1s. 6d.	
Bewdley Baptist Sunday School	0 2 7

## Bird Bush.

Collected by—	
Miss Whatley	0 10 0
Miss Margaret Harris	0 5 0
Master Thomas Whatley	0 3 8
Miss Ellen Barter	0 3 0
Miss E. Henstridge	0 1 8
Smaller Sums	0 14 8
1l. 18s. 1d.	

Bishop Auckland, by Miss Mary Bainbridge	0 12 0
Blackburn, Nova Scotia School	1 1 0
Booth	2 4 6
Bocey Tracey, by Miss Croker	0 12 6

## Bradford.

College Chapel.	
Miss F. W. Exley	0 18 4
Miss Hepworth	0 11 4
Miss Milburn	0 10 2
Miss S. J. Walker	0 10 7

Miss A. Bland	0 0 0
A. Dick and M. Bee	0 2 0
R. Thornton	0 0 8
Walker Waterhouse	0 0 4
E. Dick	0 10 0
Jemima Brook	0 4 0
George Peel	0 2 0
J. Binns	0 1 0
Sarah Ann Spencer	0 2 1
Gibson Lee	0 0 5
George Sopitt	0 4 0
6th Class of Boys	0 1 3
James Banks	0 0 0
Edward Haigh	0 0 8
Hannah Wilson	0 6 10
M. Lacey	0 1 6
Kussel and Leigh	0 0 0
William Butler	0 0 4
A. Butterfield	0 1 7
E. A. Arnold	0 5 6
Sarah Harrison	0 1 4
J. T. and E. Milne	1 0 3
Thomas Smith	0 1 3
John Richardson	0 0 0
T. Wintersgill	0 0 0
Robert McKell	0 5 6
Archibald McKell	0 1 3
Thomas Morley	0 0 11
H. Proctor	0 8 0
Susannah Clough	0 2 0
Elizabeth Farrar	0 3 5
M. A. Atkinson	0 1 3
Alfred Garforth	0 1 0
S. Longstaff	0 0 0
1st Class of Boys	0 2 8
D. Simpson	0 1 4
Sarah Ann Hardisty	0 1 8
Joseph Thornton	0 3 1
John Brunton	0 0 5
Thomas Dawson	0 0 8
M. Greenwood	0 5 7
John Pickersgill	0 2 0
Samuel Boyd	0 10 6
Roberta Dick	0 10 0
James Ward	0 2 6
John Peacock	0 1 0
George Binns	0 0 7
Sarah and Mary Ann McKell	0 2 0
H. Chadwick	0 0 6
William Walker	0 1 2
Small Sums	0 0 11
Fractions	0 0 3
10l. 7s. 7d.	

## Bridlington.

### Zion Chapel.

Miss M. A. Archer	0 5 5
Miss Letitia Hesilton	0 5 0
Miss Mary Dixon	0 2 0
Miss Margaret Dennis	0 2 0
Miss Sarah G. Graves	0 0 10
Master C. Marshall	0 7 3
Master A. S. Marshall	0 7 3
Master Thomas Edmond	0 3 6
Master Frederick Ford	0 3 0
Master Benjamin Dale	0 3 0
Master Harry Robson	0 3 2
Master Wm. Hesilton	0 1 6

Master Wm. Wilson.....	0	1	0
Master George Mainprise...	0	1	0
Master Raywood Constable...	0	1	1
Master Geo. Wm. Wilson...	0	1	0
Master Frederick Gargrave	0	1	0
Master Wm. Armatage.....	0	0	7
Master John Rhodes.....	0	0	4
Master Wm. Edmond.....	0	0	10

2l. 10s.

Brigg, Sunday School.....	3	3	4
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*Broad Chalk.*

Collected by—

Miss Barnett.....	0	7	0
Miss Bowles.....	0	2	6
Edith Emu.....	0	1	6
S. A. Hewett.....	0	8	0
Mary Isaac.....	0	2	1
Miss Mace.....	0	3	0
Master W. Mace.....	0	2	2
Fanny Miles.....	0	6	6
Edward Morris.....	0	10	3
A. M. Parrett.....	0	3	6

2l. 7s. 3d.

Bungay, Sunday School...	1	14	0
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Burley, Collected by Miss Phillips.....	1	0	0
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Burnhill East Killride...	0	9	0
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*Burwell.*

Sunday School.....	0	11	6
Miss Anna Ball.....	0	7	0
Masters Marsh.....	0	3	6

1l. 2s.

In addition to 1l. 13s. 6d. from Reach, acknowledged last month.

*Bushey.*

Master E. Kidd.....	1	0	0
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Collected by—

Children of the Chapel House.....	1	6	0
Mrs. Bagster's Children.....	0	7	7

*Sabbath School.*

Emily Arnold.....	0	2	1
Georgiana Stamford.....	0	2	1
Sarah Ann Boatwright.....	0	3	4
Lucy Barlow.....	0	3	10
Elizabeth Groom.....	0	5	6
Mary Holmes.....	0	2	2
Eliza Hill.....	0	5	0
Sarah Holmes.....	0	1	1
Elizabeth Sands.....	0	2	0
Eliza Smith.....	0	0	2
Samuel Cowan.....	0	2	2
Benjamin Stanford.....	0	2	10
Donations.....	0	5	0

4l. 10s. 10d.

*Cambridge.*

Downing Street Sunday School.

Fanny Abbott.....	0	3	2
Alfred Abbott.....	0	4	8
Thomas Abbott.....	0	4	2
Phebe Allen.....	0	2	6
M. A. P. Aves.....	0	18	4
William Owen Aves.....	0	5	4
Lucy Emily Aves.....	0	4	6

Annie Bond.....	0	5	8
S. Benton.....	0	6	6
Annie Collin.....	0	2	10
Emma Copping.....	0	4	7
Mary Ann Coulson.....	0	0	10
Susannah Coulson.....	0	0	10
Emily Cross.....	0	2	10
Susan Clark.....	0	1	6
— Ellis.....	0	1	10
Emily Gladwyn.....	0	3	0
— Gladwin.....	0	2	7
Thomas Gurner.....	0	0	6
Catharine Gurner.....	0	2	1
Samuel Hall.....	0	3	8
J. C. Holmes.....	0	1	6
Eliza Harrison.....	0	14	1
Fanny Ingle.....	0	4	6
Henry Ingle.....	0	2	0
Melissa Loughton.....	0	3	0
Joseph Mole.....	0	0	1
Elizabeth Phillips.....	0	2	6
Mary Ann Phillips.....	0	2	4
Henry Phillips.....	0	0	7
Esther Pryor.....	0	4	10
Jobb Piggott.....	0	0	3
William Savage.....	0	0	4
S. A. Thurston.....	0	2	7
Fanny Whibley.....	0	4	6
1st Class Boys.....	0	2	0
Master Jackson.....	0	2	6
John Ingle.....	0	2	6

6l. 11s.

*Campbelltown.*

Collected by—

Miss Jean Colville.....	0	10	2
Miss Sophia McMillan.....	0	7	2
Miss E. Galbraith.....	0	13	4
Miss J. Wallace.....	0	6	4
Mr. R. Dunlop.....	0	10	1
Mr. D. Walker.....	0	5	3
Mr. Wm. Alexander.....	0	4	10
Mr. A. Beith.....	0	6	6
Mr. D. Andrew.....	0	6	10
Miss E. McKenzie.....	0	4	4
Free Church Sabbath School Class.....	1	10	0
Mrs. Wyne.....	0	1	0
John Colville.....	0	15	0

6l. 6s. 10d.

Cardiff, Trinity Chapel School.....	0	12	8
Carmarthen, by Mr. T. Davies.....	0	16	1
Charlesworth, Sunday School.....	2	0	0
Cheadle, ditto.....	4	1	0

*Chelmsford.*

London Road.

By Miss Wilkinson.....	1	11	6
Sunday School.....	7	10	0

9l. 10s. 6d.

*Christchurch.*

Girls' School.....	3	19	2
Boys' School.....	3	7	0

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 111

Master J. K. Welch .....	0 10 4
Miss E. K. Welch .....	0 9 0
Miss M. E. Miller .....	0 4 4
Waterditch .....	0 8 4
Bournemouth, per Miss M. E. Aldridge .....	1 5 2
<hr/> 9l. 14s. 4d.	

## Clive.

Collected by	
Miss Shore .....	0 10 0
Miss S. H. Shore .....	0 13 0
Ellen Jones .....	0 10 0
Mary Downes .....	0 7 0

## Hadnall.

By the Children .....	3 3 2
Miss Whitfield .....	0 16 10
<hr/> 6l.	

## Cleckheaton.

Henry L. Anderton .....	0 12 0
Charles P. Anderton .....	0 9 0
Gavin A. Cuthbertson .....	0 10 0
Jessy Cuthbertson .....	0 11 6
Bible Class .....	0 9 0
<hr/> 2l. 11s. 6d.	

## Cottingham.

Collected by—	
John Kirk and William Stephenson .....	0 15 9
Stephen Wadforth .....	0 12 0
John Morrod .....	0 10 6
M. E. Cooper .....	0 10 6
M. and E. Panthorpe .....	0 7 3
M. A. Carr .....	0 6 3
Martha Buttery .....	0 5 8
Elizabeth Akum .....	0 5 2
Eliza Bilton .....	0 4 1
Sarah Wadforth .....	0 4 1
David Kirk .....	0 5 7
William Brewster .....	0 5 1
Robert Morrod .....	0 3 1
E. A. P. .....	0 5 0
Mr. A., by T. W. .....	0 2 0
<hr/> 5l. 2s.	

Crews, Sunday School .....	2 10 0
Hastington .....	0 12 6
<hr/> 5l. 2s. 6d.	

## Crondall.

Two Friends .....	0 5 0
By Miss Kiddle .....	0 10 0
<hr/> 15s.	

## Dalkeith.

Collected by—	
Elizabeth Gowan .....	0 7 6
Jane Murray .....	0 7 6
Joan Scott .....	0 4 0
John Hogg .....	0 10 0
David Somerville .....	0 9 0
John Wightman .....	0 6 6
Infant Class .....	0 1 4
Missionary Box .....	0 10 4
Easthouses Sabbath School .....	0 10 10
<hr/> 3l. 7s. 6d.	

## Denholm.

The little Children's own pennies .....	0 4 6
Collected by Harriet, Eliza- beth, Agnes, and Betsey .....	1 15 6
<hr/> 2l.	

## Derby.

Collected by Emily and Al- fred Whitaker .....	0 16 0
Victoria Street School .....	4 8 1
Chester Place ditto .....	0 15 0
<hr/> 5l. 19s. 1d.	

Devonshire, Friend .....	0 10 0
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## Dorchester.

Mary Jane Brown .....	0 1 0
Alice Dawe .....	0 6 6
Fanny Dawe .....	0 6 0
James Dart .....	0 3 3
Sarah Hutchings .....	0 10 0
Andrew Hill .....	0 7 3
Mary C. Pouncey .....	0 14 1
W. F. Platten .....	0 11 2
Emma Randall .....	0 10 0
Mary Russell .....	0 6 4
Emily Webber .....	0 14 0
Mary Anne Wilkins .....	0 2 10
<hr/> 4l. 12s. 10d.	

## Dover.

### Russell Street Chapel Sunday School.

Carolein Cornelious .....	0 4 2
Anne Taylor .....	0 1 2
Elizabeth and Lydia Lamb .....	0 3 5
Edith Bolton .....	0 0 10
Marian Solly .....	0 2 2
Susan Bentley .....	0 6 3
Susan Harmer .....	0 2 1
Julia Prier .....	0 1 9
M. A. Williams .....	0 2 1
Sarah Satus .....	0 2 2
Mary A. Fry .....	0 2 6
Grace Amos .....	0 4 9
Laura Pepper .....	0 1 6
Eliza Collard .....	0 2 8
Emma Scarlett .....	0 0 7
Frances Blunt .....	0 2 5
Kate Palfrey .....	0 1 2
Susannah Kingsford .....	0 1 6
Sarah Kingsford .....	0 1 8
Elizabeth Etall .....	0 1 4
Maria Masters .....	0 2 6
Catherine Brett .....	0 0 9
Mercy Allen .....	0 1 2
Elizabeth Cook .....	0 3 6
Jemima Brace .....	0 4 4
Alexander and Charles Penny .....	0 8 1
William Palfrey .....	0 1 0
Educational Home Pupils .....	0 17 0
Smaller Sums .....	0 2 0
Harriet Crump .....	0 0 7
Sarah Joyce .....	0 6 2
Mary Joyce .....	0 6 7
William Joyce .....	0 10 8
<hr/> 5l. 19s. 8d.	

<i>Dronfield</i> , Sunday School...	0 10 6
<i>Dudley</i> , by Joseph Greaves, additional .....	0 10 6
<i>Durham</i> , Juvenile Society ..	1 13 6

*Duxford.*

Collected by—	
Miss and Master Nash .....	1 17 7
Miss Hill .....	0 17 0
Miss M. Wisbey .....	0 14 2
Master T. H. B. Maris .....	0 0 0
Master R. W. Maris .....	0 8 0
Miss Brewster .....	0 8 0
Miss E. Maynard .....	0 8 0
	5 <i>l.</i> 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>

<i>Edinburgh</i> , the Sabbath School of the United Pres- byterian Church, Rose Street, from 1214 Sub- scribers, by their Treas- urer, D. J. Robertson, Esq. ....	22 18 8
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*Epping.*

Collected by—	
Sunday School .....	1 1 4
John Banks .....	0 2 6
Frederick Parker .....	0 5 6
William Smith .....	0 10 10
John Parker .....	0 2 0
	2 <i>l.</i> 2 <i>s.</i> 11 <i>d.</i>

*Epsom.*

Collected by—	
Miss A. Lennings .....	2 8 0
Miss Anundale .....	1 0 0
Miss Fisher .....	0 11 0
Miss C. E. Baines .....	0 12 0
Miss K. Dodgson .....	0 10 0
Miss Winterbotham .....	0 8 0
Miss S. E. Thompson .....	0 0 1
Misses H. M. and M. M. Thompson .....	0 8 6
Miss Cox .....	0 5 0
Miss B. Lee .....	0 5 8
Master Noel Chandler .....	0 16 3
Isabella Johnson .....	0 8 8
Annie Field .....	0 2 0
Esther Rhodes .....	0 5 0
Mary Clark .....	0 2 8
Rhoda Milton .....	0 7 1
Alice Miller .....	0 3 0
Maria Dorset .....	0 3 0
Mary Ann Elliot .....	0 4 4
Mary Cunningham .....	0 4 4
Sarah Bird .....	0 2 11
Mary Ann Johnson .....	0 1 7
Mary Jane Scott .....	0 2 7
Charlotte Sander and Annie Cook .....	0 1 10
Miss Harsant .....	0 10 7
Master Lacey .....	0 8 1
Josiah Loughurst .....	0 0 4
	11 <i>l.</i> 1 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i>

<i>Falkenham</i> .....	0 10 0
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*Finch Dean.*

Collected by—	
Josiah Bastable .....	0 1 0
William Bastable .....	0 1 0
George Budden .....	0 1 0
James Budden .....	0 1 4
W. Palmer .....	0 1 3
Jane Price .....	0 5 6
William Russell .....	0 1 8
Mary Voller .....	0 1 13
	1 <i>s.</i>

*Foleshill.*

A. Clarke and E. Edwards ..	0 12 0
Sarah Edwards .....	0 7 1
	1 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i>

<i>Forfar</i> , Sabbath School Girls .....	2 0 0
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<i>Glasgow</i> , by Miss Matilda Hogg .....	0 10 0
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<i>Gosport</i> (Rev. P. W. Mea- dows), Sabbath School ...	5 18 0
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Master Ridout .....	0 0 0
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<i>Grahamston</i> , Mr. Grosart's Sabbath Scholars .....	1 1 3
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*Gravesend.*

Collected by—	
Miss Gould .....	0 13
Miss Ridge .....	2 0 0
Miss Winnett .....	1 1 0
Sunday School Children .....	13 0 0
	10 <i>l.</i> 1 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>

*Guildford.*

Boys' Sunday School .....	2 3 0
Girls' ditto .....	0 17 7
	Exs. 7 <i>d.</i> ; 2 <i>l.</i> 1 <i>s.</i> 5 <i>d.</i>

<i>Harleston</i> , Sunday School...	4 14 0
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*Hull.**Salem Chapel.*

Collected by—	
Sabbath School Children ...	6 0 0
Master John David Sibree...	0 4 0
Miss Anna Louisa Sibree...	0 0 0
	6 <i>l.</i> 1 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>

<i>Idle</i> , Sabbath School .....	1 3 1
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<i>Inverness</i> , Merkinch Sab- bath School .....	3 1 0
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*Ipswich.**Nicholas Street.*

Sunday School Children .....	7 0 10
Children in the Congrega- tion .....	0 4 0
	10 <i>l.</i> 1 <i>s.</i>

*Tacket Street.*

Collected by—	
Mr. Buck's School .....	0 3 0
Master E. Buck .....	1 4 0
Master Burton .....	0 13 3
Miss E. Burton .....	0 13 3
Robert Brewster .....	0 2 0
Anna Byford .....	1 0 7

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 113

S. A. Chapman	0 8 0
Miss Clarkson	0 14 0
Master Clarkson	0 13 0
M. A. Cocksedge	0 2 6
Master Conder	1 0 0
Miss Conder	0 13 6
E. Dale	0 5 1
Miss A. Fison	0 12 4
Master J. Fison	0 12 2
Mary Garrard	0 13 0
Miss E. Goddard	0 8 6
Master Goddard	0 8 0
Misses J. and H. Grimwade	2 5 0
Master Harwood	1 0 0
Miss E. Harg	1 1 7
Miss Hitchcock	0 7 5
Master K. Paul	2 1 0
Master W. F. Paul	0 13 2
Miss L. Ray	1 5 0
Master Ray	0 17 6
Miss Lees	0 10 0
Master C. Rix	0 15 0
Sunday School	2 10 0
Collection	0 19 9

257.

Irving, Master Hyndman	
West Kilbride	0 8 0
Kilworth, Collected by P. W. Lelp	0 12 0

Kilminster, Ebenezer Chapel School	1 5 0
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## Launceston.

E. A. Langman	0 13 0
William Millman	0 11 0
Margaret Symons	0 7 2
P. E. Julian	0 0 10
John Phillips	0 6 6
Robert Geake	0 5 0
Mary D. Lane	0 5 0
George and E. Robins	0 4 7
Emma Goodman	0 4 0
George Julian	0 2 0
Mary A. Chagwin	0 2 4
William Woodrow	0 2 0
Thomas H. Langman	0 2 6
Elizabeth Bennett	0 2 8
Ann Horwood	0 1 8
Mary Northcott	0 1 0
Richard Woodrow	0 1 0
Mary J. Brooming	0 0 10

87. 188.

## Leamington.

Spencer Street Sabbath School	
Miss Gibbon's Class	0 14 2
Mrs. Clement's Class	0 8 8
Miss Cadmore's Class	0 2 0
Mary Candler	0 1 0
Kate Chattaway	0 5 0
Miss Compton	0 2 0
Charlotte Somerville	0 1 0
Emma Morris	0 0 0
Maria Wildsmith	0 1 0
John Wildsmith	0 2 4
John Harris	0 0 8
Anne Tattersfield	0 0 8
Sarah Wall	0 0 7

Lacy Stratton	0 1 5
Miss Findon	0 1 1
Miss Chinery	0 1 0
Miss Chattaway	0 0 10
Elizabeth Stratton	0 1 4
Joseph Bowen	0 0 2
John Wall	0 1 5
Charles Harris	0 0 9
Mr. Ellis	0 1 0
Jane Stratton	0 0 8
Mr. Stone	0 2 6
Miss Grimwood	0 2 2
William Jeffcoat	0 1 1
William Sweatman	0 0 10
Mr. Burgess	0 0 6
Miss Evans	0 3 2
Miss Stockwell	0 0 4
Miss Beale	0 0 8
Miss Broadhurst	0 0 6
Mr. Clements	0 0 2
Mr. J. Hordern	0 1 0
Mr. Willoughby	0 0 7
Miss E. Gould	0 2 0
Alfred Welch	0 0 3
Mrs. Stanyan	0 1 0
Miss Frist	0 1 0
In various Small Sums	0 14 0
A young Friend	0 1 9

47. 58.

Leicester, Bond Street Sabbath School	3 5 0
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Leith Hall, ditto	0 8 7
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Lewes, by Miss Rouse	0 2 7
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## Little Dean.

Collected by—	
John Laxton	0 1 0
J. Dalley	0 2 4
Thomas Morris	0 1 10
Reubin Meredith	0 0 10
Timothy Brigum	0 1 8
John Vaice	0 1 4
J. B. Laxton	0 0 0
Harriet Kilford	0 1 2
Elizabeth Davis	0 2 0
Mary Ryder	0 5 2
George Pitt	0 1 6
Rhoda Meredith	0 1 0

17. 68. 8d.

## Llangollen.

Collected by—	
Messrs. G. and S. Griffiths' Apprentices, J. Davies and W. Edwards	1 8 0
Lewis Evans and Thomas Francis	0 9 0
Mary Elizabeth Edwards	0 0 1
Mary Williams	0 4 4
Margaret Francis	0 3 5
Trefor, Sunday School	0 4 0

21. 128. 8d.

## Long Ashton.

Samuel Brown, Junr.	0 10 1
William H. Poole	0 19 4
Charles Tucker	0 2 2
Elizabeth Baker	0 7 0



Clara Livings .....	0 13 0	Miss A. M. Grimshaw.....	0 4
Eliza Tilly .....	0 8 6	Miss Fielding .....	0 4
Ann Little .....	0 5 8	Miss Emma Moss .....	0 4
Jestina Barnes .....	0 3 8	Miss Ann Hadden .....	0 4
John Hazell .....	0 4 8	Miss E. Kershaw .....	0 4
Alfred Browning .....	0 2 0	Miss Dorothy Stone .....	0 4
Thomas Harris .....	0 1 10	Miss S. A. McLoughlan .....	0 4
Charles Harris .....	0 1 2	Miss Stockwell .....	0 4
John Harris .....	0 1 2	Miss Eliza Wood .....	0 4
Albert Brittain .....	0 1 1	Miss M. A. Stewart .....	0 4
Thomas Ambrose .....	0 1 1	Miss C. Livingston .....	0 4
Albert Cobbett .....	0 0 8	Miss M. Birchwood .....	0 4
James Barnes .....	0 0 6	Miss Ann Pollard .....	0 4
Robert Gough .....	0 0 6	Miss J. A. Hobson .....	0 4
<i>4l. 4s. 1d.</i>		Miss Preston .....	0 4
Ludlow, Independent Sun-		Miss J. Cunliffe .....	0 4
day School .....	3 12 0	Miss Potts .....	0 4
<i>Maiden Newton.</i>		Miss B. Banton .....	0 4
Collected by—		Miss E. Hobson .....	0 4
E. C. Whittle .....	0 3 0	Miss M. A. Lowton .....	0 4
W. Trenchard .....	0 2 6	Miss S. A. Kirkham .....	0 4
Elizabeth Harris .....	0 2 6	Miss E. Massey .....	0 4
Jane Stickling .....	0 1 8	Miss M. A. Edwards .....	0 4
<i>Sydling.</i>		Miss S. Elderton .....	0 4
Richard Bush .....	0 5 0	Miss H. Parton .....	0 4
Elizabeth Guy .....	0 4 10	Miss R. Higgins .....	0 4
Ellen Fry .....	0 3 6	Miss J. Sturndale .....	0 4
Edward Swaffield .....	0 2 6	Miss M. Phillips .....	0 4
Thomas Samways .....	0 2 6	Miss L. Williamson .....	0 4
Mary Miles .....	0 1 0	Miss M. Robinson .....	0 4
<i>1l. 9s.</i>		Miss M. Kershaw .....	0 4
<i>Manchester.</i>		Miss O. Murrell .....	0 4
Mr. P. Newton .....	0 1 0	Miss M. Ellison .....	0 4
Tipping Street Sunday		Miss G. W. .....	0 4
School .....	1 9 0	Miss F. Fielding .....	0 4
Roby Sunday School and Grosvenor		Miss F. Whittam .....	0 4
Street Chapel,		Miss M. H. Wadsworth .....	0 4
Collected by—		Miss J. Hacking .....	0 4
Miss L. A. Rymer .....	2 2 0	Miss M. A. Wait .....	0 4
Miss H. Fletcher .....	2 0 0	Miss S. J. Wood .....	0 4
Miss C. E. and E. R. Royle ..	1 12 0	Miss E. Roberts .....	0 4
Miss H. Staniforth .....	1 3 0	Miss Ann May .....	0 4
Miss M. A. Armitage .....	1 0 0	Miss E. Hacking .....	0 4
Miss Parry .....	0 16 6	Miss R. Kirkham .....	0 4
Miss Porter .....	0 16 6	Miss Ann E. Walker .....	0 4
Miss Holt .....	0 15 0	Miss E. Morgan .....	0 4
Miss S. H. Allsop .....	0 14 0	Miss Sarah Bridle .....	0 4
Miss S. J. Ashworth .....	0 12 9	Miss Mary Hartley .....	0 4
Miss M. Mace .....	0 12 6	Miss Ann Heywood .....	0 4
Miss M. Gledill .....	0 11 6	Master James Cummins .....	0 4
Miss Wolfendale .....	0 10 6	Master James Acton .....	0 4
Miss Phebe Reece .....	0 10 6	Master Charles Thomson .....	0 4
Miss Mary Reece .....	0 9 6	Master R. Brindle .....	0 4
Miss H. Griffiths .....	0 8 8	Master John Dean .....	0 4
Miss Mary A. Wait .....	0 8 6	Master Selby Moss .....	0 4
Miss M. C. Ashworth .....	0 8 6	Master Peter Ward .....	0 4
Miss S. Duckworth .....	0 8 2	Master Ziba Armitage .....	0 4
Miss R. Armitage .....	0 8 0	Master E. Armitage .....	0 4
Miss Ann Dean .....	0 7 0	Master R. Pierce .....	0 4
Miss S. Chadwick .....	0 6 4	Master Joseph Wilkinson .....	0 4
Miss E. Witcroft .....	0 6 0	Master Charles Sheldon .....	0 4
Miss M. A. Lowton .....	0 5 0	Master James Sheldon .....	0 4
Miss E. Holden .....	0 5 0	Master Joseph Sharp .....	0 4
Miss S. B. Elverson .....	0 5 0	Master Robert Howden .....	0 4
Miss M. A. Waring .....	0 5 1	Master J. Armstrong .....	0 4
Miss Jane Carr .....	0 5 0	Master Joseph Priest .....	0 4
		Master Robert Heap .....	0 4
		Master Alfred Grierson .....	0 4

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 115

Master W. E. Elderton	0 5 2
Master Lewis E. Morgan	0 5 0
Master J. H. McLaughlan	0 4 2
Master H. Shaw	0 4 0
Master W. Hoggard	0 3 10
Master W. Goodall	0 3 6
Master A. Armstrong	0 3 6
Master S. H. Hobson	0 3 3
Master S. W. Richmond	0 3 2
Master J. Buckton	0 3 0
Master B. Heap	0 2 7
Master A. Friend	0 1 6
Master E. Picton	0 1 6
Master J. Wigley	0 1 2
Master W. Gauk	0 1 1
Master P. Wyatt	0 1 0
Master G. Wern	0 1 0
Master Wiflin	0 0 9
Master H. Southward	0 0 9
Master Thomas Birchall	0 0 8
Master John Worth	0 0 8
Master James Fletcher	0 0 7
Master Knowls	0 0 6
Master Joseph Rittven	0 0 6
Master G. Gregory	0 0 6
Master Samuel Bentley	0 0 5
Master W. Robinson	0 0 4
Master J. S. Liston	0 0 4
Master W. Bourdley	0 0 3
Master Smith	0 0 3
Master Thomas Hortley	0 0 2

40l. 2s.

*Bucklow Hill, near Knutsford, Youth's Bible Class.* 1 7 6

*Middlewich, Sunday School* 4 10 0

## Milton, next Sittingbourne.

Collected by—	
J. Thomas	0 12 0
E. Wacher	0 3 1
E. Williams	0 3 0
E. Henwood	0 2 11
Collected in School	0 14 0

1l. 15s.

## Minshull Vernon.

Collected by—	
Miss J. Yoxall	0 12 2
Miss Davies	0 4 4
Miss Mary Wright	0 15 6
Mr. C. Davies	0 13 7
Mr. W. Askey	0 4 6
Mr. W. Wright, Mill	0 16 8
Mr. W. Wright, Bridge	
House	0 4 3
Mr. T. Lightfoot	0 1 2

3l. 12s. 2d.

## Montrose.

Collected by—	
C. A. B. Smith	0 5 8
Jane Durlie	0 5 1
George Swass	0 2 6
Robert Strachan	0 6 2
Charles Sivewright	0 1 6
C. Muckart	0 1 6
Mary Ann Carnegie	0 1 10
Jane Carr	0 3 0

Margaret Carr	0 8 1
Jessie Edwards	0 4 9
David Edwards	0 4 3
Miss Stool	0 5 0
Mary Jane Hodge	0 17 6
William D. Johnston	0 5 0
Fractions	0 0 3

3l. 7s. 10d.

## Morley.

### Rehoboth School.

William Hall	0 0 8
David Wilson	0 1 7
Thomas Hirst	0 4 0
Samuel Gill	0 0 6
Edward Wilson	0 1 7
Alfred Greenwood	0 1 1
Nathaniel Slack Foster	0 1 2
John Rushby	0 0 5
James Brown	0 1 1
Hugh H. Hart	0 4 2
Alfred Webster	0 1 1
Joseph Hart	0 1 6
Hannah Hinchliffe	0 2 0
Mary Nichols	0 6 3
Mary Watson	0 1 7
Mary Clark	0 2 0
Fanny Clark	0 2 0
Robert Watson	0 1 0
Nathaniel Dixon	0 1 3
Joseph Watson	0 1 0
Israel Brown	0 0 9
David Rodley	0 0 4
Edward Todd	0 0 7
William Brown	0 1 0
John Wilson	0 0 7
James Tod	0 0 7
Sarah Barron	0 2 1
Martha A. Steward	0 2 0
Elizabeth Fletcher	0 1 2
Charlotte Clough	0 2 0
Martha Clark	0 1 1
Emma Hall	0 1 4
Mary Rushby	0 1 0
Ellen Horsfall	0 0 0
Ann Steel	0 1 0
Ann Rodley	0 1 8
Caroline Kirk	0 0 6
Hannah Hall	0 1 1
Sarah A. Brown	0 1 8
Hannah Brown	0 1 9
Mary Ann Kirk	0 0 6
Alfred Dixon	0 1 0
Thomas Dixon	0 0 8
Daniel Dixon	0 1 0
John Dixon	0 4 6
E. A. Mitchell	0 0 9
John Gill	0 0 10
Elizabeth Dixon	0 2 6
Charlotte Brown	0 1 0
Anne Crowther	0 2 0
Sarah A. Mitchell	0 0 9
William King	0 0 10
Ann E. Stockwell	0 3 1
George Roberts	0 0 6
Thomas Brown	0 0 4
Eli Leathley	0 3 1
Francis Gledhill	0 2 6
Lucy Stockwell	0 3 0

Emma Hinchliffe	0	2	6	William Gays	
Elizabeth King	0	0	0	George Durrant	
Joseph Deacon	0	1	3		
William Rodley	0	0	1		
James Mitchell	0	0	2		
Ann Appleyard	0	1	0		
Bible Class Boys	0	10	6		
Jane Ann Dykes	0	1	2		
Francis Appleyard	0	1	0		
James Kirk	0	0	9		
Ann Ellis	0	4	0		
E. A. Holroyd	0	2	4		
Joseph Hirst	0	1	3		
Francis Hirst	0	1	5		
Elizabeth Leathley	0	8	3		
Elizabeth Crowther	0	2	0		
Elizabeth Scarth	0	9	0		
Sarah A. Brown	0	3	8		
Miriam Reeve	0	13	5		
Additional	0	3	3		
7l. 10s.					
Needham Market, Sunday	4	0	0		
School					

Newcastle-under-Line.			
By J. S. Edge	0	1	6
By A. Pepper	0	1	4
By R. Roberts	0	1	0
Newent	0	15	6
New Inn	1	6	0

Newport, Mon.			
Tabernacle Sunday School.			
Thomas Henry Wilson	1	4	4
Mary Jones	0	14	0
John Jones	0	10	0
Anne Ralph	0	4	3
Emma Debdon	0	2	6
Sarah Jones	0	2	0
Mary Jane Brian	0	2	6
Eliza Tevers	0	2	4
Elizabeth Hoskins	0	2	7
Charles Jones	0	2	0
Emily Jenkins	0	2	2
Arthur Brian	0	3	3
Mary Rees	0	1	0
Emma Charles	0	0	5
Anna Maria Lee	0	0	7
Frederick Evans	0	1	0
John Watkins	0	1	0
John Thomas	0	1	0
George Hardie	0	1	0
James Lathwood	0	1	8
Selina Richards	0	3	0
Eliza Tuberville	0	2	7
Mary Lewis	0	2	6
Exs. 8d.; 4l. 8s. 6d.			

Newport Pagnel.			
Misses M. and E. Hill	0	7	0
Misses E. and A. West	0	7	9
Misses A. and H. Heathcote	0	3	0
Misses E. and H. Redden	0	7	9
Miss M. L. Bull	0	8	0
Master Walter B. Bull	0	13	6
John Slayter	0	12	0
Betsy Brimley	0	15	0
Henry Rose	0	4	9

William Gays	
George Durrant	
Sabbath School.	
Emma Rose	
Caroline Sheppard	
C. Bromwich	
M. Markham	
C. Bunting	
E. Wilford	
R. Goodman	
S. A. Hall	
M. A. George	
E. Petts	
E. Burrows	
Jane Pettit	
E. Featherstone	
E. Leverett	
E. Boswell	
S. Burrows	
S. George	
Smaller Sums	
6l. 2s. 1d.	

Newton, near Seaton			
Parablete Chapel.			
Collected by—			
Master Jenkins			
Frances Elizabeth Evans			
Jane Williams			
Jane Bidder			
Hannah Howells			
Jane Bennett			
Mary Long			
Rachel Lewis			
Sarah Button			
Mary Davies			
Sarah Hixon			
Rachael Edwardes			
Mary Thomas			
Emma Thomas			
Anne Davies			
Jane Owen			
John Woollacott			
Thomas Williams			
Henry Williams			
Joseph Tovey			
Anne Llewellyn			
Exs. 3d.; 1l. 7s. 8d.			

Newton-le-Willows, Sunday			
School			

Northampton, by Miss M.			
E. Brice			

Oundle.			
Collected by—			
J. J. Sharp	0	13	6
W. Rowlett	0	13	6
M. A. Lenton	0	7	1
E. Bloom	0	7	1
A. E. Hames	0	6	1
A. Howes	0	6	1
E. Binder	0	3	3
L. Ireland	0	2	3
M. A. Whyman	0	1	3
2s. 3d.			

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 117

## *Paignton.*

Umphries	0 2 5
Marchant	0 2 4
Alt	0 1 1
Dolton	0 0 11
White	0 0 3
Small	0 0 2
Baker	0 0 6
in Mortimore	0 2 0
Goodridge	0 0 10
Emma Goodridge	0 0 10
Bragg	0 2 3
Stook	0 0 6
ng	0 0 11
enny	0 0 2
Winget	0 0 10
Dolton	0 0 4
Dolton	0 0 5
Hannaford	0 2 8
Hockaday	0 1 1
Langdon	0 1 6
Thomas Toppenden	0 2 6
Winsor	0 1 0
Brewer	0 0 3
is Nott	0 0 6
is Edwin Deller	0 1 9
Hoffman	0 2 8
Wilson	0 4 0
ner	0 2 0
Amy Knight	0 10 7
<hr/> 2l. 7s. 10d.	
ley, Gilmour Street. A	
aily Box	0 12 6
sent, Collected by Miss	
mstrong's Pupils	1 2 6
ryn, Sabbath School	1 7 2

## *Pontypool.*

Collected by—	
Ham Davies	0 2 3
Ham Williams	0 0 7
Ham Vaughan	0 3 2
eph Vaughan	0 1 4
iel Prosser	0 1 4
aniel Williams, Jun.	0 4 6
ary Lewis	0 8 6
ary Jones	0 3 3
amjamin Evans	0 1 0
omas Watkins	0 1 3
omas Williams	0 12 9
ane Jones	0 2 8
Mary Lewis	0 2 7
David Jenkins	0 2 0
William Bowen	0 0 8
Henry Harris (D.)	0 0 6
Lewis Jenkins (D.)	0 1 0
Timothy Parker	0 1 0
Thomas Prosser, Jun.	0 2 1
Collected by Sunday School	0 8 4
Collected by the Superin-	
tendent Alexander Ed-	
wards	0 8 0
<hr/> 3l. 5s. 2d.	

## *Reading.*

Castle Street.	
Miss Taylor	0 10 0

Miss Newberry	0 4 0
Miss Davies	0 10 0
Mrs. Cheney	0 3 4
Miss Brown	1 12 0
Miss H. Brown	1 2 0
Miss Bunce	0 7 6
Miss Hunt	0 5 0
Mr. John Cheney	0 2 7
Mr. H. Player	0 1 1
Miss E. Brown	0 3 10
Master W. Ravenscroft	0 4 9
Master W. Hiseock	0 1 10
Mr. J. Britton	0 1 9
Mr. Pilgrim	9 4 7
Mr. Penner	0 11 6
Mr. Varley	0 5 0
Mr. Pentecost	0 5 2
Mr. Leach	0 1 7
Miss Cowderoy	0 3 0
<hr/> 7l. 9s. 6d.	

## *Royston.*

### John Street.

Collected by—	
Clara Andrews	0 15 6
Agnes and Arthur Andrews	0 12 2
Eleanor Butler	1 3 10
Price Barnes	0 8 6
Louisa Dellow	0 2 6
Mary Hagger	0 5 6
Sarah Jacklin	0 3 5
Elizabeth Smith	0 2 0
Emma Titchmarsh	0 8 0
<hr/> 4l. 1s. 11d.	
Sandwich, Sunday School	3 10 7
Ash, ditto	2 17 8
<hr/> 6l. 8s. 3d.	

## *Saxmundham.*

Collected by—	
Mary Elizabeth Lewis	0 12 0
Emma and Samuel Wells	0 18 6
Charles and Samuel Self	0 8 2
Frederick and Charles Ash-	
ford	0 14 0
Edward James Ashford	0 11 0
Henry Waller	0 7 0
William and Allen Wells	0 0 9
William Boland	0 2 7
Fanny and George Newman	0 5 2
Robert Thomas Hitchcock	0 5 0
James Newby	0 2 2
Mary Ann Moore	0 3 3
Eliza Hazleup	0 3 10
Charlotte Holmes	0 2 0
Betsy and William Goodall	0 2 3
Maria Newman	0 3 0
Betsy Rowe	0 2 6
Julia Gardner	0 2 0
Hannah Gaze	0 2 3
Elizabeth, Ellen, and Ed-	
ward Garrod	0 10 2
Allen and Albert Cunnell	0 1 10
George and Rebecca Mills	0 2 3
Sarah Harroft	0 1 2
Clara Middleditch	0 1 0
Mary Anne Newby	0 0 6
William Hunt	0 0 9

Philip Dale.....	0	0	9
Miss Driver .....	0	0	3
<hr/> 6l. 14s. 8d.			

*Sheffield.**Queen Street.*

Marian Marshall .....	0	10	0
Elizabeth Wood .....	0	10	0
M. E. Gardner .....	0	4	0
Sophia Gardner .....	0	4	0
Martha Oates .....	0	4	11
E. Pearson .....	0	7	0
E. Raynes .....	0	4	0
S. Hartstaff .....	0	2	0
Fanny Holmes .....	0	3	0
Eliza Stevens .....	0	2	0
Martha Wild .....	0	2	10
Martha Holland .....	0	2	0
E. Herring .....	0	1	0
Caroline Tutbury .....	0	1	8
Rebecca Hawksley .....	0	1	3
E. and A. E. Burrell .....	0	2	1
Mary Chapman .....	0	1	0
M. Mallinson .....	0	1	5
E. Mallinson .....	0	1	2
Mary Green .....	0	1	1
Eliza Ogle .....	0	1	1
Elizabeth Pashley .....	0	1	0
Frances Hughes .....	0	1	0
Ellen Castle .....	0	1	0
M. Beet .....	0	2	7
Smaller Sums .....	0	14	9

*Boys.*

Benjamin Greaves .....	0	14	6
S. and A. Bradley .....	0	11	3
T. Wright .....	0	7	10
E. B. Schofield .....	0	7	0
Henry Green .....	0	4	7
H. Palfreyman .....	0	3	9
F. Peace .....	0	3	10
James Wood .....	0	5	0
John G. Steer .....	0	2	8
J. E. Wordsworth .....	0	2	6
Samuel Cartwright .....	0	2	7
Samuel Cook .....	0	2	0
Charles Ash .....	0	2	0
J. W. Henderson .....	0	2	0
J. and G. W. Draper .....	0	1	7
Marrison Knapton .....	0	1	8
William Roberts .....	0	1	2
Walter Smith .....	0	1	7
Henry Cooper .....	0	1	9
William Malin .....	0	1	4
John Mason .....	0	1	3
William Crownshaw .....	0	1	0
J. Blackwell .....	0	1	0
James Royes .....	0	1	0
Young Men's Association .....	0	14	2
Mr. C. Hemzell .....	0	0	0
Smaller Sums .....	0	14	11
<hr/> 10l. 10s.			

*Sherborne, Sunday School...* 4 14 0

*Shilton* 1 10 0

*Sidmouth.**Collected by—*

Elizabeth Channon .....	0	15	0
Louisa Bishop .....	0	2	0
<hr/> 18s. 6d.			

*South Petherton.*

Martha Doble .....	0	4	0
Jane and Sarah Harding .....	0	10	0
George Harding .....	0	10	0
Julia Edith Hebditch .....	1	2	0
Sarah Ann Pearse .....	0	2	0
Harriet and Robert Perratt .....	0	12	0
Sarah Ann Richards .....	0	0	0
Matilda and Emily Tapscott .....	2	1	0
William Henry Tapscott .....	1	0	0
<hr/> 6l. 12s.			

*Southport, Sunday School...* 3 7 0

*Stansfield.*

Miss Cross .....	0	12	7
Master Everard .....	0	0	0
Master Jenkins .....	0	0	0
Master Pratt .....	0	12	0
Miss Rutter .....	0	0	0
Master Starling .....	0	4	0
Sundries .....	0	3	0
<hr/> 2l. 15s. 3d.			

*Stansted Rectory, near Seven Oaks, by Master*

*H. Nunn* 0 4 0

*Stockton, Sunday School* 4 2 0

*Stonehaven, by Robert*

*Duthie* 0 10 0

*Stratford-on-Avon.**Collected by—*

George and William Parker .....	2	7	1
Charles Thomas .....	0	15	0
Philip Canning .....	0	0	0
Miss Bodfish .....	0	0	0
John Kent Pitcher .....	0	0	0
Harriette Biddle .....	0	3	0
John Savage .....	0	1	0
Sarah Savage .....	0	3	0
Miss Hayward .....	0	2	0
Miss Jacksons .....	0	2	0
Thomas Hughes .....	0	1	0
Prudence Heritage .....	0	2	0
Elizabeth Locke .....	0	1	0
Harriette Greenhall .....	0	1	0
Eliza Pittaway .....	0	1	0
Jane Coles .....	0	0	0
Arthur West .....	0	0	0
Charlotte Watson .....	0	0	0
William Reid .....	0	0	0
Emma Rutter .....	0	0	0
Frederick Worsey .....	0	0	0
<hr/> 5l. 13s. 2d.			

*Swansea, Burrows and Wycliffe Sabbath Schools* 10 0 0

*Tarnesfield, by H. Tomlinson* 0 15 0

*Tiverton, Sabbath School* 7 10 0

## CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 119

## Tooting.

## Collected by—

Julia Mills	0 13 0
Margaret Chapman	0 10 4
First Class and Friends	0 10 3
Elizabeth Jacobs	0 8 2
Emma Garrod	0 6 0
Jane Gurn	0 3 8
Mariet Brown	0 3 2
Mary Ann Gosk	0 2 8
Anny Upton	0 2 6
Mary Ann Cook	0 2 0
Sarah Ann Letts	0 1 4
Jan Balchin	0 1 5
Sam Smith	0 1 0
Sam Suttan	0 0 7
Miss Hayward	0 1 0
Eliza Page	0 8 4
William Prentice	0 5 5
James Biguold	0 5 6
F. Hobbs	0 4 0
Grace	0 0 8

4l. 10s.

Trowbridge.  
Tabernacle.

The Pastor's Bible Class	0 9 0
Girls' Bible Class	1 1 3
1st Class Girls	0 9 8
2nd Class Do.	0 7 5
3rd Class Do.	0 10 6
4th Class Do.	0 1 9
5th Class Do.	0 2 2
6th Class Do.	0 3 2
7th Class Do.	0 2 2
Remaining Classes, Girls	0 1 3
Boys' Bible Class	0 5 7
1st Class Boys	0 3 8

## Collected by

Master Mann	0 10 7
Master Haden	0 5 7
Master Chapman	0 2 9
Master Veilin	0 2 3
The Misses Brown	0 4 4
Miss Haden	0 3 1
Miss G. Offer	0 1 0
Miss J. Chapman	0 2 9
Miss Rodway	0 1 8
Miss Dicks	0 3 1
Miss Pepler	0 2 4
Mary Battle	0 1 10
Martha Battle	0 1 7
Ann Tiley	0 1 5
Mary Ann Griffin	0 1 10
Miss Cox	0 1 7
Sarah Grist	0 1 4
John Franklin	0 1 9
John Cogswell	0 1 6
M. J. Thomas	0 1 4
Emma Moore	0 1 2
Christiana Deacon	0 1 2
Sarah Ann Dyer	0 1 2
Mary Ann Hanney	0 1 4
Edith Mayell	0 1 1
Rachael Deacon	0 1 1
Elizabeth Harding	0 1 1
Charlotte Dyer	0 1 1
Leah Deacon	0 1 1

Mary Rogers	0 1 2
Lois Berrett	0 1 1
Hannah Parsons	0 1 1
Martha Morris	0 1 1
Amelia Pellard	0 1 1
Jane Bigwood	0 1 1
Rebecca Grey	0 1 0
Eliza Fisher	0 1 0
James Wicks	0 1 1
Henry Pollard	0 1 0
Joseph Thomson	0 1 0
Frederick Cogswell	0 1 0
Jesse Loxley	0 1 0
Hugh Randall	0 1 0
In smaller sums	0 7 3
After Lecture	0 15 6

8l. 18s. 10d.

## Silver Street.

David Fergusson	0 1 9
Alexander Fergusson	0 1 8
James Hanley	0 3 10
James Culverhouse	0 1 0
James Horton	0 0 6
John Foyle	0 0 4
Mary Ann Griffin	0 10 6
Elizabeth Perry	0 1 4
Ann Watts	0 1 2
Ellen Horton	0 1 0

1l. 2s. 11d.

10 1 9

## Tunbridge, by Miss Gorham

1 2 0

## Tunbridge Wells.

Lois Ovenden and Ann	
Warren	0 10 6
Jane Batchelor	0 7 6

15s.

## Tutbury.

Anne and Elizabeth Aull	0 11 2
J. Owen	0 2 0
W. Hauker	0 0 10
M. Hines	0 0 7
J. Owen	0 1 4
J. Lock	0 1 9
W. Hanson	0 3 0
Henry Bentley	0 1 7
A. Smith	0 2 0
Eliza Woolley	0 0 4
Miss Coxon	0 4 0
Miss A. E. Coxon	0 4 0
Master E. H. Coxon	0 4 0
Miss Evans and E. J. Evans	0 15 9
Deborah Henshaw	0 1 0
Various	0 3 2

2l. 17s.

## Uxbridge.

## Girl's Sabbath School.

Miss C. Heron	0 10 9
Miss C. Nash and M. E.	
Stransom	0 9 6
Miss Rosina Weston	0 11 6
Miss C. House	0 13 3
Miss Matilda Stransom	0 6 4
Miss S. Bates	0 3 10

## JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

Miss M. Chalfont	0	2	5	William K. Reeves
Miss E. Pettingell	0	5	9	Rhoda Jesson
Lydia Welbee and H. Birch	0	18	0	Hugh Williams Reeves
Maria Woods	0	8	4	A Friend
Jane Leake	0	9	4	Charles Rogers
Eliza East	0	2	6	Louisa Speocer
Elizabeth Dew	0	3	7	Sarah Jane Simkins
Harriet Wright	0	2	0	Henry Stamps
Julia Sherwin	0	2	5	John Bowen
Sarah Ann Powill	0	4	0	Nathan Bowen
Charlotte Shoppee	0	2	4	Isaiah and James Reeves
				Jacob Horton
				Ellen Taylor
				Emma Evans
				Various Sums less than 1s.

## Ickenham.

## Sabbath School.

Mary Ann Finch	0	9	0
Eliza Finch	0	7	1
Emily Harringer	0	6	10
Susan Bishop	0	4	8
Ann Wilding	0	1	0
Mary E. Cooke	0	1	0
Edward Weedon	0	4	5
Young Gentlemen at Miss Howard's School, Uxbridge	0	3	8
Miss L. Harris	0	1	10
Miss P. Hunt	0	3	3
Master Hunt	0	6	10
	5l. 0s. 6d.		

Wallingford Sabbath School 2 5 4

## Ware.

## Old Independent Chapel.

Boys Sunday School	2	4	6
Girls ditto	0	13	3
Miss Giffin	0	12	1
Miss Biscoe	0	4	5
Master Stokes	1	0	0
Miss R. E. Stokes	1	0	0
	5l. 14s. 3d.		

Wattisfield. Collected by Miss C. Bullock

1 3 0

West Bromwich.  
Mayer's Green.

## Collected by—

Alfred Bond	1	8	0
Edith Anna Cooksey	0	18	7
Rebekah Jane Cooksey	0	13	2
Fanny and Alice Curtis	0	12	9
Eliza Parkes	0	11	1
Mary E. Thompson	0	11	1
Lucy Watton	0	10	0
Masters Halford and Nock	0	9	0
Thomas Mantell	0	9	0
Joseph Robert Cooksey	0	0	4
Sarah Ann Reeves	0	0	1
Mary Richards	0	8	0
	0	7	9

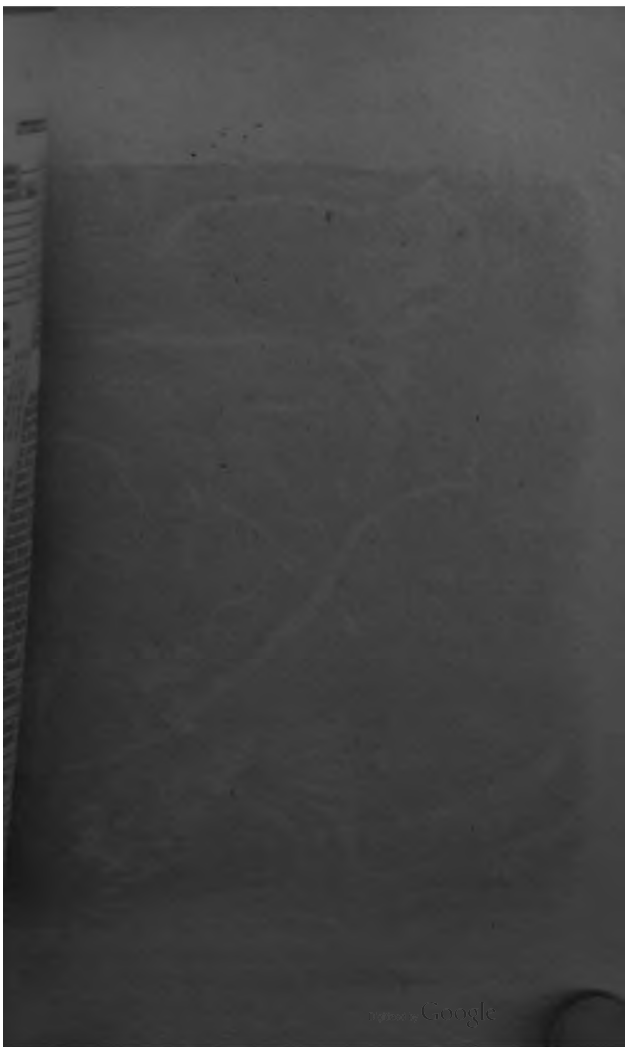
An enlarged list of additional contributions will be given next month; but, on account of the very great expense of printing these details, it will not be possible, in future, to include sums under one shilling.

## Wilmot.

## Collected by—

Miss Bickham			
Miss Pearson			
Mr. Krauss			
Mr. Ainsworth			
Mr. McAll			
Master J. Bell			
Master R. Smith			
Elizabeth Williamson			
Hannah Coppock			
Catherine Holt			
Magdalene Thomas			
Mary Barker			
Elizabeth Chesworth			
Jane Shuttleworth			
Hannah Sumner			
Harriet Clarke			
Ann Henshall			
Elizabeth Barker			
Elizabeth Roscoe			
Ann Blundell			
Hannah Blundell			
Sarah Toft			
Emma Jackson			
Hannah Ainsworth			
Mary Bray			
Mary Jane Alcock			
Martha Davenport			
Ann Morrall			
Sarah Bower			
James Williamson			
William Hough			
James Symington			
Levi Turner			
Alfred Wood			
T. Henshall			
Alfred Batley			
Abel Bradley			
James Smington			
Henry Henshall			
Fractions			
	5l. 12s. 6d.		

Wrexham Juvenile Society 1 10





Miss M. Chalfont .....	0 2 5	William K. Reeves .....	0 7 7
Miss E. Pettingell .....	0 5 9	Rhoda Jesson .....	0 7 1
Lydia Welbee and H. Birch .....	0 13 0	Hugh Williams Reeves .....	0 6 2
Maria Woods .....	0 8 4	A Friend .....	0 6 2
Jane Leake .....	0 9 4	Charles Rogers .....	0 5 7
Eliza East .....	0 2 6	Louisa Spencer .....	0 5 2
Elizabeth Dew .....	0 3 7	Sarah Jane Simkins .....	0 5 2
Harriet Wright .....	0 2 0	Henry Stamps .....	0 5 0
Julia Sherwin .....	0 2 8	John Bowen .....	0 3 9
Sarah Ann Powill .....	0 4 0	Nathan Bowen .....	0 3 9
Charlotte Shoppee .....	0 2 4	Isaiah and James Reeves .....	0 3 2

*Ickenham.**Sabbath School.*

Mary Ann Finch .....	0 0 0
Eliza Finch .....	0 7 1
Emily Barringer .....	0 6 10
Susan Bishop .....	0 4 6
Ann Wilding .....	0 1 0
Mary E. Cooke .....	0 1 0
Edward Weedon .....	0 4 5
Young Gentlemen at Miss Howard's School, Uxbridge .....	0 3 8
Miss L. Harris .....	0 1 10
Miss F. Hunt .....	0 3 3
Master Hunt .....	0 6 10

5*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.**Wallingford Sabbath School* 2 5 4*Ware.**Old Independent Chapel.*

Boys Sunday School .....	2 4 6
Girls ditto .....	0 13 3
Miss Giffin .....	0 12 1
Miss Biscoe .....	0 4 5
Master Stokes .....	1 0 0
Miss R. E. Stokes .....	1 0 0

5*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.**Wattisfield, Collected by*

Miss C. Bullock ..... 1 3 0

*West Bromwich.**Mayer's Green.**Collected by—*

Alfred Bond .....	1 3 0
Edith Anna Cooksey .....	0 18 7
Rebekah Jane Cooksey .....	0 13 2
Fanny and Alice Curtis .....	0 12 9
Eliza Parkes .....	0 11 1
Mary E. Thompson .....	0 11 1
Lucy Watton .....	0 10 0
Masters Halford and Noek .....	0 9 6
Thomas Mantell .....	0 9 4
Joseph Robert Cooksey .....	0 9 1
Sarah Ann Reeves .....	0 8 6
Mary Richards .....	0 7 9

Various Sums less than 5*s.*  
1*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*

*Wilmelov.**Collected by—*

Miss Bickham .....	0 2 3
Miss Pearson .....	0 15 4
Mr. Krauss .....	0 2 3
Mr. Ainsworth .....	0 2 3
Mr. McAll .....	0 1 1
Master J. Bell .....	0 1 1
Master R. Smith .....	0 6 7
Elizabeth Williamson .....	0 2 1
Hannah Coppock .....	0 2 3
Catherine Holt .....	0 1 10
Magdalene Thomas .....	0 2 3
Mary Barker .....	0 1 1
Elizabeth Chesworth .....	0 1 1
Jane Shuttleworth .....	0 1 1
Hannah Sumner .....	0 1 1
Harriet Clarke .....	0 2 3
Ann Henshall .....	0 1 1
Elizabeth Barker .....	0 1 1
Elizabeth Roscoe .....	0 1 1
Ann Blundell .....	0 1 1
Hannah Blundell .....	0 1 1
Sarah Toft .....	0 2 3
Emma Jackson .....	0 1 1
Hannah Ainsworth .....	0 1 1
Mary Bray .....	0 1 1
Mary Jane Alcock .....	0 1 1
Martha Davenport .....	0 1 1
Ann Morrall .....	0 1 1
Sarah Bower .....	0 1 1
James Williamson .....	0 1 1
William Hough .....	0 1 1
James Symington .....	0 1 1
Levi Turner .....	0 1 1
Alfred Wood .....	0 1 1
T. Henshall .....	0 1 1
Alfred Bailey .....	0 1 1
Abel Bradley .....	0 1 1
James Smington .....	0 1 1
Henry Henshall .....	0 1 1
Fractions .....	0 1 1

5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.**Wrexham Juvenile Society* 1 10 6

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THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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MAY, 1856.

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OPOA.

THE Frontispiece for this month is a view of the marae, or temple of Opoa, on the island of Raiatea. In heathen days, this was considered the most sacred spot in the Georgian and Society Islands. It lies near a point of land on the south-east of the island, which separates two bays, and commands a view of the islands of Huahine and Tabaa.

The place, though pleasantly situated, has a very gloomy appearance. Large tamanu trees, with long thick limbs twined together, hang so low as almost to be reached by the hand. These trees cast their dark shadow upon the sacred platform of stones, and before the light of Christianity had chased the darkness from the hearts of the people, there hung from those branches the human sacrifices that had been offered to the idols and the bodies of those who had been slain in battle; while upon the altar there were the carcasses of pigs and other things that had been presented to the god. It seemed to be a fit place for the spirits of darkness to dwell in. Down the valley which opens into the bay of Opoa there runs a beautiful stream of water, on the banks of which many a fierce battle was fought

during days of darkness. I have heard an old man, who had seen what he described, tell how the warriors would stand on either side of the stream, casting stones from their slings, while the boldest of them would rush into the water and fight with their long heavy clubs; and how the sharks would join in the fray, and carry off the bodies of the slain.

Those days have long since gone by. When I last saw the place, I found a sugar plantation on the banks of this very stream, a water wheel for grinding the sugar cane, and pans for boiling the juice down to sugar. These objects showed what a blessed change the Gospel had made in a land a few years ago filled with the habitations of cruelty—for instead of robbing and murdering one another, the nations were engaged in peacefully earning for themselves and their families the clothing which they now wear.

At the visit I have mentioned I walked with an old man to the spot where the marae stood, and found that there yet remained many relics of the old idolatry. My guide showed me a flat stone washed by the sea, where it was believed that one of their gods alighted in his flight from some foreign shore, and by so doing made the place sacred. The supposed god was most probably the chief of the first band of natives who inhabited those islands, and that rock was the first point where he set his foot after having sailed or been drifted over a distance of more than a thousand miles from the Navigator or Friendly Islands. That band very likely entered the opening in the coral reef just opposite the point; and, having landed, set up an altar to their idols on that spot, and thus thanked their

great god Taaroa or Tangaroa for preserving them from the dangers of the mighty deep. This is more than many persons calling themselves Christians do. Noah, when he came out of the ark, erected an altar and offered sacrifices to God. The Israelites did so too when they crossed Jordan, and the heathen did so after having been drifted upon the mighty waters for some weeks. But I have known persons from England and America, who called themselves Christian, after having gone round the globe, refuse even to attend the Bethel chapel on a South Sea island, to thank God for his preserving care. Surely, even some of the degraded heathen will rise up in judgment against such people.

But to proceed with my visit to the marae. I clambered up the sacred heap, and stood where the gods used to stand, and then walked to the part where the priest was accustomed to lean against a great stone and pray, and from which he would tell the people the pretended will of the idols. In walking over the place (to the horror of the old man, my guide, who did not like human bones to be touched) I plucked up some of the stones in order to find relics underneath. There I found mingled the bones of men and pigs; and in the skulls of the former there were generally to be found fractures where the club or stone had struck the deadly blow.

A gloom rests upon the mind when we visit these relics of idolatry, but that gloom is soon exchanged for very different feelings; for when the Missionary now visits Opoa, he will find about one or two hundred yards from the marae, a chapel and school-house, in

both of which a native named Napario, supported by the native church there, is both teacher and preacher. Yes, dear young friends, a native there is seen every day, excepting Saturday, teaching the children of the district; and, on the Sabbath, you would find that same native preaching about Jesus Christ and heaven. And once each month he administers the Lord's Supper, while the members of the church gather round the sacramental table, and think of the great God above, not as of a tyrant who wants human sacrifices, but as a father who so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son to die for it, that sinners might live for ever.

One of the verses they frequently sing on such occasions, you may like to see in the native language; so I shall conclude my little sketch of the glorious change that the gospel has effected for the Raiateans, giving that verse with the translation.

O Jesu te ioa, te ioa maitai,  
Te ioa faaora e no tatou nei;  
O oia tei pohe, e pohe roa mau,  
Ia ora mau iana te taota o te ao.

#### THE TRANSLATION.

'Tis the name of Jesus, the name to sinners dear,  
Of Him who saves each one from darkness and from fear  
His name who died in sorrow and in shame,  
That all on earth might live who trust upon that name.

J. B.



## MISHAPS AND DANGERS OF A MISSIONARY VOYAGE.

**MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,**

Have you not often thought what care God has taken of the "John Williams" in her many and often dangerous voyages? Many prayers are offered for her safety; and we know that God really does answer prayer.

I am now going to tell you how God answered prayer for the preservation of another vessel. She was not called a Missionary vessel, because you had not then bought your ship—the "John Williams;" but she was a vessel engaged to carry the first band of Missionaries to the Samoan Islands. Her name was the "Dunnotter Castle." In November, 1835, we sailed from Gravesend in this vessel with a good wind, and in three days we had passed through the English channel. We proceeded pleasantly until we reached Cape Horn, but then, for nearly six weeks, we had to battle with contrary and fierce winds and mountainous seas. Often it seemed as though we must be swallowed up by the devouring waves. Our captain became discouraged, and had almost determined to change the direction of the ship and go by way of the Cape of Good Hope. The Missionaries, however, decided on holding a prayer meeting to ask God to grant us, if agreeable to His holy will, favourable winds to proceed on our voyage. While holding this meeting, the ship was so much tossed about that it was with the greatest difficulty we could keep our seats. Three or four prayers had been offered, and just before the conclusion of the last we heard the captain give orders on deck, which told us that the wind had shifted; and when the last Amen was said we felt the truth of the words, "While they are yet speaking I will hear." How changed were now our feelings and prospects!



Every one on board looked cheerful and happy. We sailed along day after day with hearts full of thankfulness, and we felt much encouraged by this circumstance, believing that God would continue to be with us in our Mission to the heathen. We touched at the Marquesian, Tahitian, and Hervey Islands on our way to our destination. When we reached the Samoan Islands some of our number were stationed at Tutuila, Upolu, and Monono. As we were appointed to Savaii, the most westerly of the group, we left Monono, accompanied by Messrs. Barff, Buzacott, and Murray, and the wives of the two latter. Our hearts were beating with joy at the prospect of soon reaching the scene of our future labours, and as we approached Savaii the captain ordered a boat to be lowered to take us ashore. Very glad were we to leave what had been our home on the wide ocean for more than seven months, and as we left the ship we bade many a hearty farewell. We had not proceeded far when the first mate, who was steering our boat, called out that she had struck on the reef! Immediately he put about the boat, and said to the sailors, "Now, my dear fellows, pull! pull! With all your might pull!" They certainly did pull well, and we were soon alongside the vessel again, but could scarcely approach her, as she was pitching and rolling fearfully. The current was much stronger than the captain had expected, and although it was a beautiful day our vessel was carried on to the reef among the breakers. In a short time she struck so heavily upon the rocks that it was feared she would lose her masts. The rudder was off, the bottom much injured, and deck broken up. As soon as our vessel struck, a number of natives came off from the shore in their canoes. Many of them no doubt intended to plunder the vessel; but fortunately Maleatoa, the principal chief, was on board, and he prevented them from doing so; and

here a most laughable circumstance occurred. We took with us a mule, and when we left the vessel she was lowered into the boat; and on our return she was hoisted on deck again. As we wished very much to save this useful creature, the Missionaries got some of the natives to consent to have the rope around her head tied to the stern of a canoe, that thus she might swim ashore. A long rope was therefore tied to her, and a native was placed on the side of the vessel to hold it fast. Everything was ready, and all bid fair to do their part well; but when the mule was swung over the side and lowered into the water she set up such a terrible splashing and dashing about that the men became frightened and let go the rope, and away scampered all the natives in their canoes, leaving the poor mule to get on as best she could. The Missionaries called and beckoned to them, and tried to persuade them that there was no danger; but as they had never before seen such an animal it was no easy matter to get them to return to their work. At length a native teacher jumped into the sea, dived and got hold of the rope, and then fastened the mule's head to his own canoe. It was very droll to see them paddling and singing to keep their spirits up, looking behind every now and then to see how the mule swam. When they reached the shore, the poor creature's strength was almost gone, and she seemed quite to enjoy a bed under the bread-fruit trees. She, however, soon recovered, and great numbers of the natives came running from all parts to see this wonderful animal. So superior was she to any they had ever before seen that they addressed her in such language as they use when speaking to a chief—*Se manu manaia!* Beautiful creature! If she walked in the public pathway every native would turn aside, saying, *Malia ane ia!* Pass on! One day, some time after we had been on the island, a man,

who was a heathen, passed along with two baskets of taro on his shoulders, which he had brought several miles. The mule, I suppose, smelled the taro and wished to eat a little of it, and followed the man. He addressed her in chief's language two or three times, begging her to return and not to desire his food. She, however, did not understand, or did not wish to understand, what he said, and continued to follow him. He then threw down both baskets of taro and said, "There, eat it," and ran home as fast as he could, telling, no doubt, what a narrow escape he had had, well enough pleased to lose his dinner rather than offend the mule. Things are altered now. Natives no longer obey mules or horses, but do as they ought to do—make them obedient to their wishes.

But to return to the vessel. All was confusion on board, and but little hope entertained that she could be got off again. We did not think that there was much danger of our lives; but if the vessel should become a wreck, and we should lose our stores and our clothing, what could we do in a heathen land? How were the captain and sailors to get back to England again? for no vessel touched at these islands twenty years ago, on account of the savage character of the natives. During the afternoon the Missionaries' wives were taken ashore in a very leaky boat, and late at night some of the Missionaries also. By great effort the vessel was got into deeper water and secured by two anchors. Such, however, was the difficulty of her situation that she was not got fairly out of danger for four days. Mercifully God granted us very calm weather, so that all our goods were taken ashore without any serious damage.

You may judge, my dear children, what our feelings were when we saw our vessel in full sail and under command of her rudder. Glad, indeed, were we to see her

stretch out at sea ; but we could not help feeling that we were left among a strange people, speaking a strange language, and without any means of communication or escape in case of danger. She put into the first good harbour in Upolu ; and, after a short delay in repairing her, she set sail for England, where she arrived in safety.

Very shortly we hope the "John Williams," for which you have again done so much, will be on her way to the South Sea Islands. Let her often be the subject of your earnest prayers, that she may be preserved and continue, by her regular visits, to cheer the hearts and supply the wants of the Missionaries and native teachers at their several stations among the heathen.

J. F. H.

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### FRENCH MISSION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

MANY of our readers know that Protestant Christians in France have sent several Missionaries to the Bassutos, a nation of South Africa. These Missionaries meet once a year at one of the stations to pray together, and to encourage one another in their work. At these meetings they read reports from every station about what has been done during the past year, and what success has blessed their labours. They then talk about the different Missions, and form plans for the future. The last of these meetings was held in April, 1855, at a station called Thaba-Bossiou ; and we will now give you a few facts taken from the reports which were read on that occasion.

At Thaba-Bossiou the devoted Mr. Casalis is the principal Missionary. It is very near the station of the great chief Moshesh, of whom you have often heard. A school had been lately opened there, and at the time of the report there were eighty or ninety scholars in it. Some of these

were sixteen or eighteen years old, among whom are sons of Moshesh. They are taught reading, writing, singing, and the English language. During the late Caffir wars a few of the natives at Thaba-Bossiou returned to the old and wicked habits of the country, and caused great sorrow to the Missionaries. But, thanks to the goodness of God, some of them repented of their faults and forsook them. Amongst these was Samuel Mockoso, a son of Moshesh. He seemed so true a penitent that the Missionaries could not refuse to receive him back into the church. It was a solemn and interesting occasion. Moses Moussetzé, a most excellent man, and some other members, asked him some questions, in the course of which the following conversation took place:—

“Son of our chief,” said Moussetzé, “may I ask you a question?”

“Yes,” answered the young man.

“Well, then, tell me frankly what you are going to do among us? Do you mean to try and make us more fond of the world and its wickedness?”

“O no.”

“Do you then advise us to remain ‘Christians? After having tried the pleasures of the world, do you think our portion is a better one?”

“Certainly I do.”

“If that is the case you may come among us again, and may God bless you.”

Since then, Samuel has given great joy to the Missionaries and to the church by his good conduct, and it is hoped that one of his brothers will follow his example of professing Christianity.

A short time ago the chapel at Thaba-Bossiou wanted repairing. The members of the church eagerly helped in the work, and the children, too, did what they could to

assist the Missionaries, and thus show how thankful they were for the blessings of the Gospel and the kindness of their teachers. A large number of them, headed by some of the sons of Mosheah, might have been seen busily at work. Some were carrying the stones, while others went to the mountains to cut the wood. In this journey Messrs. Casalis and Jousse (another Missionary) went with them, and passed the night in the open air, telling them stories and singing hymns with them around a roaring fire. No doubt they spent a very pleasant night in that fine country and climate, and the more so as one of the sons of Mosheah was kind enough to send them a fine fat bullock for supper.

We must now pass on to another Mission at a place called Carmel. The report from this station was encouraging, as several natives had lately become Christians. About two or three years ago Mr. Langa, who was the Missionary at that time, was obliged to return to Europe. One of the natives of the station named Chuba went with him to the seaport where he was going to embark on board a ship. This was the first time Chuba had ever seen the sea, and you may fancy how surprised he was at the sight. Should you like to know what were his first thoughts on this occasion? He says, "When I saw that immense ocean I asked myself how it was possible that the servants of God (the Missionaries) could expose themselves to the danger of crossing it so as to bring the Gospel to us? There is nothing, yes, there is nothing but the love of God which could put this thought in their hearts. Oh, how guilty we shall be if we refuse to receive that Saviour who has sent to us his servants." Although such good thoughts came into Chuba's mind, neither he nor his wife had as yet given their hearts to God. But last year an event happened which was the means of deciding them for Christ.

Their little girl, whom they tenderly loved, became ill. Before dying, this child gave such proofs of piety that both her father and mother were deeply affected, and after her death they sought and found comfort in coming to Christ and following him. We have here another example of the good which pious children may do to their parents, and which gives great encouragement to those who are teaching children at home or supporting schools abroad.

There are two or three facts in connection with this station at Carmel which show how great a change the Gospel has produced in the general character of the people. We refer especially to their kindness and charity. At this station there is a poor man who suffers from a large swelling in his lower jaw. This gives his face a very unpleasant appearance, and it is very likely that the people, had they remained heathens, would have had nothing to do with him, or have treated him cruelly. Sometimes, even in a Christian country, wicked people laugh at such misery; but among these converted Bassutos the sight of this unhappy man only causes pity and sympathy. As the disease is one which will sooner or later kill him, they try to do him all the good they can; for this purpose they often go to read and pray with him; and you may be sure these kind acts are not forgotten by Him who said, "Whoever shall give a cup of cold water in my name shall not lose his reward." There are also here several old widows who are too weak to support themselves, and are kept by the kindness and liberality of fellow Christians. What a contrast we have here to the account given by Mr. Moffatt of the poor old mother left to starve by her own sons! And here also two husbands who have no children of their own, and are considered rich in that country, may be seen bringing up and educating at their own homes poor little orphan children who would probably have been put to death

if the Gospel had not been brought to their once dark land.

The report from the station Berea is also full of encouragement. More than two years ago a terrible accident happened there, which caused great distress. The mission house and chapel were set on fire by a flash of lightning and burnt to the ground. But the natives loved the Gospel too much to let the work be hindered by this. They therefore soon raised new buildings, and cheered the Missionary by showing more interest than ever in the preaching of the truth. The report mentions the case of one young Bassuto, whose conscience was awakened by an event which proves the truth of those lines—

“God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform.”

This young man, who never joined in public worship, was one day bathing with several companions. All on a sudden he sunk; his friends, however, managed to draw him out of the water; but he was in such a state that they thought he was dead. His heathen companions ran away; but two others who loved the Gospel did what they could to restore him. Their efforts were successful. He was taken to his home. He remained for some time very ill; but the first thing he did when he recovered his speech was to send for a Christian to tell him of the kindness God had shown him in sparing his life. He then added, “I can hardly remember at all what happened when I sunk under water; but I have not forgotten that, just at the moment when I thought I was going to be drowned, I asked God to forgive my sins for the sake of Jesus Christ.” Since that time this young man has been an attentive hearer of the Gospel, and it is hoped that a good work has been begun in his heart.

In the next number we will give our readers other facts from these interesting reports.



## COLLECTIONS FOR THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

OUR young friends who have been so zealous in raising money for the Missionary Ship, will rejoice to hear that their efforts have been crowned with complete success. The amount they have raised exceeds £3500; but we shall give more particulars in our next.

## CONTRIBUTIONS

TOWARDS THE

REPAIRS AND OUTFIT OF THE MISSIONARY SHIP,  
"JOHN WILLIAMS."

Collected by—	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Attfield.....	0	10	6	<i>Ebenezer Chapel, Bermond-</i>			
W. Briant .....	0	3	0	<i>sey, Juvenile Society .....</i>	1	1	0
Master Maygrove .....	0	3	6	<i>Ebenezer Chapel, Camden</i>			
M. A. T. ....	0	4	0	<i>Town.....</i>	5	6	8
Miss Olliff .....	0	11	3	<i>Ebenezer Chapel, Shadwell</i>	3	5	1
Master E. Rice, from the				<i>Eccleston Chapel.</i>			
young gentleman at the				<i>Sunday School.</i>			
Rev. A. Stewart's, Palmer				Ann Gibbins .....	0	1	10
House, Holloway.....	1	1	7	Laura Goldsmith .....	0	1	5
<i>Montreal (Canada East),</i>				Mary Jane Capel.....	0	2	0
see Magazine for last				Sarah Gibbins .....	0	1	2
month, p. 96 .....	33	16	8	Ann Bensley.....	0	1	0
<i>Pictou (Nova Scotia),</i>				Mary Pullin .....	0	2	1
Prince Street Sabbath				Emily Telling .....	0	2	0
School .....	5	0	0	Lavinia Cherry .....	0	0	8
<i>Abney Chapel.</i>				Augusta Smithers.....	0	4	0
Misses Clark.....	0	12	6	Emily Brandon .....	0	4	7
Misses Mann .....	0	12	3	Eliza Atkins .....	0	0	6
Sunday School.. ..	2	0	0	Charlotte Ames .....	0	2	6
<i>3l. 13s. 9d.</i>				Elizabeth Thorn .....	0	3	0
<i>Bishopgate Chapel, Juvenile</i>				Sarah Mickiff .....	0	1	3
Auxiliary, additional .....	2	16	0	Emma Ingram .....	0	1	6
<i>City Road, Collected by</i>				Emma Stedman .....	0	1	4
Miss E. P. Nicoll .....	1	2	0	Rose Sprawles .....	0	0	5
<i>Claylands Chapel, Sunday</i>				Caroline Mason .....	0	1	0
School .....	2	11	0	Maria Taylor .....	0	1	0
<i>Craven Chapel.</i>				Jane Hopkins .....	0	0	6
Collected by—				Caroline Bath .....	0	5	6
Masters J. and E. S. Adeney	0	14	8	Lacy Eaton .....	0	2	0
Mrs. Deacon .....	1	0	6	Elizabeth Burt .....	0	7	2
Sunday School Children.....	8	5	4	Fanny Gregg .....	0	5	7
<i>107. 0s. 6d.</i>				Elizabeth Bailey .....	0	3	6
<i>Craven Hill, Sunday School</i>	0	6	9	Elizabeth Abbott .....	0	2	0
				Fanny Broughton .....	0	0	3
				Isabella Martin .....	0	5	3
				Mary Evans .....	0	3	6
				Frances Farnell .....	0	9	2
				Ann Willshire .....	0	1	4
				Mary Thomas .....	0	1	2

## CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 137

[illegible]

	£	s.	d.
S. Fisher .....	0	3	3
Mary Franklin .....	0	1	0
Elizabeth Grey .....	0	2	4
Eliza Haines .....	0	1	2
Miss M. and Master Moss...	0	3	8
Matha Read .....	0	3	9
Miss Stone .....	0	9	0
Emma Tarry .....	0	2	0

## Boys' School.

Benjamin Beadle .....	0	5	3
Henry Farrone .....	0	1	7
John Harris .....	0	4	0
Jabez Hayman .....	0	4	1
B. J. Jones .....	0	13	4
A. Lawrence .....	0	2	4
Edward May .....	0	1	7
Isaac Watts .....	0	4	4
Smaller Sums (both Schools)	0	6	6

## Hatcham, Branch Sunday School.

## Girls.

M. Berkenshaw .....	0	2	6
E. Bird .....	0	1	7
J. Bowe .....	1	0	5
R. Cross .....	0	1	0
L. Eastland .....	0	1	0
E. Field .....	0	2	1
Margaret Gregory .....	0	1	0
G. A. W. .....	0	1	0
M. and P. Jones .....	0	2	1
A. Palmer .....	0	1	4
S. Packer .....	0	4	6
S. Pronger .....	0	7	3
R. Sandle .....	0	4	3
A. Shepherd .....	0	7	0
E. Tindall .....	0	7	0
J. White .....	0	1	6

## Boys' School.

W. Constable .....	0	2	4
Thomas Diplock .....	0	1	4
E. Diplock .....	0	2	6
G. Drungold .....	0	1	1
H. Giddings .....	0	1	2
H. and Joseph Hes .....	0	3	2
C. F. Kraft .....	0	1	0
T. Landell .....	0	5	7
W. McQueen .....	0	2	0
John Martin .....	0	1	1
James Martin .....	0	1	2
Alfred Martin .....	0	1	9
A. Turnbull .....	0	1	0
C. Woodley .....	0	3	3
Smaller Sums (both Schools)	0	10	0

42l. 8s. 7d.

Harley Street, additional ... 0 11 2

Highgate Congregational Chapel.  
Sunday School.

## Collected by—

William Abbott .....	0	6	5
William Bowers .....	0	2	6
Emily Bigg .....	0	5	2
Tand A. Butcher .....	0	11	6
M. A. Dickenson .....	0	5	9
Emma Dorcas Parry .....	0	3	10

Mary Jane Parry .....	0	3	9
M. Pringle .....	0	12	2
Eliza Taylor .....	0	3	0
Jessey L. Young .....	0	6	6

37. 6s. 5d.

Holloway, by Sarah Seagrove 0 10 3

## Hoxton Academy Chapel.

## Collected by—

W. Vaughan .....	0	3	10
J. C. Tilley .....	0	8	1
C. Snuggs .....	0	3	0
J. E. Tomlin .....	0	5	1
J. A. Hamlyn .....	0	1	6
H. T. Little .....	0	1	1
F. Boreham .....	0	8	6
W. F. Bond .....	0	3	0
G. W. Coles .....	0	2	9
W. Nichols .....	0	1	2
F. Huggins .....	0	1	5
H. C. Poulton .....	0	4	7
S. Clarkson .....	0	3	3
H. D. Davis .....	0	1	5
J. C. Fordham .....	0	6	5
J. Silverthorne .....	0	1	8
J. C. Stone .....	0	4	5
J. Lewis .....	0	1	2
Smaller Sums .....	0	1	11

## Girls.

M. Moss .....	0	1	4
C. E. Bowman .....	0	3	4
E. B. Rose .....	0	6	6
R. Spurgeon .....	0	2	4
N. Tregeagle .....	0	3	0
A. M. Clarkson .....	0	3	5
M. Thwaites .....	0	1	1
A. Smith .....	0	1	4
M. Baxter .....	0	1	1
A. E. Bevan .....	0	4	9
L. Durham .....	0	1	0
E. Darling .....	0	1	8
E. Habelett .....	0	2	7
M. A. Wise .....	0	2	4
C. Smith .....	0	3	3
A. Mitchell .....	0	1	11
C. Waters .....	0	2	10
Smaller Sums .....	0	2	10

57. 1s. 9d.

## Middleton Road.

Sarah Anderson .....	0	9	0
Emily and Mary Battley .....	0	3	2
Mary Ann Bullock .....	0	3	6
M. P. Crosby .....	0	2	2
William and Louisa Diss .....	0	1	8
Charles Forsaith .....	0	5	8
Eliza Gillon .....	0	6	1
George Gwynne .....	0	2	6
William E. Holmes .....	0	1	10
Herbert Hedger .....	0	1	0
Thomas King .....	0	1	8
Robert King .....	0	2	4
John Kent .....	0	1	0
Emma Lightfoot .....	0	1	0
John Meeson .....	0	1	4
Mary Mann .....	0	3	4
George Manser .....	0	7	9

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 139

	£	s.	d.
Charles Palmer .....	0	1	0
William Roberts .....	0	1	0
Henry Rook .....	0	11	0
Ann Richardson .....	0	6	3
Charles Sabine .....	0	3	10
Cornelius Smith .....	0	2	2
John Thomas .....	0	1	4
C. H. Tingey .....	0	1	5
Thomas White .....	0	1	0
Emma Weatherstone .....	0	1	7
Ann Youngman .....	0	5	0
Mr. E. Eden .....	0	8	6
Mr. A. Dixon .....	0	4	6
Miss Bryant .....	0	14	0
Miss Hildyard .....	0	17	0

## New Year's Offerings.

From Children in School .....	0	6	6
Ditto, Miss Pawson's Class .....	0	2	6
Ditto, Mr. Holmes' Class .....	0	1	11
Smaller Sums .....	0	7	8
Mr. Mann's Lecture .....	2	13	0
	10	1	0

## Mile End New Town.

Wood Street, Sunday School.			
Joseph Baker .....	0	8	10
Miss M. A. Bournes .....	0	5	0
A. Gibbs .....	0	4	4
Miss E. Sherwin .....	0	2	8
Miss T. Adey .....	0	2	6
Miss E. Gardner .....	0	2	5
Miss S. P. Sherwin .....	0	2	0
Ann Adey .....	0	2	0
Miss Harris .....	0	1	9
M. A. Hutchinson .....	0	1	5
Henry Huggins .....	0	1	5
Henry Bowler .....	0	1	5
William Lock .....	0	1	3
Caroline Pescod .....	0	1	1
Charles Wallis .....	0	1	1
John Hill .....	0	1	1
William May .....	0	1	0
Jane Playford .....	0	1	0
Smaller Sums .....	1	3	10

## Church Street Sunday School.

F. Watkins .....	0	5	6
T. E. Death .....	0	5	4
Avon Watkins .....	0	3	4
Mary Paddick .....	0	2	8
Emma Heley .....	0	2	8
Alfred Smith .....	0	2	5
Jane Clark .....	0	2	4
C. Smith .....	0	2	3
H. Churchman .....	0	1	10
Elizabeth Fletche .....	0	1	10
T. Spicer .....	0	1	5
C. Hall .....	0	1	6
Mr. S. Sharp .....	0	1	6
Miss Hancock .....	0	1	5
M. A. Burlton .....	0	1	5
H. Brown .....	0	1	3
G. Bull .....	0	1	3
Miss Rogers .....	0	1	2
William Grimwood .....	0	1	1
H. Brown .....	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Sharp .....	0	1	4
James Heley .....	0	1	0
Jane Heley .....	0	1	0
Harriet Windsor .....	0	1	0
William Woodland Jaffrey .....	0	1	0
F. Page .....	0	1	0
E. Page .....	0	1	0
Joseph Anderson .....	0	1	0
Smaller Sums .....	0	10	9
Juvenile Lecture .....	0	12	8

## Hope Street Sunday School.

William Archer .....	0	1	0
Smaller Sums .....	0	3	7

## Miss Bullock's School.

Miss Long .....	0	5	0
Miss James .....	0	2	0

## King Edward's School.

Miss L. Camden .....	0	12	6
Miss E. Mitchell .....	0	8	0
Miss A. Harvey .....	0	4	5
Miss A. M. Young .....	0	3	6
Miss S. Hadsell .....	0	3	2
Miss L. Dawling .....	0	2	8
Mr. Tunnerman .....	0	2	6
Miss L. Howard .....	0	2	6
Miss A. Bettice .....	0	2	0
Miss S. Rubins .....	0	1	9
Miss E. Sanders .....	0	1	6
A. Osborne .....	0	1	1
Miss J. Osborne .....	0	1	1
Smaller Sums .....	0	3	10
Spring Garden School .....	0	2	10

## Abbey Street Sunday School.

Miss Dollwood's Class.			
Martha Brown .....	0	1	6
Emma Hitchcock .....	0	1	5
M. A. Dollwood .....	0	4	6
Maria Lloyd .....	0	1	6
Sarah Quick .....	0	1	7

## Miss Lawton's Class.

M. A. Higgs .....	0	1	1
Miss Lawton .....	0	2	0
Miss Wastell .....	0	5	0
Mary Cullen .....	0	3	3
Louisa Wiley .....	0	1	4
Angelina Groome .....	0	1	9

## Miss Law's Class.

S. A. Pearce .....	0	4	2
Amelia Hempleman .....	0	3	9
Ann Wire .....	0	3	9
Martha Clapham .....	0	1	2

## Miss Gorrick's Class.

Emily Tunstall .....	0	2	0
Caroline Russell .....	0	1	3
Smaller Sums .....	0	2	1
Mr. Link's Class .....	0	12	6
J. Wagstaff's Class .....	0	2	0

## Miss Anderson's Class.

M. A. Sluce .....	0	3	7
Louisa Link .....	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Bartlett's Class.			
M. Pilcher .....	0	2	4
D. Burnett .....	0	2	0
A. Talk .....	0	2	2

Messrs. Gaze, Goozee, and Doll-wood's Class.			
T. Tozeland .....	0	3	0
G. Stanton .....	0	1	1
C. Hempleman .....	0	2	1
S. Cawtle .....	0	1	2
W. Russell .....	0	1	0
R. Law .....	0	1	3
W. Dean .....	0	1	6
Miss Roberson's Class .....	0	1	2

Miss Saunders's Class.			
S. A. Since .....	0	3	7
S. A. Dollwood .....	0	2	0
Rosina Higgins .....	0	3	3
Louisa Friend .....	0	0	6
Mr. Bellett's Class .....	0	3	0
A. Althaus .....	0	2	6
Sundry Names, small sums	0	4	9

15*l.* 10*s.*

New Court, Sunday School			
Juvenile Society .....	1	5	0

New Tabernacle, by H. and E. Davies .....	0	14	6
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Paddington Chapel .....	1	13	10
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Park Chapel, Camden Town	10	1	4
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Portland Chapel, St. John's Wood.			
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Collected by—			
Charles Hatherley .....	0	5	0
John Welsh .....	0	3	6
Bible Class Scholar .....	0	0	3
Ellen Welsh .....	0	1	4
George Jeffries .....	0	3	6
William Barker .....	0	1	5
Frederick G. Brewington .....	0	5	0
Edgar Pancourt .....	0	1	0
Thomas F. Wheeler .....	0	1	1
George Graves .....	0	3	1
Thomas Dickason .....	0	1	0
William Gowers .....	0	16	8
Alfred Sparksman .....	0	1	11

2*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.*

## Putney Chapel.

Sunday School.			
Alfred B. Brownjohn .....	0	2	10
Charles Brownjohn .....	0	1	7
Benjamin Collin .....	0	1	1
Thomas Daniels .....	0	1	2
Ellen Drummond .....	0	7	3
James and John Drummond .....	0	7	11
James Grimeon .....	0	1	6
Eliza Hardy .....	0	3	5
Edward Charles Hardy .....	0	2	11
Caroline Kingshall .....	0	10	0
Emily Inwood .....	0	3	8
Alfred Layton .....	0	8	0
Louisa Layton .....	0	6	2
Ellen Pocock .....	0	4	1

	£	s.	d.
James Rowles .....	0	7	3
Mary Emma Stanesby .....	0	5	2
St. 14 <i>s.</i>			

## Robert Street Chapel.

Collected by—			
Emma Applin .....	0	2	3
Ann Arno .....	0	1	8
Susan Allen .....	0	5	9
Miss E. and E. Barber .....	0	4	3
Marian Boulter .....	0	1	1
Senior Bible Class .....	0	15	6
Infant Class, Boys .....	0	4	8
John Copeland .....	0	4	0
Alfred Cox .....	0	4	0
Frederick Cane .....	0	11	9
Job Carter .....	0	4	0
Charles Chaplin .....	0	1	0
Alfred Cane .....	0	8	4
George Colman .....	0	1	3
Miss Curzon's Class .....	0	2	0
Miss Eyland .....	0	8	0
James Englefield .....	0	4	0
Julia Fryer .....	0	2	3
Alfred Fryer .....	0	1	0
Henry Fidler .....	0	1	0
Eliza Henley .....	0	4	1
Fanny Hughes .....	0	2	7
Edward Hockley .....	0	2	0
George Holmes .....	0	1	8
Miss Joseph .....	0	5	6
Henry Limmer .....	0	2	0
Miss A. and A. Minton .....	0	3	8
Miss Orchard .....	0	1	0
Emma Orchard .....	0	2	4
Mary Ann Orchard .....	0	1	1
George Pickering .....	0	4	7
Catherine Parks .....	0	8	1
Mrs. Rider .....	0	3	3
David Steel .....	0	3	2
James Sabine .....	0	1	9
Mrs. Smith .....	0	5	0
Mary Ann Shead .....	0	1	0
Miss Twemlow .....	0	8	8
Mary Ann Taylor .....	0	3	10
Ashley West .....	0	1	7
Robert Wilkinson .....	0	1	8
Miss Winter .....	0	1	10
Elizabeth White .....	0	1	5
Smaller Sums .....	0	5	10
St. 1 <i>s.</i> 10 <i>d.</i>			

## Stepney Meeting Sabbath School.

Miss Honeywill .....	0	2	6
Miss Chipping .....	0	1	3
Miss Stephens .....	0	10	8
Miss Cornish .....	0	7	5
Miss Thacker .....	0	8	0
Miss Hawkins .....	0	4	0
Miss Thompson .....	0	9	4
Miss Rimes .....	0	4	0
Miss Aviolet .....	0	8	0
Miss Larman .....	0	1	0
Miss Reed .....	0	13	7
Miss E. Dunn .....	0	4	7
Miss F. Dunn .....	0	4	7
Miss Butchart .....	0	9	8

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 141

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Newson	0	3	4	Miss Curry	0	5	0
Mr. Halsey	0	10	6	Miss Gorderier	0	3	0
Miss Morley	0	4	0	Miss Hogarth	0	1	3
Miss Marshall	0	2	6	Miss Fuller	0	2	0
Miss Moore	0	5	2	Miss M. Johnston	0	2	1
Miss Giller	0	2	6	Miss E. Burletson	0	4	6
Miss A. Youngman	0	7	0	Miss Gilpin	0	2	0
Miss H. Youngman	0	7	0	Miss Langton	0	1	0
Miss Holdsworth	0	11	0	Infant Class (Girls), per			
Miss Sargent	0	3	6	Miss S. Gold	0	8	1
Miss Flexney	0	1	6	Master Stanchiff	0	5	6
Miss Parnham	0	10	0	Master G. Brown	0	1	5
Miss Randall	0	1	3	Master Howard	0	1	3
Miss Treadwell	0	1	1	Master J. C. Schults	0	1	7
Miss Andrews	0	1	0	Master J. Halsey	0	12	6
Miss Speller	0	1	0	Master Allen	0	3	6
Miss Hayball	0	1	6	Master Percival	1	0	0
Miss Fletcher	0	3	4	Master W. Hesse	0	3	8
Miss Norton	0	1	7	Master Harvey	0	2	1
Miss Botterell	0	2	3	Master Ashwell	0	1	0
Miss Bond	0	2	3	Master Pooley	0	1	0
Miss K. Butchart	0	7	3	Master Morrison	0	3	0
Miss Jackson	0	6	6	Master Taylor	0	2	4
Miss Boon	0	3	1	Master Speller	0	1	10
Miss Rose	0	2	0	Master Ambrose	0	1	2
Miss Williams	0	1	3	Master Loscombe	0	3	0
Miss Wood	0	1	6	Master G. Arnold	0	2	8
Miss M. Smith	0	1	6	Master Mechem	0	3	4
Miss J. Randall	0	5	0	Master W. Arnold	0	2	4
Miss Tapley	0	3	0	Master H. Spill	0	3	9
Miss Blufford	0	1	8	Master F. Willatts	0	1	0
Miss Glumart	0	1	0	Master Loveless	0	1	1
Miss S. Felgate	0	5	0	Master F. Harston	0	1	7
Miss Etridge	0	1	4	Master Dunn	0	4	3
Miss Pearce	0	4	0	Master C. Stewart	0	1	9
Miss Merry	0	1	8	Master Winder	0	2	6
Miss Poole	0	1	6	Master H. Hesse	0	3	0
Miss Cowdal	0	2	0	Master Fletcher	0	3	0
Miss Chalmers	0	2	6	Master D. Spill	0	2	6
Miss Longden	0	1	2	Master W. Halsey	0	13	0
Miss Furler	0	1	6	Master Baldock	6	15	0
Miss J. Bond	0	1	0	Master Laurie	0	2	3
Miss Fox	0	1	1	Master Wager	0	1	4
Miss L. Merry	0	1	0	Master Hogarth	0	2	3
Miss E. Merry	0	1	0	Master Sedgwick	0	2	0
Miss S. Smith	0	1	0	Master Gibbs	0	1	1
Miss Clark	0	1	7	Master Furlong	0	2	1
Miss Hart	0	2	4	Master A. Schultz	0	3	0
Miss Maynard	0	1	10	Master Baynes	0	2	9
Miss Cunningham	0	2	6	Master Mace	0	1	3
Miss Boshier	0	1	9	Master Sickner	0	1	0
Miss Wilshere	0	1	10	Master Chalmers	0	2	3
Miss Parsons	0	1	9	Master Thom	0	2	0
Miss Hughes	0	1	2	Master Brown	0	2	4
Miss Dunbar	0	1	2	Master Phipps	0	2	2
Miss Flowers	0	1	6	Master Thompson	0	3	11
Miss Mears	0	4	5	Master Wood	0	3	0
Miss E. Winder	0	2	2	Master Gable	0	5	6
Miss McNab	0	3	6	Master Goodridge	0	2	4
Miss C. Violet	0	9	6	Master Wells	0	1	9
Miss Hay	0	1	0	Master Sadler	0	2	0
Miss Sones	0	3	10	Infant Class (Boys), per			
Miss Humphries	0	3	6	Miss Nisbit	0	3	2
Miss Ashby	1	2	0	Mr. T. Scrutton's Class	0	2	7
Miss Dunn	0	4	5	Master A. Kennedy	0	13	7
Miss Walsham	0	1	0	Suma under 1s.	27	14s.	6d.
Miss Walker	0	1	5				

	£	s.	d.
<i>Surrey Chapel, Sunday School</i>	0	18	0

*Tottenham Court Chapel,  
Juvenile Society,*

Miss Richardson	0	4	0
Miss Wornell	0	12	0
Mr. C. Boothby	0	1	6
Mr. W. H. Burroughs	0	2	6
Mr. W. Hone	0	2	6
Mr. Geo. W. Puckett	0	2	6
Master F. G. Richardson	0	3	0

*Sunday Schools,*

Miss Edwards's Class	0	4	0
Miss Gardener's ditto	0	4	0
Miss E. Woodman's ditto	0	2	3
Mr. J. P. Richardson's ditto	0	2	6
— Baldock	0	1	6
Allison Gillespy	0	1	0
Sarah Last	0	10	0
Jessie Milledge	0	1	6
Phoebe Seaborne	0	3	0
Hannah Soper	0	3	1
Isabella Teague	0	2	2
E. Brooking	0	3	0
S. Brooking	0	3	0
James S. Burroughs	0	6	0
Charles Chapman	0	2	0
John Dodson	0	3	0
Charles Forster	0	2	3
Benjamin Godfrey	0	1	6
Joseph Green	0	5	0
Henry Harris	0	6	8
James Hewson	0	1	7
Thomas James	0	2	0
Henry Lillie and Charles Wornell	0	5	4
Joseph Seaborne	0	7	0
H. Walley	0	2	0
Sams under 1s.	0	6	10
Collection after Rev. T. Mann's Lecture	1	0	4
	7	2s.	10d.

*Trinity Chapel, Brixton,*

*Collected by—*

Jane Bartram	0	0	2
Rebecca Johnson	0	7	10
Emma Apted	0	0	0
Margaret Austin	0	5	2
Anna Frank	0	7	0
H. and A. Smith	0	0	6
Louisa Smith	0	2	0
Emma Shaw	0	4	6
Ellen Tee	0	1	0
Jane Salter	0	0	10
Various Sams	0	15	3
R. Lipscomb	0	3	4
Samuel Mills	0	2	6
Henry Stickley	0	5	9
James Bond	0	3	0
Joseph Wall	0	10	3
John Streily	1	2	0

Henry Collins	0	1	0
Nathan Kay	0	2	7
Charles Mabbs	0	8	0
Alfred Baker	0	1	0
Arthur Weeks	0	2	0
John Harris	0	8	0
Frederick Cartwright	0	8	0
Samuel Eldridge	1	0	0
	5		

<i>Trinity Chapel, Edware Road, Sunday School</i>	7	1	0
<i>Union Street, Southwark, by Master D. E. Wheeler</i>	0	10	0

*Walthamstow,*

Daughters of Missionaries at the Mission School	3	1	0
Sunday School Girls	1	1	0
Ditto Boys	1	1	0
Poor Children, by Miss Rutherford	0	10	0
	7	1s.	1d.
<i>Well Street, by Master A. G. Waugh</i>	1	15	0

*Whitefield Chapel,*

*Holborn Sunday School,*

William Allberry	0	1	0
Caroline Allen	0	1	0
Charles Blomfield	0	1	0
Ellen Blomfield	0	2	0
Fanny Blomfield	0	2	0
Elizabeth Blomfield	0	2	0
Mary Ann Blomfield	0	1	0
Emily Booth	0	3	0
Susan Booth	0	3	0
William Booth	0	1	0
Edwin Bowman	0	2	0
Adam Bray	0	1	0
Alice Bray	0	2	0
Susan Bray	0	2	0
Edward Clarke	0	1	0
Mary Ann Clarke	0	1	0
Caroline Coppin	0	1	0
Alfred Cox	0	1	0
Henry Crouch	0	1	0
Mary Ann Forty	0	1	0
Richard Godwin	0	1	0
John Holbrook	0	1	0
Ann Jones	0	1	0
Miss Jones	0	1	0
Esther Kentish	0	1	0
Cecilia Knowles	0	1	0
George Leach	0	1	0
Charles Madams	0	1	0
Henry Martin	0	1	0
Marian Martin	0	1	0
Oliver Martin	0	1	0
Edward Miller	0	1	0
Annette Page	0	1	0
Christopher Page	0	1	0
Christopher Paskins	0	1	0
Ellen Robb	0	1	0

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 143

	£	s.	d.
Kesiah Rundell .....	0	3	0
Rose Seager .....	0	5	6
H. Shirley .....	0	4	0
Sarah Stacey .....	0	1	0
Henry Stevens .....	0	1	1
Mary Ann Thompson .....	0	1	6
Miss Trowell .....	0	19	0
Smaller Sums .....	0	9	3
	6l. 9s. 7d.		

## COUNTRY.

### Aberdeen.

#### Per Mr. G. King.

Female Schools, Cummin-	ster	0	11	7
Park Schools, W. Adie .....		0	10	0
	1l. 1s. 7d.			
George Street Sabbath	School	8	0	0
By Master D. Wallace .....		0	3	6
Aberystwith, Sunday School		8	8	11
Aberford, Sunday School...		1	4	0

### Alton.

Collected by—				
Miss Shaw .....		0	0	4
Misses E. and M. Gunner...		1	5	10
	1l. 15s. 2d.			
Anson, by James Irving .....		0	4	0
Appleton Wiske.				
By Miss Mary Alderson .....		0	5	6
By Miss Jane Watson .....		0	4	0
	10s.			

### Ashton-under-Line.

By Mr. Judson .....		2	10	0
Barnet, First Class Girls ...		1	5	9

### Barnsley.

Collected by—				
R. P. Beddow .....		0	8	5
H. Canter .....		0	11	7
F. Canter .....		0	2	0
Eden Carnley .....		0	10	0
Emily Carnley .....		0	4	6
Henry Harvey .....		0	7	7
W. B. Jackson .....		0	15	0
Sarah J. Park .....		0	0	0
	3l. 5s. 7d.			

### Barnstaple.

By Masters O. and J. Slater		1	2	4
By Master Walters .....		0	9	0
By Miss Walters .....		0	6	2
	1l. 17s. 6d.			

### Basingstoke, Oat Street

Sabbath School .....		7	4	0
Bath, Rev. R. Brindley's				
Female Bible Class .....		2	10	0

### Beaufort.

Collected by—				
John Rice Phillips .....		0	5	0
David Davies .....		0	4	3

Uriah Watkins .....	0	2	0
Richard Jones .....	0	2	5
	13s. 8d.		

### Bedworth, Old Meeting

Sunday School .....	1	18	6
Berwick, Golden Square			
Sabbath School .....	0	10	0

### Birmingham.

#### Lozell's Chapel.

Master Beighton .....	1	6	0
Miss Laing .....	0	6	0
Miss Williams .....	0	5	0
Miss Greener .....	0	3	1
Master Rogers .....	0	5	0
Emma Hardeman .....	0	0	4
	2l. 5s. 11d.		

Lady Huntingdon's Chapel,			
Sunday School .....	1	1	0

Blackburn, Further Gate ...	0	8	1
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Blairgowrie, by Mr. J. Mor-			
rice .....	0	16	6

Boston, by Masters A. and			
T. Aitken .....	0	13	2

Bradford (Wills) .....	1	8	0
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### Brampton.

Sunday School .....	0	3	2
By Sarah Topping .....	0	3	6
By Mary Graham .....	0	3	0
	10s. 2d.		

### Brighton.

Collected by Eliza Bowler,			
Cocking .....	0	10	0

### Bosham.

Collected by—				
Georgiana Woods .....	0	5	0	
John Loomore .....	0	7	10	
Walter Moore .....	0	2	6	
Ann Apps .....	0	2	2	
Amelia Head .....	0	3	2	
Emma Girdler .....	0	5	10	
	1l. 6s. 6d.			

### Union Street Chapel.

Collected by—				
E. Brighers .....	0	16	6	
Louisa Bessant .....	0	8	4	
Walter Bessant .....	0	12	2	
Jane Bessant .....	0	6	4	
A. Z. Cornish .....	0	6	0	
Miss Cunliffe .....	0	5	9	
Miss Dowden .....	0	3	0	
Charlotte Dapp .....	0	3	1	
E. Goodman .....	0	4	0	
Miss Godard .....	0	8	0	
E. Hawthorn .....	0	14	6	
Ditto, Box .....	0	8	9	
Annie Hall .....	0	1	10	
Master Hounsom .....	2	10	0	
Thomas Higgs .....	0	1	0	
Thomas Higgs .....	0	4	0	
D. Jackman .....	1	5	6	
Sarah Kent .....				



	£	s.	d.
Miss Ring .....	1	0	6
Miss King .....	0	2	0
Ann Laker .....	0	1	2
William Nyren .....	0	6	1
Louisa Nyren .....	0	3	6
Miss H. Neve .....	0	3	0
Miss E. Neve .....	0	2	7
Master C. Neve .....	0	2	6
W. and L. Rillinger .....	1	14	10
H. Page .....	0	3	3
E. Parsons .....	0	1	11
Mrs. Poore .....	0	1	9
E. Smith .....	0	11	4
Wilde Smith .....	0	4	6
Fanny Smith .....	0	1	8
Fanny Stanford .....	0	1	7
Henry Stanford .....	0	1	0
F. Starling .....	0	2	2
J. Sinnick .....	0	2	9
Maria Snelling .....	0	2	0
E. Urin .....	0	2	3
Miss Webb .....	0	2	4
Little Walter .....	0	3	8
Miss J. Wiboner .....	0	3	1
Sums under 1s. ....	0	2	8

Young Gentlemen at Mr. Ever-  
shed's School.

W. and E. Brankstone .....	0	13	0
E. Hobson .....	0	3	6
C. Macewen .....	0	4	0
R. Mullins .....	0	10	0
F. A. Newman .....	0	5	2
D. Riley .....	0	4	0
D. Ramage .....	0	10	6
A. Woolley .....	0	4	0

Young Ladies at Miss Goulty's  
School.

Miss E. Brankstone .....	0	12	0
Miss M. Brankstone .....	0	8	8
Miss Chalcraft .....	0	5	6
Miss Maynard .....	0	13	0
Miss E. Mead .....	1	3	6
Miss E. Ramage .....	0	9	10
Miss Vine .....	0	18	0
Miss Way .....	0	4	6
Girls' Box at Sunday School .....	0	8	3

23l. 1s. 2d.

North Street Chapel, col- lected by Sunday School Children .....	17	10	6
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Black Rock.

Collected by—

Master William Hounsom .....	1	5	0
Master G. Rutter .....	0	7	8
Master Arthur Rutter .....	0	7	1
Master Andrew Rutter .....	0	5	2
Master Thomas Parry .....	0	1	0
Miss Annie Jackson .....	0	1	0

27. 6s. 11d.

Brigstock.

Master Lord .....	0	6	8
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Miss M. Colyer .....	0	2	8
Master Rutherford .....	0	2	6
Miss Lord .....	0	3	4
14s. 6d.			

Bristol.

Castle Green Sabbath School.

Collected by—

Martha Ashman .....	0	4	1
Eliza Trueman .....	0	6	0
Emma Jenkins .....	0	3	4
Sarah West .....	0	4	7
Lydia Bessell .....	0	14	3
Ellen Cole .....	0	1	7
Sarah Lawrence .....	0	1	4
Elizabeth Harding .....	0	3	0
Mary Burnell .....	0	2	3
Elizabeth Holloway .....	0	2	8
L. Quick .....	0	19	3
Mary Quick .....	0	0	3
Martha Quick .....	0	6	0
Sarah Thomas .....	0	3	0
M. A. Hopkins .....	0	1	1
Ellen Jane Hiscox .....	0	0	3
Ellen Gore White .....	0	3	2
S. A. Wiltshire .....	0	1	0
Isabella Davis .....	0	4	3
Harriet Bailey .....	0	1	3
Lavinia Dick .....	0	1	6
M. A. Brown .....	0	1	0
Hannah Sayers .....	0	1	0
Ann Harding .....	0	1	3
Lucy Pugh .....	0	1	3
Mary Matthews .....	0	3	0
Infant Class .....	0	1	5
B. Pennington .....	0	1	5
Wm. Goldsworthy .....	0	2	0
Thomas Eddols .....	0	1	0
John Antill .....	0	3	6
G. Huntly .....	0	1	4
Richard Fleet .....	0	1	2
Silas Bessell .....	0	1	0
George Clibett .....	0	7	6
Edwin Chappell .....	0	1	6
Joseph Trueman .....	0	1	4
James Weeks .....	0	3	0
Thomas Price .....	0	1	6
John Sellick .....	0	1	4
John Dibble .....	0	3	0
B. Heness .....	0	5	7
George Burge .....	0	1	0
Charles Popham .....	0	1	1
James Burder .....	0	1	8
William Edwards .....	0	2	0
Sums under 1s. ....	0	18	11
Other sums .....	0	3	0

10l. 12s.

Hynton Durham (Gloucestershire).

Collected by—

Maria Shepton .....	0	3	0
H. E. Ansley .....	0	7	0
Caroline Lisle .....	0	7	7
Hester Long .....	0	3	10
M. A. Smith .....	0	3	4
S. A. Hale .....	0	1	0

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 145

	£	s.	d.
Eliza Shepton	0	1	0
Thomas Lisles	0	1	6
Joel Ball	0	1	3
Aaron Rawlings	0	1	0
John Frankom	0	1	0
<hr/> 17. 15s. 2d.			

## Lodge Street.

Collected by—			
— Baker	0	4	0
William Buchan	0	4	0
W. S. Bryant	0	7	1
Sarah Baylis	0	8	6
Wm. J. Bessell	0	5	3
George Coulsting	0	2	8
Alfred Cornish	0	1	8
A. Croker	0	5	0
Mary A. Cahill	0	2	2
Mary Davis	0	1	4
Richard Egan	0	2	9
John Holman	0	1	6
F. J. Hicks	0	2	6
— Joy	0	1	6
Mary Jane Kent	0	5	0
Thomas Kirby	0	5	0
Charles Lee	0	1	1
Sophia Moss	0	5	0
J. B. Moss	0	5	0
Hannah Moss	0	5	0
Ellen Moss	0	5	0
Alexander M'Kenzie	0	4	6
M. A. Newton	0	3	0
Sarah Pike	0	10	2
Robert S. Pike	0	13	4
Emily O. Pike	0	14	6
Jos. H. Perry	0	11	6
Mary A. Rashleigh	0	10	6
Maria Russell	0	3	2
Alice Ronch	0	5	6
George Smith	0	7	3
Georgiana Slade	0	5	6
J. H. Senington	0	12	0
J. C. Twining	0	6	3
Benjamin Twining	0	5	0
Henry and Mark Tyley	0	1	6
Charlotte Trott	0	0	3
Mary Vincent	0	6	6
Eliza White	0	1	0
Elizabeth Williams	0	15	0
Sundry Cards	0	8	3
<hr/> 117. 6s. 6d.			

## Newfoundland Street.

Ann Withers	0	4	6
Emily Chick	0	2	1
Celia Tucker	0	2	6
Harriet Chick	0	16	2
Eliza Smith	0	3	8
Charlotte Orchard	0	10	0
Amelia Rice	1	7	10
Eliza Taylor	0	2	6
Ann Arnold	0	1	10
Emma Jane Jewell	0	6	8
Rosa Harvey	0	1	7
Eliza Gooch	0	3	8
Mary Bally	0	1	0
Sarah Skinner	0	1	0
Mary Gay	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Elizabeth Sharp	0	2	6
Lydia Ward	0	2	6
John Hill	0	1	7
Edwin Redding	0	5	0
Joseph Webb	0	1	10
Sidney Taylor	0	2	6
George Cary	0	1	0
William Poole	0	1	6
John Woolacott	0	1	8
William Cockram	0	1	8
James Millman	0	1	0
William Stocker	0	6	0
George Maddocks	0	3	0
Frederick Perrin	0	3	0
Robert Harris	0	1	3
Marshall Griffin	0	1	2
Edwin Weight	0	7	10
Edwin Loveless	0	2	6
Thomas Pollard	0	2	0
Henry Chick	0	1	6
George Prichard	0	1	6
Edward Jukes	0	2	0
Richard Routley	0	1	4
James Norman	0	1	0
Philip Webb	0	1	5
Frederick Williams	0	1	4
Edwin Williams	0	8	0
John Tainton	0	1	1
George Spill	0	1	3
Henry Curtis	0	5	2
Robert Reynolds	0	1	0
George Nicholas	1	8	0
Smaller Sums	0	9	11
<hr/> 97. 17s. 6d.			

## Buckingham.

Collected by—			
Cards	0	17	3
Miss R. Stuchbery	1	2	8
Miss Smeeton	0	2	6
Master G. Stallworthy	0	5	5
Miss Stallworthy	0	7	3
Master S. Stallworthy	0	5	8
Sunday School Children	2	6	2
<hr/> 57. 6s. 6d.			

Buntingford and Chipping, Sunday Schools	0	0	0
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## Cardiff.

Ebenezer Welsh Independent Sunday School.			
Collected by—			
Mary and Catherine Morgan	0	7	9
Mary Phillips	0	6	1
Mary Day	0	6	0
William Jones	0	5	0
John and David Jones	0	4	9
David Davies	0	4	0
John Abraham	0	3	0
Sarah and Dina Evans	0	4	0
Edward Lewis	0	3	0
John Jones	0	4	0
David Walters	0	4	0
Thomas Thomas	0	2	8
John Rees	0	2	5
John and Wm. Deer	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Thos. and Edward Morgan	0	3	0
Wm. James	0	1	2
Esther James	0	1	1
Margaret and Ann Thomas	0	2	0
Edward Thomas	0	3	0
John Valmer	0	1	9
Mary Rimron	0	1	8
John Evans	0	1	7
Benjamin Evans	0	3	7
William Wells	0	1	0
James Davies	0	2	6
Emma Roberts	0	1	8
John and Thomas Mathews	0	2	0
Joseph and William Rees	0	1	0
H. Morgan	0	1	0
Job Phillips	0	2	0
John Phillips	0	1	6
Thomas Edwards	0	2	1
Catherine & Sarah Howells	0	2	2
David Howells	0	1	6
Sums under 1s.	0	5	3

57.

Carlisle, Sunday School	5	0	0
Castle Combe, ditto	0	10	6
Charlton, ditto	0	18	0
Cheltenham, by Miss L. Page	0	6	6

*Chester-le-street.*

Collected by—			
Sarah Ann Gray	0	5	1
Mary Bygate	0	7	0
Ann Bygate	0	2	7
Margaret Mathison	0	1	2
George Gray	0	1	0
Eliza Vickers	0	2	0
Jane Matheson	0	1	1
John Lax	0	1	6
Isabella Starford	0	1	0
Ann Curry	0	1	2
Smaller Sums	0	6	5

17. 10s. 1d.

Chickerell	0	14	11
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*Chiswick.*

Sunday School	3	13	6
Congregation	2	15	0

67. 8s. 6d.

Codford, Children per Rev. J. W. Maddox	1	13	0
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*Colyton.*

Miss M. A. Bishop	0	2	3
Miss Emma Board	0	2	4
Miss E. L. Gill	0	5	4
Miss Mansfield	0	5	0
Miss E. L. Pady	0	1	10
Miss Sarah Pierce	0	1	5
Miss Sarah Smith	0	7	0
Master J. Clarkson	1	1	0
Master John White	0	1	0

22. 5s. 2d.

*Culsaalmond.*

Collected by—			
Mr. W. Stephen	0	13	0
Miss A. Anderson	0	7	0

17.

Dalbeattie, by W. Hingham, Jun.	0	14	0
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Denholm, Free Church Sunday School	0	3	0
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*Denton.*

By Miss Delf	0	8	0
By Miss Jane Tacon	0	10	0

18s. 6d.

Dunmow	2	7	4
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Easingwold, Sunday School	0	19	7
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*Edinburgh Auxiliary.**Per Mr. W. F. Watson.*

Darnick Sunday School	0	12	0
Elder Street ditto	1	2	11
Markle, East Lothian, ditto	0	7	0
Albany Street ditto	3	13	0
Mirrielees Close ditto	0	12	2
Portsburgh, U. P. ditto	1	2	0
Shetland, by Miss N. Umfrey	1	2	0
Ditto, Miss H. Jamieson	0	10	3

67. 8s.

*Argyle Square Chapel.**Congregational Sabbath School.*

Collected by—			
Andrew Aikman	0	6	0
William Aikman	0	2	0
William R. Auld	0	13	0
Alexander Barclay	0	1	7
Alexander Bathgate	0	10	0
John Brown	0	3	2
Henry Clark	0	4	0
Alexander Cowrie	0	13	0
Margaret Cowan	0	6	0
Ann and Charles Davidson	0	2	0
John Duncan	0	3	0
William Francis	0	6	0
Hellen Geikie	0	3	7
Marian Geikie	0	4	1
James Gibson	0	9	0
Robert Greir	0	14	4
William Greir	0	4	0
H. D. and Agnes Greir	0	4	10
James Galiaway	0	1	4
Helenor Johnston	0	3	4
Cathrine Halcrow	0	5	0
Janet Munro	0	2	7
Hugh Monro	0	2	11
Isabella Milne	0	4	4
Francis Muston	0	17	0
Harrington Muston	0	17	0
Jane M'Cartney	0	1	0
Susan M'Donald	0	9	0
Thomas M'Donnell	0	5	0
Euphemia M'Clure	0	6	7
S. T. and M. M'Kechnie	0	7	3
Annie Peterson	0	4	10
Peter Peterson	0	5	3
John A. Peterson	0	3	11
Hellen Rodgers	0	12	0
Francis Rodgers	0	5	7

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 147

	£	s.	d.
Alexander Sinclair .....	0	7	6
Cathrine Sinclair .....	0	1	0
Anna Eliza Stott .....	0	11	6
John P. Stewart .....	0	16	2
George Turpy .....	0	3	0
William Yelland .....	0	12	6
Collected in the Missionary Box .....	0	7	8
Hunter Square Sabbath School .....	1	7	0
Coltbridge Infant School ...	0	6	0
W. S. and E. T. Inskip .....	0	1	0
<hr/> 16l. 4s. 4d.			

## Edmonton and Tottenham.

Collected by—			
Mary Alice .....	0	2	6
Louisa Bates .....	0	2	0
Abraham Burtles .....	0	4	0
John Clarkson .....	0	3	4
Eleanor Jarvis .....	0	3	0
Sarah Ann Johnson .....	0	6	0
Miss Mackie .....	0	10	0
F. and W. Newstead .....	0	2	6
Martha Richardson .....	0	8	3
E. T. Rose .....	0	9	0
Alfred Smith .....	0	2	1
E. and M. Warren .....	0	5	0
Louisa Young .....	0	1	8
<hr/> 3l. 0s. 4d.			

Elgin, by Mary M'Kean .....	1	14	
Eltham, Sunday School .....	5	16	7
Ennsworth .....	0	13	4

## Evereden.

Collected by—			
Mary Ann Patman .....	1	0	0
Jane Emma Custerson .....	0	3	8
Saomi Picken .....	0	2	8
Hephzibah Ellis .....	0	2	0
Thomas Carrington .....	0	1	3
Susan Ellis .....	0	0	9
John Custerson .....	0	3	0
Misses Nixon .....	0	14	2
Elizabeth Pryor .....	0	2	8
Miss Clear .....	0	13	4
<hr/> 2l. 4s. 7d.			

## Fakenham.

By Miss S. A. Legge .....	1	8	0
By Miss Grummet .....	0	12	0
By Elizabeth Leverington .....	0	2	4
<hr/> 2l. 2s. 4d.			

Falkirk, Sunday School .....	0	17	0
Farnham, Collected by the Misses Rhodes, Seale Lodge .....	2	10	0

## Farringdon.

Collected by—			
Arabella Baker .....	0	6	4
Mary Gerrig .....	0	16	2
Ann Godfrey .....	0	4	6
M. A. Hicks .....	0	4	4

	£	s.	d.
Ann Hunt .....	0	2	4
Ann Perrott .....	0	4	4
Sarah Barnard .....	0	2	7
Emily Strange .....	0	4	0
Amelia Tomkins .....	0	2	0
Joseph Baker .....	0	5	2
William Hicks .....	0	4	6
Henry Bye .....	0	19	6
<hr/> 3l. 7s. 3d.			

## Faversham.

Young Ladies at Mrs. Elvy's School .....	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Masters .....	0	4	0
Miss M. A. Wise .....	0	3	10
<hr/> 1l. 7s. 10d.			

Felsted .....	0	6	0
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## Finchley Chapel.

Collected by—			
Sabbath School Children ...	2	6	0
Miss Allen .....	0	11	0
Miss Jay .....	1	10	0
Miss S. G. Spicer .....	0	12	0
<hr/> 4l. 19s.			

Fleetwood, by Mr. Whit- worth .....	2	9	9
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Forfar, Osnaburgh Street Chapel Sabbath School ...	1	15	0
Mr. A. Keith's School .....	0	10	0
<hr/> 2l. 5s.			

## Glasgow.

### Juvenile Auxillary.

Rev. David Russell, President.			
Mr. Lauchlan Mackay, Treasurer.			
Mr. William Hamilton, Secretary.			
West George Street Chapel, for Religious Purposes, from Mr. H. Clow's Sab- bath Class .....	2	0	0
Greenhead U. P. Church, Sabbath School .....	1	3	0
Ritchie Lane Sabbath School .....	0	10	0
Montrose Street U. P. Church, Juvenile Missionary So- ciety .....	1	0	0
Hutchesontown Free Church, Sabbath School .....	0	11	2
Baptist Sabbath School, Millport .....	0	15	0
West Campbell Street Re- formed Presbyterian Church, Sabbath Schools .....	4	15	0
Comlachir Mission House, Sabbath Schools .....	0	13	0
Tron Parish, Sabbath School .....	1	0	0
Tollcross U. P. Church, Sabbath School .....	2	8	0
Eglinton Street U. P. Church, Sabbath Schools .....	0	17	0
London Road U. P. Church, Sabbath Schools .....	10	4	10

	£	s.	d.
Wellpark Free Church Mission House, Sabbath School, per Mr. P. Cracley	0	17	9
Fire Works, Girls' Sabbath School, per Mrs. Bland	0	15	0
Fire Works, Boys' ditto, per Mr. Bland	0	9	0
Old Scotch Independent Church, Sabbath Schools	6	10	9
Hutchesontown U. P. Church, Sabbath Schools	1	5	6
Anderston U. P. Church, Mission Schools, Kirk Close	1	12	10
Ditto, ditto, Hill Street	1	10	0
Jeffrey and Henderson's Sabbath School	1	3	0
North Hanover Street Congregational Sabbath School Society, per Mr. Greig	3	0	11
Laurieston Congregational Church, Sabbath School Society, per Mr. Hamilton	7	11	5
Portick West U. P. Church, Sabbath School	1	2	0
Calton Parish Church, Sabbath School	2	6	0
West Nile Street Church, Sabbath School	2	4	0
St. Andrew's Parish, Sabbath School Society	5	15	5
Sundry Small Sums under 10s.	3	1	0
	80l. 4s. 9d.		

Great Hamilton Street Reformed Presbyterian Sabbath School.  
Classes.

Miss Wright	0	3	6
Miss Berry	0	1	6
Miss Stevenson	0	1	8
Mr. Symington	0	0	6
Mr. T. N. Wright	0	3	2
Mr. T. Binnie	0	1	4
Miss McAuley	0	1	0
Miss Mitchell	0	3	6
Miss Berry	0	2	2
Collected by—			
Elizabeth Marshall	0	3	0
Susan Holmes	0	2	10
Jessie Robertson	0	1	9
John Colman	0	2	7
James Croll	0	2	0
Peter Walker	0	2	0
Jos. Watson	0	2	1
Andrew Bryce	0	2	6
John Frew	0	1	9
Thomas Yull	0	3	0
Mary Forsyth	0	2	4
Agnes and Mary Dunn	0	1	3
Sums under 1s.	0	2	10
	2l. 8s. 9d.		

Glastonbury.

Collected by—			
Mrs. Evans	0	1	8
Miss Emily Morris	0	4	10

Mary Hunt	0	1	3
Mary Jane Higgins	0	1	0
Mary Hayes	0	0	6
Christiana Hunt	0	0	3
Emily Briant	0	1	3
John Axe	0	2	6
Sums under 1s.	0	7	9
	1l. 14s. 9d.		

Gosport.

New Independent Chapel.  
Rev. A. Ewing, M.A.

Collected by—

Miss Walton	1	1	8
Miss E. Sutton	0	2	7
Emily Monk	0	2	0
John and George Blake	0	2	4
Henry Robinson	0	2	0
John Ridout	0	2	0
W. and E. Wilson	0	3	1
Matilda Moore	0	1	0
Thomas Willis	0	1	0
Richard Lance	0	4	0
Morris Baker	0	1	0
Mary J. Kelsey	0	4	0
Jane Gill	0	2	0
Ann Willington	0	1	0
George Rice	0	8	0
Smaller Sums	3l.	2s.	10d.

Grantham, additional.	1	15	6
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Hadleigh.

Miss Downs	0	5	10
Miss Watts	0	12	3
Miss Hoddy	0	10	0
Master Howard	0	6	3
Miss Partridge	0	4	9
Miss Beeton	0	8	0
Miss M. Cook	0	0	0
Misses M. and A. Mason	0	0	0
Charlotte Spooner	0	0	0
Harriet Gosling	0	0	0
Master Rands, &c.	0	0	0
Harriet Debney	0	0	0
Harriet Rumsey	0	0	0
Hintlesham Sunday School	0	0	0
Hadleigh Sunday School,			
Miss Pittuck	0	1	0
Mary Ann Songer	0	2	0
Emma Stow	0	3	0
Ellen and Elizabeth Stow	0	4	0
Emily Wright	0	1	0
Ellen Harmer	0	4	0
James Sengar	0	1	0
Enoch Battell	0	1	0
Thomas Sergeant	0	3	7
William Smith	0	3	0
Samuel Green	0	3	0
John Hunt	0	1	0
Walter Steele	0	3	0
Elizabeth Brown	0	3	0
Charles May	0	1	0
John Makin	0	2	0
Henry Makin	0	2	0

## CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 149

	£	s.	d.
Alfred Southgate .....	0	1	10
William Plack .....	0	1	4
Liza White .....	0	1	7
George Spark .....	0	2	8
Ben Deeks .....	0	1	2
Brian Mowles .....	0	3	0
<b>77. 1s. 6d.</b>			

*Halesworth.*

Collected by—			
Mrs. Bloxall .....	0	6	7
Mrs. Brown .....	0	7	6
Mrs. S. Cattermull .....	0	3	7
Master T. Cole .....	0	8	0
Mrs. A. Gayfer .....	0	8	0
Master W. George .....	0	4	6
Master J. Hammond .....	0	10	10
Mrs. S. Howard .....	0	5	0
Master Howard .....	0	10	0
Master G. Howard .....	0	5	0
Master Newbury .....	0	14	0
Master Parlane .....	0	2	8
Master Rackham .....	0	2	4
Master O. Rackham .....	0	2	8
Master J. Read .....	0	1	6
Master F. Read .....	0	5	4
Mrs. Shade .....	0	1	9
Mrs. Smyth .....	0	1	9
Mrs. Stanford .....	0	3	6
Mrs. Tuthill .....	0	7	0
Master Upton .....	0	12	10
Mrs. Wells .....	0	1	6
Mrs. Wild .....	0	6	7
Small Sums .....	0	1	4
<b>67. 13s. 2d.</b>			

*Hanley.*

Sunday School, Boys .....	0	16	11
do, Girls .....	3	7	0
<b>37. 3s. 11d.</b>			
Warlepool, Wesleyan Re-			
formers Sunday School .....	0	7	4
Walsmere, Sunday School .....	2	7	0
Warrant, ditto .....	1	3	2
Wenley .....	8	12	4
Werraham, by Miss Lord .....	0	10	0
Westmonceux .....	2	5	0

*Hibernian Auxiliary.*

Per Rev. J. Hands .....			
Previous Contributions .....	31	13	7
Mrs. Baker, Dungarvon, Card Collection .....	0	15	0
Mrs. Palmer, Cheltenham, ditto .....	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilkinson, Maryborough, ditto .....	1	0	4
Mrs. Perry, Newtown Park, Dublin, ditto .....	1	0	0
Mrs. Wardlaw, Dublin, ditto .....	0	12	0
Mrs. London, Dundalk, ditto .....	0	12	0
The Pupils in Guy's School, Ballymena, per James Beatty, Esq. ....	4	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Sabbath School Children in York Street Chapel, per C. B. Nicholson, Esq. ....	5	0	0
Joshua and Wm. Pakenham's Card .....	0	7	3
Miss Vicary, Wexford .....	0	11	0
Miss M. Henry, New Town Mount Kennedy .....	0	12	0
Miss Sarah Beale, ditto .....	0	12	4
Miss Briggs, Ayr, Scotland .....	1	0	0
The Misses Connor, Black Rock, 2nd collection .....	1	5	3
Ditto, ditto, 3rd ditto .....	0	14	7
Donaghmore Sunday School, per Rev. Jas. Hanson .....	1	0	0
Armagh ditto, per Henry Martin .....	1	18	2
Belfast ditto, per A. O. Weir, Esq. ....	1	6	8
N. Town Limavady ditto, per Rev. P. Finan .....	1	15	8
Children and Teachers of Zion Chapel Congregation, per Miss Hardy .....	7	7	10
Derry, per James McCuehill, Esq., Rev. Dr. Denham's Sabbath School .....	7	18	4
Congregational Sabbath School .....	2	8	0
<b>737. 19s. 1d.</b>			

*Highworth.*

Collected by—			
Mr. Reynolds and Class .....	0	1	11
Mr. Godwin ditto .....	0	1	8
Mr. J. Burton ditto .....	0	1	8
Mr. T. Matthews's Class .....	0	1	0
Sums under 1s. ....	0	1	0
Mrs. Reynolds and Class .....	0	2	10
Miss Thompson ditto .....	0	2	0
Miss Lovegrove ditto .....	0	2	8
Mrs. Barrett ditto .....	0	1	3
Miss Brown ditto .....	0	1	0
Miss Rixon ditto .....	0	1	2
Miss Lavington ditto .....	0	1	2
Sums under 1s. ....	0	1	8
Collected by Miss Henrietta Bourne .....	0	7	0
<b>17. 10s.</b>			

Hindley, Young Ladies at Mrs. Turner's .....	0	12	0
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*Holywell.*

Chapel Street, Sunday School.			
Mrs. Martha Green .....	0	2	0
Mrs. Mary Roberts .....	6	8	3
Mr. James Stewart .....	0	1	0
Miss Janet MacLairmaid and Master Jos. Perrett .....	0	8	3
Miss Sarah Jane Roberts .....	0	10	0
Miss Ann Roberts, Grove .....	0	5	0
Miss Amelia Owens .....	0	2	0
Miss Jane Williams .....	0	5	6
Master T. Whitfoot Sibeon .....	0	1	0
Master Joseph Jones .....	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Master Wm. Owens, Jun....	0	2	6.	Inverness, Fraser Street			
John Edward Owens .....	0	2	10	Sabbath School .....	1	1	8
Thomas Hughes.....	0	1	3				
Day School.....				Ipswich, Nicholas Street,			
Master W. Williams .....	0	12	0	additional .....	0	13	6
Master H. Bellis.....	0	1	2	Jedburgh, Free Church			
Master John Hughes .....	0	2	1	Sunday School, additional	0	12	4
Master George Conway.....	0	1	0	Kington, Collected by Mrs.			
Master Joseph Humphrey .....	0	2	2	Wallis .....	1	13	8
Sums under 1s. ....	0	2	0	Kinnaff, by Jane Greig .....	0	9	2
Exs. 8d.; 2l. 8s. 1d.				Kirkham, Sunday School ...	3	0	4
Hopton.				Kirkheaton, ditto .....	1	6	8
Senior Class of Girls, by				Knaresborough .....	0	6	10
Misses Stancliffe .....	1	1	0	Knowl Green, by Mr. W.			
Miss Johnson and Friends,				Bourn .....	0	16	2
Normanby .....	1	0	0	Langport .....	0	4	1
Collected by—							
Miss C. Ellis .....	1	1	6	Leek,			
Master C. Ellis .....	0	4	0	Collected by—			
Mrs. Dawson's Young La-				William Goodwin Chell .....	0	6	4
dies .....	0	10	1	Robert Haynes .....	0	3	8
3l. 10s. 7d.				John Lomas Pimlotte .....	0	3	8
Horsham.....	3	2	7	Edmund Rigby .....	0	2	2
Horwich, Sunday School ...	0	9	9	Thomas W. Johnson .....	0	2	2
Huddersfield.				William Brough .....	0	1	6
Ramsden Street.				Edward Brough .....	0	1	6
Collected by a few Little				Joseph Cope .....	0	1	6
Girls .....	7	12	2	William Millward .....	0	1	6
Sunday School.....	6	1	10	Josiah Gallimore .....	0	6	7
13l. 14s.				John Hill.....	0	6	7
Highfield School.....	6	18	7	Collection in Sunday School	0	9	2
				2l. 0s. 7d.			
Hull.				Leith, Link's Local Sabbath			
Fish Street Sabbath School	5	17	10	Evening School, per Mr.			
Two Children .....	0	2	0	T. Sturrock.....	4	0	8
Miss S. L. Tapp .....	0	10	0	Letherhead, Master C. Waite	0	12	0
6l. 9s. 10d.							
Ilfracombe.				Lewes, Cliffe Chapel Sunday			
A. B. C. ....	0	3	7	School .....	0	12	0
Miss Fosse.....	0	3	4	Tabernacle, Juvenile Col-			
William Dennis .....	0	3	10	lection .....	13	4	8
Lydia Stephens .....	0	3	8				
Sarah Anne Marshall .....	0	3	6	Lincoln .....	0	8	1
John Jones.....	0	3	7				
Price Turner .....	0	2	6	Litlington, Sunday School.	0	14	8
Frances Webber .....	0	3	0				
Alice Webber .....	0	2	10	Liverpool.			
Lucy Shipley.....	0	2	9	Per S. Job, Esq.			
James Ackland .....	0	1	4	Great George Street Chapel			
John Brooks .....	0	1	0	Miss Haigh .....	2	11	0
Lucy Dalling.....	0	1	7	Miss Mary Stephens.....	1	10	1
Eliza Jane Turner .....	0	1	0	Miss M. A. Cocker.....	1	8	8
Hannah Jones .....	0	1	9	Miss Crossfield .....	1	4	8
Smaller Sums .....	0	2	2	Misses Mary and Matilda			
2l. 1l. 8d.				Blackaller .....	1	2	4
Ingatestone.				Miss Rebecca Williams .....	1	2	4
Collected by—				Miss Agnes McLelland .....	1	0	8
Mrs. Green .....	0	10	6	Miss M. A. Jackson .....	0	12	8
Miss Gertrude Moore .....	0	19	7	Miss Bagshaw .....	0	13	7
Miss Annie Reeve .....	0	9	0	Miss Jane Simpson .....	0	13	8
Master A. Miller .....	0	3	0	Miss Annie Connah .....	0	13	8
Exs. 7d.; 2l. 7s. 6d.				Miss Isabella Simpson .....	0	13	7
				Mrs. Tonge .....	0	13	9
				Mrs. Smith.....	0	13	9

## CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 151

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Miss Cross .....	0 10 0
Miss Sarah Mitchell .....	0 9 9
Miss Long .....	0 9 0
Miss Margaret Graham .....	0 9 0
Miss M. A. Winchester .....	0 8 8
Miss Hughes .....	0 7 6
Miss Jane Quillish .....	0 7 6
Miss Hannah Moore .....	0 7 6
Miss Margaret Hudson .....	0 6 5
Miss Mary Christie .....	0 6 0
Miss Diana Fleet .....	0 6 0
Miss Ellen Rimmer .....	0 6 0
Miss Mary Ann Powell .....	0 5 1
Miss Ann Thomas .....	0 5 0
Miss Mary Ann Kelsey .....	0 5 0
Miss Catharine Williams .....	0 5 0
Miss Elizabeth Luce .....	0 4 7
Miss Mary Jane Wilson .....	0 3 9
Miss Laura Hughes .....	0 3 7
Miss Sarah Jane Jones .....	0 2 8
Miss Emma Jarvis .....	0 2 6
Miss Laura Watson .....	0 2 6
Miss Martha Griffiths .....	0 2 4
Miss Elizabeth Hallowell .....	0 2 3
Miss Mary King .....	0 2 0
Miss Annie Rigby .....	0 2 0
Miss Elizabeth Reynolds .....	0 1 8
Miss Mary Ellen Simpson .....	0 1 7
Miss Fanny Wrake .....	0 1 6
Miss Jane Burrows .....	0 1 6
Miss Eliza Jarvis .....	0 1 5
Miss Jane Venn .....	0 1 2
Miss Margaret Bates .....	0 1 0
Miss Sarah Chambers .....	0 1 0
Miss Lucy Storer .....	0 1 0
Miss Emma Rowe .....	0 1 0
Master Charles P. Sharp .....	0 2 2
Master Robert M. Murples .....	2 13 7
Master John Barker .....	1 5 6
Master Joseph Marples .....	1 2 0
Master Edwin Slee .....	0 18 6
Master Alfred Burden .....	0 15 0
Master Thomas Thornton .....	0 12 3
Master Frederick Stephens .....	0 10 2
Master Cross .....	0 10 0
Master W. C. Cross .....	0 10 0
Anonymous .....	0 10 0
Master Thomas Meacock .....	0 8 0
Master Charles Garner .....	0 7 0
Master Francis Roper .....	0 6 8
Master John Robertson .....	0 6 1
Master Samuel White .....	0 5 0
Master Spencer Burstall .....	0 4 0
Master William Venn .....	0 3 7
Master Charles T. Nixon .....	0 3 1
Master Edward Hughes .....	0 3 0
Master William Potter .....	0 2 10
Master James Wilson .....	0 2 8
Master John Williams .....	0 2 7
Master Hugh Williams .....	0 2 0
Master James Rigby .....	0 2 0
Master Alfred Priest .....	0 1 11
Master Edward Jarvis .....	0 1 10
Master William Huey .....	0 1 8
Master John Cornell .....	0 1 8
Master Thomas King .....	0 1 8
Master George Hunt .....	0 1 6
Master Hiram Hughes .....	0 1 1
Master George Venn .....	0 1 0
Master John Holmes .....	0 1 0
Smaller Sums .....	0 3 10
56l. 13s. 1d.	
Crescent Chapel.	
Juvenile Society .....	26 8 1
Collected by—	
The Misses Kelly .....	6 0 3
Miss C. Piling .....	1 0 0
Miss E. Baird .....	1 10 0
Miss H. White .....	0 14 0
The Misses Miall .....	0 16 6
The Misses Tasker .....	0 19 0
Miss M. Lightbound .....	0 11 0
Miss E. Glover .....	0 10 6
Miss J. E. Hughes .....	0 10 0
Miss M. M. Seller .....	0 6 0
Miss C. Hennis .....	0 6 2
Miss E. Archer .....	0 5 10
Miss E. Johnstone .....	0 5 2
Miss A. Hill .....	0 2 0
Miss M. E. Dickon .....	0 2 4
Miss F. E. Fisher .....	0 2 7
Miss M. Platt .....	0 4 1
Miss E. J. Jefferies .....	0 1 0
Miss A. J. Wakeham .....	0 1 0
Miss E. Heaton .....	0 9 5
Master F. Ellrodt .....	0 7 4
Master H. Staveley .....	0 6 3
Master G. Hirst .....	0 5 10
41l. 18s. 4d.	
Newington Chapel.	
C. Alexander .....	0 2 0
E. and M. A. Atcherley .....	0 5 2
Mary Bland .....	0 3 0
Martha Barrott .....	0 3 1
M. A. Chapman .....	0 3 0
Annie Davidson .....	0 9 9
Miss Davidson .....	0 9 0
Ellen Gibson .....	0 2 8
Sarah Griffiths .....	0 10 6
A. Gray .....	0 3 4
Isabella Hall .....	0 6 0
M. E. Hincks .....	2 5 1
M. Barbara Jones .....	2 5 0
Margaret Jones .....	0 13 10
Mary Jones .....	0 11 5
Miss Jones .....	0 17 2
Mary Moss .....	0 10 5
Ann Mosley .....	0 4 6
Jane Pennington .....	0 5 4
Miss Price .....	0 5 0
Miss E. L. Scott .....	1 0 6
Elizabeth Scott .....	0 16 0
Mary Woodhouse .....	0 2 6
Elizabeth Wood .....	0 4 1
Sums under 2s. 6d. .....	0 8 8
W. B. Atcherley .....	0 12 0
Mr. Crompton .....	0 2 6
Charles Clubb .....	0 2 10
Richard Davies .....	0 3 0
Samuel Gibson .....	0 4 0
W. Griffiths .....	0 3 3
J. Griffiths .....	0 2 6
Master E. H. Griffiths .....	0 6 0



	£	s.	d.
Richard Hannah .....	0	8	10
J. Hannah .....	0	4	6
P. Hall .....	0	3	8
P. Richardson .....	0	3	5
William Tillman .....	0	3	6
H. Warden .....	1	15	0
James Walker .....	0	5	0
Sums under 2s. 6d. ....	0	16	10
Treasurer's Balance .....	0	10	8

20l. 6s. 6d.

Toxteth Chapel, Girls' Sunday School .....	4	1	0
Boys' ditto .....	5	0	0

9l. 1s. 6d.

Liscard Chapel Sunday School .....	5	0	0
Ormskirk ditto ditto .....	1	6	0
Bethel Welsh Independent Chapel. Collected by—			
Master Edward Roberts ..	0	14	0
Master Isaac Price .....	0	4	0
Master Isaac Price, King Street .....	0	2	0

1l.

Total ..... 115 3 5

Londonderry, Collected by Miss Cairns .....	1	10	0
Lostwithiel, by Geo. Collins ..	0	4	0

**Macclesfield.****Roe Street Chapel.****Particulars of Sum acknowledged in March.****Collected by—**

Misses Birchenough .....	0	8	7
Hannah Bayley .....	0	3	4
Miss Cocroft .....	0	6	10
Miss Corbishley .....	1	10	1
Thomas Grattan .....	0	7	6
Master Hardin .....	0	7	0
Mary Jane Evans .....	0	5	2
Miss Hill .....	0	15	1
Henry Housland .....	0	2	6
Miss Munslow .....	0	10	0
Henry Marsland .....	0	4	5
Miss Meek .....	0	5	7
Miss Pierce .....	0	10	1
Hannah Pollitt .....	0	1	0
Miss Ramsden .....	1	1	9
Elizabeth Slack .....	0	1	3
Master Shatwell .....	0	6	6
Eliza Smith .....	0	2	4
Master Stanchiffes .....	0	12	0
Misses Taylor .....	1	4	0
Sarah Torks .....	0	1	0
Master Walton .....	0	1	6
Small Sums .....	0	16	4
Collection in School .....	1	7	3
Young Friends at Bollington .....	0	12	8

12l. 2s. 6d.

Townley Street, by three Sunday School Children ...	1	0	0
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£ s. d.

**Manchester.****Per S. Fletcher, Esq.**

Zion Chapel .....	10	15	0
Hope Chapel .....	7	17	3
Chapel Street .....	2	11	0
Longsight .....	1	19	3
Egerton .....	2	15	0
Patricroft .....	1	0	3

27l. 4s. 9d.

**Mattishall.****Collected by—**

Elijah Beckett .....	1	3	0
Robert Knight .....	1	0	0

2l. 3s. 6d.

**Manningtree.****Collected by—**

Sunday School Children .....	0	0	10
Miss M. A. Leigh .....	0	7	1
Miss E. Markham .....	0	7	4
Master Wm. Saxby .....	0	7	0

1l. 12s.

Margate, Cecil Street Chapel ..	3	19	4
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Middleton (Lancashire) .....	0	2	0
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Milborne Port, Sunday School .....	4	10	0
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Mansfield, Sunday School .....	0	8	0
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Melbourne, ditto .....	2	2	0
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Mixenden, by Miss H. Holdsworth .....	0	4	0
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**Newcastle-on-Tyne.**

By Cards .....	3	2	0
West Clayton Street Sunday School .....	0	7	5
Buckingham Street ditto .....	0	7	1

3l. 17s. 11d.

**Newcastle-under-Lyme.****Collected by—**

T. Bullock .....	0	10	0
John Baker .....	0	4	7

15s. 7d.

**Newport (Isle of Wight).**

Hosbridge Hill School .....	2	11	4
St. James's Street ditto .....	3	15	4
Moon Hill .....	0	30	0
Ventnor, ditto .....	0	2	0
By Edward James .....	0	2	0

7l. 6s. 2d.

**Newport (Salop).**

Sunday Schools .....	0	15	0
Bank ditto .....	0	15	0
By Miss A. Rogers .....	0	5	0
By Misses Atkinson and Warry .....	0	2	0

1l. 16s. 9d.

**Norwich.**

By Miss Boardman .....	0	9	0
Girls' Bible Class, King Street School .....	0	6	0

15s.

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIR OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 153

£ s. d.

## Norwood.

Collected by—	
Mr. Hainworth's two sons and pupils	1 11 7
Infants and British School Girls	0 11 0
Master R. Kent	0 4 10
Master B. Malraison	0 10 0
2l. 17s. 5d.	

## Nottingham.

### Castle Gate.

Miss L. M. and E. Goddard	2 0 0
Miss Fanny Armitage	0 10 0
Master Arthur Rogers	0 0 0
Miss S. A. Farmer	0 10 0
M. A. Ley	0 5 0
George Richmond	0 4 2
Henry Mason	0 1 0
Miss Elliott	0 14 10
Miss Lake	0 18 5
Miss M. Barton	0 5 0
Miss S. A. Briggs	0 10 0
Master Percy Wells	0 11 0
George Martin	0 1 3
Master Henry Wells	0 0 0
Sarah Ann Kirk	0 1 8
Master Charles Shaw	0 8 5
Harriet James	0 2 8
Catharine Chawner	0 5 0
Rebecca S. Straw	0 10 0
Eth Kent	0 5 2
Joseph Kitchen	0 2 9
Walter Cleveland	0 2 8
Catharine Barnsdale	0 2 4
Louisa Frottingham	0 5 1
Sarah Lawes	0 3 2
Miss Kate Moore	0 12 0
Miss M. H. Moore	0 8 0
Emma Martin	0 4 0
Elvina Elmes	0 2 4
Mary Mellor	0 2 1
Master Cullen	0 8 5
Mary Bell	0 3 0
Master William Clark	0 7 2
Sundries, Sneinton School, per Mr. Straw	0 1 0
Small Sums from Castle Gate School	0 13 11
Sums under 1s.	0 2 10
12l. 12s. 7d.	

Oakham, by H. E. Lumby ... 0 17 4

## Odiham.

Collected by—	
H. and M. Seymour	2 8 0
W. Banister	0 6 10
A. Chandler	0 10 0
S. Smith	0 13 6
E. Gotelee	0 8 0
M. Cook	0 0 2
M. A. Gaskin	1 10 0
0l.	

Oulton, by Miss Carter ... 0 0 5

£ s. d.

## Oundle.

Mrs. Davey Alwalton	0 10 0
Mrs. Jelley, Elton	0 5 0
Mr. Jelley, junr., ditto	0 2 0
Miss Jelley, ditto	0 1 0
Mr. R. Jelley, ditto	0 1 0
Small Sums	0 0 6
1l.	

Pauler's Pury, Sunday School ... 1 2 0

## Penrith.

Sunday School Collection	0 12 0
Collected by—	
Frances Bardgett	0 5 6
Rachael Annie Graham	0 9 6
Elizabeth and John Pollock	0 12 6
2l.	

Pickering, Sunday School ... 0 8 0

## Plymouth.

### Norley Sabbath School.

Eliza A. M. Hawke	0 1 4
Nanny Shilston	0 3 0
Selina Ellis	0 1 0
Julia Sawyer	0 3 3
Maria Harvey	0 2 1
Sarah Davies	0 0 0
Emily and Hampden Jones	0 0 0
Stephen Wedlake	0 1 0
John Hill	0 1 2
Charles E. Tubbs	0 10 0
William Treby	0 5 0
Edgar Edgeland	0 2 2
Thomas S. Sturge	0 2 6
George Lakeman	0 1 4
Thomas Consins	0 1 3
Henry Kerswill	0 1 0
David D. Hubbard	0 0 0
Smaller Sums	0 0 5
2l. 1s.	

Batter Street Chapel ... 5 0 0

Pontefract, Sunday School ... 0 13 0

## Portsea.

### Buckland Chapel.

Mr. H. S. Dance	0 4 2
Mr. S. Coles	0 1 7
Mr. A. Burnett	0 1 0
Mr. M. Simmonds	0 1 9
Mr. E. Chinnock	0 1 1
Mr. S. Allen	0 1 3
Mr. H. Beazley	0 7 5
Miss Harkman	0 1 3
Miss Rowlands	0 4 1
Miss Strugnell	0 1 1
Miss Chalmers	0 1 1
Miss Jones	0 1 0
Smaller Sums	0 1 7
1l. 8s. 4d.	

## Potter's Pury

Collected by—	
Miss Sanders	1 8 0
Miss Wood	1 0 4
Sunday School Boys	0 3 4
Ditto Girls	0 3 3
2l. 15s. 5d.	

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>Preston.</i>				Miss Scammel	0	1	7
Cannon Street Sunday				Miss Hansford	0	3	1
Schools	16	4	9	Miss Jolliffe	0	3	1
Grimshaw Street ditto	7	12	4	Miss Allen	0	3	1
23 <sup>rd</sup> 17s. 1d.				Miss Campling	0	2	1
Putney, Sunday School	3	14	0	Miss Radford	0	3	1
<i>Reading.</i>				Miss Hazard	0	3	1
<i>Broad Street.</i>				Miss Hansford	0	4	1
Girls' Sunday School	1	0	0	Miss Keet	0	3	1
Boys' ditto	1	0	0	Miss Denham	0	3	1
2 <sup>nd</sup> 6s.				Miss E. Denham	0	2	1
<i>Rendham.</i>				Miss Harvey	0	2	1
<i>Collected by—</i>				Miss Wheeler	0	2	1
Miss Susanna Mills	0	7	8	Miss Westbrook	0	2	1
Master Henry Mills	0	6	0	Miss Gibbs	0	1	1
Miss Rowe	0	4	0	Miss Pearce	0	1	1
Miss Elizabeth Morsley	0	10	3	Miss Bulger	0	1	1
Miss E. and A. Morsley	0	4	7	Miss Matthews	0	1	1
Miss M. A. Banthorp	0	5	0	Miss Harmsworth	0	1	1
1 <sup>st</sup> 18s.				Miss Taylor	0	1	1
<i>Ripon, Collected by Misses</i>				Miss Taylor	0	1	1
Croft	1	0	0	Miss Dyer	0	1	1
<i>Rochdale.</i>				Miss Ballard	0	1	1
Providence Chapel				Miss Grier	0	1	1
Juvenile Association	6	3	4	Miss Bulger	0	1	1
Milton Church				Miss Cuzens	0	1	1
Sunday School	2	1	0	Miss Carter	0	1	1
<i>Rotterdam.</i>				Miss Bulger	0	1	1
From the Missionary Boxes	1	0	0	Miss Loder	0	1	1
English Reformed Church				Miss Frier	0	1	1
Sunday School	1	0	0	Smaller Sums	0	1	1
2 <sup>nd</sup>				<i>Boys.</i>			
<i>Royston.</i>				Master John Allen	0	1	1
Kneesworth Street Sunday				Master Harvey	0	3	1
School	2	3	6	Master Saunders	0	3	1
<i>Ryde (Isle of Wight).</i>				Master Scammel	0	3	1
<i>Collected by—</i>				Master Hazard	0	3	1
Miss M. Comden	1	0	4	Master Pelgate	0	2	1
Miss Hansford	0	16	3	Master Jenkins	0	2	1
Miss Hollis	0	7	6	Master Hopgood	0	2	1
Miss Gilbert	0	6	8	Master Wallis	0	2	1
Miss Newman	0	6	6	Master Jolliffe	0	2	1
Miss E. Comden	0	6	0	Master Wallis	0	2	1
Miss Sivell	0	6	0	Master Brook	0	2	1
Miss Street	0	5	6	Master Richards	0	2	1
Miss Jolliffe	0	5	6	Master E. Colenutt	0	2	1
Miss Brook	0	5	0	Master Jolliffe	0	1	1
Miss Hazlehurst	0	5	0	Master Wheeler	0	1	1
Miss Julia Colenutt	0	3	0	Master Grier	0	1	1
Miss E. Saunders	0	5	6	Master Urry	0	1	1
Miss Chard	0	4	6	Master Morgan	0	1	1
Miss Hillier	0	4	6	Master Bulger	0	1	1
Miss Jolliffe	0	4	4	Master Young	0	1	1
Miss Brading	0	3	0	Master James Allen	0	1	1
Miss Williams	0	3	8	Master Harber	0	1	1
Miss Scammel	0	3	8	Master Halsted	0	1	1
Miss Colenutt	0	3	0	Master Capey	0	1	1
Miss Woodmore	0	3	0	Master A. Colenutt	0	1	1
Miss Keel	0	3	0	Master Osmond	0	1	1
Miss Williams	0	3	0	Master Hansford	0	1	1
Miss Pearce	0	2	8	Master Newman	0	1	1
Miss Joblen	0	2	8	Master Hansford	0	1	1
				Master Jennings	0	1	1
				Master Frier	0	1	1
				Master Miller	0	1	1

## CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIRS OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 155

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Master Taylor .....	0	1	1	Sowerby .....	1	0	0
Master Wayland .....	0	1	1	Staines, by Emma Cooper...	0	3	9
Master Denham .....	0	1	1	Stainland, Sunday School...	5	11	1
Master Wheeler .....	0	1	0	<i>Stoke Goldington.</i>			
Master Pearce .....	0	1	0	Collected by—			
Master Hillier .....	0	1	0	William Pallitt .....	0	1	11
Master Wheeler .....	0	1	0	Charles Cook .....	0	6	0
Master Seymour .....	0	1	0	Mary Adams .....	0	2	3
Smaller Sums .....	0	5	4	Harriet King .....	0	2	0
Wayland's Branch Sunday School .....	1	10	0	Fanny Foster .....	0	2	8
16l. 10s. 5d.				Eliza Berrell .....	0	2	2
<i>St. David's.</i>				Mary Ann Garrett .....	0	4	0
By Master T. Martin .....	0	17	1	Mary Nichols .....	0	3	10
By Misses M. A. Hicks and M. Roes .....	0	16	7	Charlotte Tame .....	0	1	0
1l. 13s. 8d.				1l. 6s. 4d.			
Sale, by the Young People ..	4	19	7	Stonehouse (Glos.), Sunday School .....	0	16	0
Sandgate, Union Street Sunday School .....	0	10	0	<i>Stoney Stratford.</i>			
Scarborough, Old Chapel, Sunday School Children...	1	8	5	Collected by—			
Seaforth, near Liverpool, Collected by Miss M. Robinson .....	1	0	1	Mary Ganderton .....	0	2	11
<i>Sheffield.</i>				Betsy Tattam .....	0	1	5
Per J. W. Pyc Smith, Esq. Lee Croft Chapel .....	3	10	0	Sarah Turvey .....	0	1	0
Mount Zion ditto .....	13	10	0	Frances Johnson .....	0	2	0
Queen Street ditto (as per list last month) .....	10	10	0	Emma Henson .....	0	2	7
Nether Chapel .....	5	3	0	Priscilla Walker .....	0	1	0
Wicker .....	12	0	0	Elizabeth Shirley .....	0	2	0
Loxley .....	0	3	9	William Truwood .....	0	3	3
45l. 6s. 5d.				William Gardiner .....	0	2	1
<i>Solca.</i>				John Wilford .....	0	5	3
By Miss Mortimer .....	0	5	0	1l. 2s.			
By Miss A. Morgans .....	0	6	0	<i>Stowmarket.</i>			
11s.				Collected by—			
<i>Southampton.</i>				Master G. Browne .....	1	1	2
By T. Holadaway .....	0	3	3	Sunday School.			
By Bithie Gambling .....	0	5	1	Walter Andrews .....	0	11	0
7s. 4d.				William Craske .....	0	10	7
Amicus .....	1	0	0	Sarah Feltham .....	0	10	1
South Cave, Sabbath School ..	0	9	0	Daniel Manning .....	0	6	4
<i>Southgate.</i>				Thomas Cole .....	0	5	9
Chase Side Chapel.				Mary Paxman .....	0	5	5
Collected by—				Gibbs Outhbert .....	0	5	4
Jane Page .....	0	7	0	Frederick Taylor .....	0	5	4
Fanny Green .....	0	0	0	Caroline Manning .....	0	5	2
Jane Reed .....	0	5	0	George King .....	0	4	0
Edwin Bontwood .....	0	4	0	William G. Balls .....	0	4	1
Frederick Kerry .....	0	4	0	John Smith .....	0	4	0
J. Bedford .....	0	3	3	Oliver Diaper .....	0	3	7
Susanna Waterman .....	0	2	0	George Lambert .....	0	2	0
Jane Markwell .....	0	2	0	William Simpson .....	0	2	0
William Pratten .....	0	1	4	Stownpland Sunday School.			
Mary Ann Hannant .....	0	1	0	Jane Dent .....	0	2	11
J. Hawker .....	0	1	0	Jane Sadler .....	0	2	1
Missionary Box, &c. .....	0	3	0	5l. 12s. 10d.			
2l. 2s. 6d.				<i>Stroud.</i>			
				Old Chapel.			
				By Master S. J. Coley .....	0	3	11
				By Miss E. Coley .....	0	3	0
				7s. 5d.			
				<i>Sunderland.</i>			
				Ebenezer Chapel Sabbath School .....	1	0	0
				Hope Street ditto .....	0	6	0
				1l. 6s. 6d.			

	£	s.	d.
<i>Sutton Valence, Sabbath School</i> .....	6	6	0
<i>Thame, Miss E. Looseley</i> ...	0	2	2
<i>Thurso, Forss Street Sabbath School</i> .....	2	0	8

*Tintwistle.*

Collected by—

<i>Helen Rachel Milne</i> .....	0	14	4
<i>Samuel Armstrong</i> .....	0	11	6
<i>Jezia Micklethwaite</i> .....	0	3	6
<i>Robert Sidebottom</i> .....	0	2	2
<i>William and Ann Hampshire</i> .....	0	2	1
<i>Ellen and Jane Hyde</i> .....	0	2	0
<i>Maria Sutton</i> .....	0	2	0
<i>George Graham</i> .....	0	1	9
<i>William Wayne</i> .....	0	1	2
<i>Susanna Lancaster</i> .....	0	2	1
<i>Collection after Meeting</i> ...	1	17	7
<i>Senior Female Class</i> .....	0	7	4

4l. 7s. 6d.

<i>Torquay, Abbey Road Chapel Sunday School</i> .....	16	0	4
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<i>Tottenham, Collected by Percy E. Johnson</i> .....	0	18	0
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<i>Tunbridge, Collected by Sabbath School Children</i> .....	1	2	0
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*Wakefield.*

Salem Chapel.

Collected by—

<i>Miss Lawton</i> .....	0	15	2
<i>Master Isaac Briggs</i> .....	0	13	0
<i>Master R. B. Horner</i> .....	0	7	0
<i>Collected in Sunday School</i> .....	0	2	6

1l. 17s. 8d.

<i>Walsall, Sunday School</i> .....	4	0	0
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<i>Ware, Master and Miss R. E. Stokes, additional</i> .....	0	3	6
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<i>Walsingham, by Anna Wright</i> .....	0	7	4
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*Wells.*

Collected by—

<i>Sarah Ann Frost</i> .....	0	1	4
<i>Miss Howe</i> .....	0	2	0
<i>Miss Powditch</i> .....	0	3	0
<i>Miss S. Barningsham</i> .....	0	3	3
<i>Miss Bradfield</i> .....	0	3	0
<i>Miss Parker</i> .....	0	5	7
<i>Miss Sarah Hamaway</i> .....	0	5	8

<i>Miss Griffin</i> .....	0	6	6
<i>Miss M. Beate</i> .....	0	7	1
<i>Miss M. Hudson</i> .....	0	7	1
<i>Miss S. Watson</i> .....	0	7	1
<i>Miss Franklin</i> .....	0	7	6
<i>Miss Plowman</i> .....	0	9	0
<i>Miss Gardner</i> .....	0	10	8
<i>Miss Lockyer</i> .....	1	0	10
<i>Small Sums</i> .....	0	2	1

5l. 2s. 6d.

<i>Wern, Sunday School Children</i> .....	0	19	5
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*Weston-super-Mare.*

Collected by—

<i>Miss S. A. Gould</i> .....	1	0	6
<i>Mrs. White's Young Ladies</i> .....	0	11	12
<i>Miss Roone</i> .....	0	19	5
<i>Miss Parsons</i> .....	0	19	6
<i>Miss McTier</i> .....	0	8	6
<i>Walter Wood</i> .....	0	7	8
<i>C. Griffith</i> .....	0	5	5
<i>W. J. Spencer</i> .....	0	4	4
<i>Alfred James</i> .....	0	3	4
<i>M. A. Gare</i> .....	0	3	6
<i>Miss Billinge</i> .....	0	3	9
<i>Thomas Evans</i> .....	0	3	8

4l. 12s. 7d.

*Weymouth.*Nicholas Street Sunday School.  
Particulars of Sum acknowledged  
in March.

Collected by—

<i>Samuel Royal</i> .....	0	1	5
<i>Cains Beale</i> .....	0	3	7
<i>Henry Mace</i> .....	0	0	10
<i>Daniel Mardon</i> .....	0	1	1
<i>Robert Fowler</i> .....	0	1	0
<i>Henry, Rosa, and Gertrude Damon</i> .....	0	3	9
<i>Alice Holloway</i> .....	0	8	4
<i>Laura Pope</i> .....	0	3	0
<i>Bessie Beale</i> .....	0	1	1
<i>Annie and Mary Beale</i> .....	0	1	0
<i>Jane Loader</i> .....	0	1	1
<i>Smaller Sums</i> .....	0	2	7

1l. 6s. 1d.

<i>Wheathamstead</i> .....	0	7	0
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<i>Whitby, Sunday School</i> .....	5	15	0
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*Whitall.*

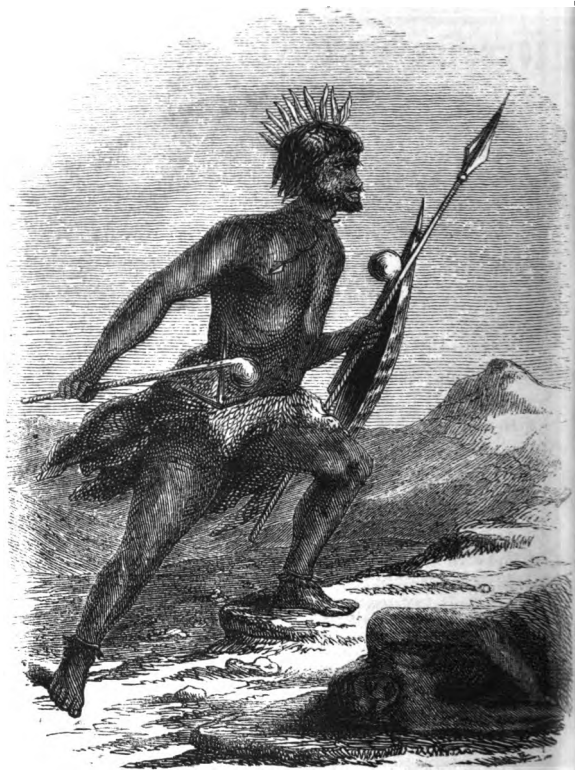
<i>By Miss Anne Massey</i> .....	0	4	1
<i>By G. Bennett</i> .....	0	4	3

8s. 3d.

<i>Wimborne</i> .....	0	4	0
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<i>Yeovil, Sunday School Girls</i> .....	2	11	4
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*South African Cannibal.*

THE

## JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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JUNE, 1856.

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### CANNIBALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

AMONG the many horrible things which our missionaries have told us about the heathen, there are none worse than their cannibalism. But until within a few years, it was thought that this cruel custom was confined to New Zealand, the Figis, and other islands of the South Seas. This, however, was a mistake. The same dreadful practice has been discovered amongst some tribes of South Africa. The largest, and perhaps the worst of these are called Morimos, a branch of the Bechuanas: but, so far as the missionaries can find out, these people have become cannibals within the last forty or fifty years. Before that time they were a numerous and powerful tribe: but again and again they were conquered by other tribes, driven from their lands, and destroyed by famine. This was the cause which first led them to eat human flesh. For a time they would not yield to the dreadful temptation; and one of their chiefs, names Engabi, when dying from hunger, said, "I am old and withered; there remains but few days for me to live. Let me die: for I swear, by Kolu Kuane, I never will touch human flesh." But

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the people were not so firm as their ruler; and as soon as they had begun the horrid practice, their desire for this food seemed never to be satisfied. Not only would they attack travellers in the open day, but would place traps, and snares, and pit-falls in their path to catch them, as if they had been the beasts of the forest. Near these spots they would hide themselves, and there they would wait and watch until some poor stranger, who had no thought of danger, found himself entangled in their toils. Then, as the lion, who had been lurking in secret places, springs upon his prey, so would these wretched men eaters rush upon their victim, seize and bind him, and lead him to their homes. But all this will be best understood from the account which one gave of what he himself witnessed.

"Obliged," he said, "to fly with my family from an enemy who followed hard after me, I set out in the night for fear of being seen by the Morimos. But I was not able to keep clear of their snares. Two of them, who were hid in the road, had laid their fatal plaited rushes to catch our feet. Hardly had we fallen—I, my three wives, my children, and my servants—when a furious troop came upon us, tied us with leather thongs, and led us to their kraal, loading us with blows, and crying, "Ua! Ua!" like shepherds driving their sheep before them. As soon as we came to the kraal, the people shouted 'Game! game!' They called my children two pretty lambs, their mothers three cows, my servants three oxen, and myself an elau. These words were our death warrant. My mother, my wives, my children, and my servants were

killed before my eyes, cut into pieces, cooked in dishes, or roasted on the coals, until the last morsel of them was devoured. It was to my leanness, and perhaps a little to my quality as a chief, that I owed my life."

Others have described more fully the way in which these murderers treat their unhappy victims. As soon as one has been seized, they cut off his third finger, and let the blood flow until he has bled to death. They then tear off the hands and the feet, and having emptied the skull, they make a drinking cup of it. With the fat they anoint their hair. The following is a specimen of the death songs they sing when they are about to kill a victim. "We are cannibals! We eat men! We can eat thee! We eat the brains of a dog! We eat the brains of an infant! We eat the fingers and the fat of men! Poor playthings for the Morimos! You will tickle our palates nicely! Come along to the work, my comrades."

Many foolish stories are told of these cannibals which the children of the tribes who live near them like to hear, though they sometimes make them terribly afraid of their cruel neighbours. The following is a sample of their stories.

A Mochuana had a daughter, called Tselane, whom he very much loved. One day, like his countrymen, he resolved to leave his house and seek a new home for his family, and better pasture for his flocks. So he said to his wife, "To morrow we set out:" and to his daughter, "Follow us, my child." But Tselane would not. "No," said she, "my mother, I will not follow you. Our house is decked with white and red beads, it is too pretty for me to leave it. In the fields, oh

mother, it is cold by night, and hot by day, and there are tigers, and lions, and hyenas, and panthers. I will not leave the house." "Naughty child," answered the mother, "you may stay here alone; but shut yourself in, or the Morimos will come and eat you up." So the mother left her daughter alone, and Tselane fastened the door. Some days after, the mother returned with food, and calling outside the house, said, "Tselane, my child, Tselane, my child, take this bread, and eat it." "I hear, my mother, I hear," cried the little girl. For a long time the mother continued to take food to her child. One day she said, "My child, be no longer obstinate. Your father has built a pretty house; come with me, and make me happy." But Tselane's heart grew harder every day, and she could not be drawn by the entreaties of her mother.

At length, as she sat in the house, she heard another voice outside. It was rough and loud, and it called her name. "Tselane, my child, Tselane, my child, Take this bread and eat." But she answered with a scornful laugh, "That rough voice is not my mother's. Get along, you wicked Morimo. The door of my house opens upon a precipice. You cannot force it." Away went the Morimo, kindled a great fire, made a piece of iron red hot, and swallowed it to clear and soften his voice. He then returned and tried again to deceive Tselane. But still his voice was too strong, and she would not open the door. A second time, therefore he swallowed a piece of heated iron, and then his voice became soft. This deceived the girl. She thought it was her mother, and opened the door. In a moment the Morimo seized Tselane, thrust her into a leathern

sack, and carried her off towards his dwelling. As he was going along he became very thirsty, and he therefore dropped his burden, and asked some girls to mind it, while he went to a neighbouring village to get some beer. While he was away, the girls peeped through a little hole in the sack, and what should they see there but a finger. "Whose finger is this," they cried. "Mine," answered a stifled voice, "I am Tselane." Now Tselane's aunt was living in the village, and her mother was then there. So the girls ran and told the mother what they had seen and heard. At once she hastened to the spot, opened the sack, let her daughter free, and having filled the sack with a dog, and some scorpions, vipers, and other poisonous creatures, they all left the place. Soon after, the Morimo came back, stupefied with beer, and, taking up his sack, carried it to his home. When he entered the house, he threw down the sack, and told his wife to make a great fire, put on a pot full of water, and fasten the door. All this was done. Then the Morimo opened the sack. In a moment, he started back, uttering cries of surprise and pain. The dog seized him, the vipers bit him, and the scorpions stung him. "Wife, wife, wife," he roared out, "open the door." But she did not hear him. So he rushed up to the roof, and out through a hole; and what became of him nobody knows, though they believe he was changed into a tree, in which the wild bees stored up their honey.

But the blessed light of the Gospel of peace and love has begun to dawn upon these wretched cannibals. They are now ashamed of the practice, and will, we hope, before long, be brought like thousands of others to sit at the feet of Jesus, and to go and sin no more.

## SIXTY-SECOND REPORT OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE "May Meetings" of the London Missionary Society have been held, and most pleasant meetings they were. As in former years, Exeter Hall was crowded, and as soon as the hand of the dial pointed to 10 o'clock, the Chairman and the speakers made their appearance, and the important business of the morning begun. It would take too large a space to tell our readers much of what was said during the four hours and a half that the service lasted. All that can now be done, is to give them a few short extracts from the sixty-second report of the Society, which was read to the Meeting.

In former years pleasing proofs have been given of the liberality of the converted heathen. Of the same Christian spirit other evidences were furnished in the report read at this year's annual meeting. First, we learn that during the year the large sum of £14,773 had been raised at the Missionary stations. This was £2350 more than was reported last year; and in addition, the churches in the West Indies have sent nearly £300 towards the payment of the Society's debt. But perhaps the spirit of the native Christians will best be seen in a letter sent by the queen of Rarotonga, to Sir Culling Eardley, the Treasurer of the London Missionary Society. It is addressed to him as "The man that holds the money in Britain," and is as follows:—

"Dear Sir,

"Love to you through the Lord Jesus, the Messiah. You know that ours is a land of poverty, and that we have no gold holes here. Firewood, sweet potatoes, and poultry, are the only means by which we can obtain any money.

"At the Annual Meeting for 1855 we found that our subscriptions did not amount to what we intended; and we urged one another to increased diligence that our subscriptions might be more next year. One of our number got up and said, 'The bag for *this* year is not full. Let us try if we cannot choke it up before we talk about next year.' Then we began to search our pockets, and by some means or other we got up to what we promised, and we were very happy, and thanked God for giving us the means.

"We are prospering spiritually and temporarily. Men and women are imitating the good ways of you foreigners, who have come to us with the blessings of the Gospel, and whose customs were never before known in this land. We are planning to get more money for the coming year, and we have already obtained something towards it. This is my word to you, Mr. Moneyholder. Do not be cast down,—you have hitherto had much, and I hope you will yet have more. We will do what we can, and would do more, but we have no hole here where gold is found. These are our desires, that the Word of God may increase amongst us, and spread throughout the world. The amount of our subscription for 1855 is 230 dollars.

"October 4, 1855. (Signed) NA MAKRA."

Our readers will remember that the New Hebrides and Loyalty Islands are some of those to which the Missionary Ship first carried native teachers. When we say that one of these is Erromanga, another savage island, and another Fate—where, two years ago, two teachers and their wives were murdered, and eaten by the cannibals, we need not add a word to shew how greatly these degraded savages needed the gospel. Now for several years the "John Williams" has visited those groups, and what a wonderful change has taken place there has been shewn in former

**Magazines.** The Missionaries at one of them, Maré, thus refer to that change.

"The work in Maré is in an encouraging state. Our brethren have full scope for all their talents, both physical and mental. There are upwards of 2000 people looking up to them for instruction. There are about 300 candidates at both Stations, seeking for baptism, and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. There are a number of very interesting young men in the course of training, who, we hope, will be useful hereafter as Native Teachers. They very soon acquire the art of writing and reading.

"The people are kind and attentive to their Missionaries. What they have they freely give. They consider it their duty to keep the Teachers and the Missionaries always well supplied with yams.

"The two principal chiefs at the station are members of the church. They are both very consistent men; and, by a long course of consistent acting, have proved their attachment to the truth. Esekiu, one of the chiefs, I am sorry to say, is in a very poor state of health; and I fear his time of departure is drawing nigh. He says he feels that he must soon die, but that he puts his trust in Jesus. He was a man, when the people were living in heathenism, greatly feared. *A pile of human bones, a short distance inland of the village of Neche,* is pointed out as a mark of his cruelty and love of human flesh. But he early embraced Christianity after the landing of the teachers; and for many years he has been their faithful friend. We all think highly of him, and have been pleased with his modest behaviour, his uniform kindness to the Missionaries, and his anxiety to promote the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom amongst his own and other tribes. I have often felt refreshed at our prayer meetings by his prayers, and astonished at the clear views of Divine truth which he

possessed. When he dies, his loss will be greatly felt by all parties.

"The other chief, Naisilini, is also a member of the church. He likewise bears an excellent character. A few months ago, in company with some of the candidates, he went to visit a heathen tribe, and to converse with them on the subject of religion. They arrived at the village, and found the people making preparations for war with a neighbouring tribe. He spoke to them of the evil of war and the blessings of peace, and referred to the advantages which Christianity had conferred upon his own people. This heathen tribe, having received a challenge, felt called upon to go to the fighting ground. Naisilini and the Christian party said they would go with them to the scene of conflict, and they did accompany them the next day. When the hostile parties were in sight of each other, not more than 100 yards apart, Naisilini said, 'You stay here; I will go over to the other tribe and speak to them, and try to induce them to live in peace.' Some of the leading men said, 'If you go over to that party, they will very likely kill you and eat you.' He replied, 'I am a man of God; I don't fear man.' They entreated him not to go; but he would not listen to them. He and his friends went to the other tribe. The old men assembled and listened with attention to what he said. The opposite party were looking on with deep interest, fearing for the result; but their fears were disappointed. The principal chiefs of this tribe said, 'Tell the fighting men to give up the war to-day. Let all the young men return to their village, and we will all go to our large house and listen to the message of the Christian chief.' They all returned home. Naisilini, in giving a description of his interview, said that this tribe behaved with great respect. They gave food to him and his party;



and in the evening they conducted worship in the large house, at which there was a numerous attendance.

"There is a change taking place now amongst all the tribes. They seem glad of the visits of the Christians. We hope that the light of the Gospel is breaking in upon the darkness in which they have so long been involved, and that ere long we shall hear that our brethren have been able to place teachers amongst all the tribes on the island of Maré. It is very delightful to see the interest the Christian natives take in their visits to the heathen, to preach to them the truths of the Gospel. They are always willing to go, and they return with gladsome hearts when they have met with encouragement, or see any hope of the introduction of the Gospel amongst their benighted neighbours."

The Report speaks of the growth and strength of some of the Mission Churches in South Africa; of the visit of Mr. Moffat to the chief Moselekatsé, and of the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Livingston. It also states that Mr. Ellis and Mr. Cameron have, by the permission of the Queen of Madagascar, gone back to visit the capital of that country. Of China, the account it gives is most cheering. We learn from it that, during the past year, many have been added to the Mission churches there; that opposition and indifference had given way where it had been long kept up; that many of the Chinese are so anxious to hear the Gospel, that at Shanghai, for example, Dr. Medhurst tells us "the spirit of hearing is wonderfully increased. Our chapels are attended by hundreds daily, and sometimes twice a day. \* \* \* As soon as the chapel doors are opened, at any hour, and on every day, there are always enough to fill the seats. Sunday has ceased to be with us the special day for pulpit labour. Every day is the same, and continual preaching has become our business." Besides all this, we

find that Missionaries can travel through the country and preach to tens of thousands in the great cities of China. Dr. Medhurst and Mr. Muirhead give most encouraging accounts of some of their Missionary tours, but these are too long to be admitted into our pages.

Much also is said in the Report about the progress of the good work in India, which ought to rejoice our hearts; but we can only find room for one extract. It is taken out of a letter from Mr. Hall, of Madras, of whose labours in teaching the young our readers have repeatedly heard. Two youths, Mr. Hall tells us, had resolved to follow the example of some others in becoming Christians, and communicated their desires to the Missionary. After frequent conversations with Mr. Hall, in which he pointed out to them the severe trials they would have to bear, and entreated them to count the cost, he consented to baptize them. He had wrote to their friends of their intention. But now arose the struggle. The father of the one and the uncle of the other came to the Missionary House, and did all they could to persuade the young men to return home. But having failed, their mothers were brought. And "it is impossible," writes Mr. Hall, "to describe the scene which followed. It can only be realized by beholding it. The mothers wept, and entreated their sons in the most endearing and touching terms to go home with them, if only for another day. Ranganatham's mother referred most affectingly to his father's death, and said that now she had fondly hoped he would protect and provide for herself and the younger children, and asked how he could thus desert his widowed mother. Both the young men were greatly affected; but answered they could not deny Christ, and ruin their souls, on account of their parents, much as they loved them. Two hours were thus spent. And all this while a crowd of angry heathen

were clamouring outside the door of the house; and as soon as they heard that persuasions had failed, they resolved to break into the house, and drag the converts to their homes. Bricks and stones were flung against the door, and there was reason to fear that it would give way. But happily the heathen raged in vain, and after a time the police appeared, and drove them away."

To these short extracts we can only add, what, however, our readers will rejoice to hear, that the liberality of God's servants at home, as well as their success abroad, shows that He is greatly blessing the Missionary cause. The Society began the year with a heavy debt of nearly £13,000. That debt is now paid—and an income obtained of more than £82,000. Surely such good tidings should animate our readers to begin the new Missionary year with a resolution to work on, and to work more than ever for a cause which the God of Heaven has prospered, and will continue to prosper.

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#### THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

OUR readers already know that the amount required for the repair and outfit of the "John Williams" has been raised. In the Report of the London Missionary Society for the past year the subscriptions for this object are reported to be £3673; but, since that Report was written, other amounts have brought the total above £3700! This is noble. The Directors feel called upon first to express devout gratitude to God, who has put it into the hearts of the Young to render this important service to the Missionary cause. But they would be most ungrateful were they not also to acknowledge the valuable service rendered by various kind friends, ministers, superintendents and teachers of

schools, and parents, who have seconded and sustained the effort to interest and encourage the young in this work.

To their young friends themselves, however, they would now especially convey their warmest thanks. And this they do, not merely for the money they have raised, and for the labour they have given in raising it, but still more for the cheerful and hearty spirit in which they have done this. May those dear children receive in return the best blessings from on high! The Directors trust that from this time the Missionary cause may more than ever engage their thoughts, and interest their hearts; that they may love Jesus Christ sincerely and serve him faithfully; and that, when their pastors, and teachers, and parents can do no more on earth for the salvation of the heathen, they may carry forward this glorious work.

Our readers will be happy to learn that, when they read these lines, the repairs of the Ship will have been completed, and that these repairs will have been so thorough as to render her nearly as sound and as strong as she was when she was first launched. It is expected that she will sail about the end of June, and as many of our young friends wish to see her before her departure arrangements will be made for their doing so. She is now lying at the West Quay, in the West India Export Dock.



#### MISSIONARY SCENES.

A BOY, by his mother's side, listens to the words of Jesus. He tells her that he would not be afraid to die, for he knows Jesus loves him, and he loves Jesus. And then the thought strikes him, "Would that all children could feel Jesus dear to them—would that the heathen could!"

Years pass on, and the boy, now a youth with the Bible

open before him, exclaims, "Ever since I trusted Jesus, how precious he has been to my soul! He has brightened my comforts, heightened my joys, guided my steps, and filled my soul with hope and peace. Oh! how I long that others could find him alike precious. I long to show my gratitude by bringing souls to Jesus."

The youth is now a young man. He is just leaving college, and thus reasons within himself: "Christ is best honoured in the salvation of souls. The grandest object of life is to do men good. Then, God helping me, I will work on in his service. I will be a Missionary!"

He stands, with manly vigour and thoughtful brow, upon the deck of a fast-speeding vessel. The white cliffs of England are growing dim in the distance. Strong purpose is seen in his face, and sweet and sacred thoughts beam from his eyes, as he looks to heaven and beseeches Divine aid to enable him to overcome every obstacle and do the work to which he has devoted his days.

On the shore of India, he stands—the Missionary of Christ to the heathen. All around the beautiful region appears to the eye a paradise; but in the midst of it rise up splendid shrines adorned with art and gold. These are the temples of horrid idols. Upon the surface of the broad bright river which flows by, he now and then sees the floating body of an old man or a babe, and he knows that that river is the tomb of victims innumerable. He is stirred with pity and anger, and from the fulness of his heart he speaks to the people; but at first the multitudes mock and laugh at his words.

Weary months pass on; and the Missionary is kneeling in his Indian home. Tears tremble in his eyes, and in broken accents he complains to God of the failure of his hopes. Three years' labour, and no fruit seen: three years of useless striving, teaching, praying! And his eyes are

sunken, and his body bent ; but he raises his look towards heaven—his faith does not yet give way—he will yet watch and pray in hope that He who sent him will give him success.

It is the same room, and round the Missionary a small group of natives are kneeling, and the voice of prayer ascends through Christ to God. Souls have been converted. The heavenly angels have sung over sinners that repented.

The scene changes. A temple to the Lord is rising from the ground. Men, women, and children watch the advancing work with joy and praise. God hath heard the voice of his servant. He hath shed a blessing on his labour. Caste has been broken—persecution has been braved for the sake of Christ—a Christian church has been formed, and children collected in Christian schools.

But the rest of the labourer is at hand : it is a solemn scene. The strong man is brought low—he fails and sinks under the burden and heat of the day ; but round the death-bed of that devoted Missionary stand many who have learned wisdom from his lips and found life and peace in Jesus. Fast roll the tears down their cheeks, and great is their grief. But he—a peaceful smile upon his countenance—commends them to the Father and points to heaven. He dies, and in the solemn presence of the dead many vow themselves to spread the glad tidings which they had heard from him.

Another scene. In the serene courts of heaven, that Missionary, having entered into the joy of his Lord, receives his former flock, as, one by one, they follow him to the many mansions of their Father's house, to share and to heighten his everlasting happiness.

W. T. E.

# CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARDS THE REPAIRS AND OUTFIT OF THE MISSIONARY SHIP, "JOHN WILLIAMS."

Collected by—		
Miss Emma Boultonwood.....	1	0 0
Miss Hagger.....	1	0 0
G. H. and Class.....	0	1 0
Master R. Livingston.....	0	5 0
Miss Mary Eliza Smees.....	1	0 0

<i>St. Petersburg.</i>		
Master John Moss.....	1	00
Collected by Augusta and Maggie Mirrielees.....	15	30
<hr/> Rs. 10 30		
<hr/> or 2 11 0		

<i>Claremont Chapel</i> .....	3	18 0
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<i>Craven Chapel.</i>		
Collected by—		
Mrs. Deacon.....	1	0 6
Masters J. and E. S. Adeney	0	14 8
Sunday School.		
Girls.		

Emily Armstrong.....	0	2 8
Alice Armstrong.....	0	3 1
E. Birkenhead.....	0	1 4
Martha Baglin.....	0	4 11
A. Breckner.....	0	3 6
Annie Clark.....	0	3 2
Emma Clark.....	0	2 1
Susannah Clark.....	0	1 0
E. Crossland.....	0	5 9
Jane Chapman.....	0	1 0
M. Davey.....	0	3 9
E. and F. Dobbs.....	0	1 0
Emma Fleming.....	0	1 0
H. O. Fairweather.....	0	1 4
A. Fairweather.....	0	1 4
Clementina George.....	0	8 0
Priscilla Hennessey.....	0	3 4
Amelia Hill.....	0	6 0
Elizabeth Langley.....	0	4 0
M. A. Lester.....	0	5 0
Fanny Mogford.....	0	4 0
L. Mansfield.....	0	2 7
Matilda Millist.....	0	1 0
Maria News.....	0	2 3
Emily Nisbett.....	0	1 0
M. A. Paine.....	0	3 10
Mary Stevens.....	0	3 9
Julia Seager.....	0	9 5
C. Shepherd.....	0	2 7
H. Thompson.....	0	1 2
Barbara Wilkie.....	0	1 11
Miss Evans's Class.....	0	4 2
New Year's Gift Box (E. Seager).....	0	2 1

<i>Boys.</i>	
Birkenhead.....	0 1 20
Domle.....	0 3 3
Hember.....	0 2 3
Harker.....	0 1 2
Hill.....	0 1 2
James.....	0 2 0
S. James.....	0 1 8
Nisbett.....	0 1 3
Payne.....	0 4 2
W. Payne.....	0 4 3
Phillips.....	0 3 9
Pelly.....	0 7 2
Pearson.....	0 1 0
Quail.....	0 2 1
Squirrell.....	0 3 6
Simmonds.....	0 3 3
Seager.....	0 2 1
Shepherd.....	0 3 0
Sewell.....	0 1 10
Tebbutt.....	0 2 7
Waters.....	0 3 3
Smaller Sums.....	107. 6s. 6d.

<i>Coverdale Chapel.</i>	
Master Campbell.....	0 5 9
Collected in the School.....	4 2 10
<hr/> 4l. 8s. 10d.	

<i>Ebenezer Chapel, Bermond- sey</i> .....	1 0 1
<i>Foster Street Ragged School</i> .....	0 5 4
<i>Greenwich, Maize Hill Sun- day School</i> .....	2 0 6

<i>Hampden Chapel.</i>	
Sunday School.	

Collected by—	
Elizabeth Ensor.....	0 1 8
Frances Honchin.....	0 13 8
Caroline Clisby.....	0 3 6
Sarah Goulburne.....	0 4 6
Jane E. Campbell.....	0 3 9
Charlotte Glover.....	0 4 7
Elizabeth Long.....	0 5 7
<hr/> 1l. 12s. 1d.	

<i>Islington Chapel.</i>	
Master Carley.....	1 3 10
Collection after Mr. Mann's Lecture.....	2 18 8
Sunday School.....	0 3 1
<hr/> Evs. 5s.; 4l. 7s. 6d.	

<i>Jamaica Row</i> .....	3 19 8
<i>Kensington, by a few Cards</i> .....	1 3 4

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIRS OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 175

## Kentish Town.

Collected by—	
Miss M. M. Shrimpton .....	0 7 0
Sarah Monk .....	0 2 0
Mary Monk .....	0 4 1
E. M. Lee .....	0 3 2
Miss Wilden .....	1 1 6

1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

Latimer Chapel, Sunday	
Schools .....	4 3 6
Poultry Chapel, Sunday	
School .....	16 6 0

## Robert Street Chapel.

N.B.—It should have been stated in the list, given last month, that the amount was from the Sunday School, and the names Frederick Cane and Alfred Cane should have been Frederick and Alfred Cave.

Stockwell, Sunday School ...	2 12 0
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## Surrey Chapel.

### Bond Street School.

#### Classes.

Miss Pigge .....	0 7 6
Miss Allen .....	0 2 6
Mr. Humphrey .....	0 1 11
Miss Colwell .....	0 1 1
Miss Patrick .....	0 1 6
Infants .....	0 2 0
Other Classes .....	0 4 0

1*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*

## Tabernacle.

Miss Wilson .....	0 5 0
Collected by Sarah Brown...	0 2 11

7*s.* 11*d.*

Westminster Chapel, by	
Master E. J. Ford .....	0 3 4

## Union Chapel, Horselydown.

### Sunday School.

#### Collected by—

Catherine Sinclair .....	0 6 3
Lacy Mills .....	0 6 0
E. Price .....	0 1 0
E. Gauntlett .....	0 3 0
H. Elderfield .....	0 1 6
H. Golder .....	0 1 0
S. Wilson .....	0 3 4
M. Wood .....	0 1 7
M. Castle .....	0 5 4
M. A. Kevan .....	0 5 0
S. Stanard .....	0 5 6
L. Thompson .....	0 2 0
S. A. Pride .....	0 4 6
S. Lucy .....	0 2 10
E. Tait .....	0 2 6
L. Stevens .....	0 2 2
Senior Scholar .....	0 4 2
Hannah Hazel .....	0 7 0
Eliza Chant .....	0 5 4
E. Gardener .....	0 2 6
E. Brown .....	0 1 6
J. Short .....	0 2 0
E. Johnson .....	0 5 0
P. Chant .....	0 1 0

J. Wilkinson .....	0 3 2
S. Coleman .....	0 2 6
E. Hall .....	0 2 2
E. Peat .....	0 2 0
E. Dowling .....	0 3 8
S. Bowman .....	0 2 0
E. Castle .....	0 2 1
S. Poulson .....	0 2 6
Frederick Bullock .....	0 5 0
J. Milburn .....	0 1 0
C. Blundy .....	0 2 2
S. Paine .....	0 1 2
T. Reed .....	0 4 4
F. Peat .....	0 1 6
W. Webb .....	0 3 9
C. Lewis .....	0 3 0
G. Price .....	0 1 3
J. Allen .....	0 1 0
J. Smith .....	0 1 8
S. Wood .....	0 2 0
W. Payne .....	0 1 9
E. Wood .....	0 2 6
F. Forss .....	0 5 0
W. Small .....	0 1 7
Smaller Sums .....	0 4 9

7*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

## Bath.

### Countess of Huntingdon's Sabbath School.

#### Collected by—

Miss Baskett .....	0 7 7
Miss Foley .....	0 10 0
Friend .....	0 1 0
Miss Griffith .....	0 10 0
Miss Kelson .....	1 2 0
Miss Palmer .....	0 5 0
Miss Reed .....	0 7 6
Miss Willsheer .....	0 13 6
E. Albert .....	0 17 7
M. Ashley .....	0 2 7
M. Ascott .....	0 2 0
S. Ashplant .....	0 1 6
A. Ames .....	0 1 6
F. Bucknell .....	0 2 0
F. Bush .....	0 5 5
C. Bush .....	0 4 1
M. Chancellor .....	0 1 4
H. Clark .....	0 4 1
C. Clark .....	0 2 7
Four Children .....	0 1 6
E. Eashiot .....	0 1 10
E. Endicott .....	0 1 6
A. Force .....	0 1 4
M. Goldsworthy .....	0 1 6
J. Gummer .....	0 1 6
C. Hobley .....	0 1 7
G. Holmes .....	0 2 6
E. Holmes .....	0 2 6
M. King .....	0 1 0
E. Lee .....	0 1 0
E. Manning .....	0 2 1
L. Miller .....	0 1 8
A. Nesbet .....	0 10 0
E. Newman .....	0 2 9
C. Osborne .....	0 10 0
E. Otten .....	0 1 8
E. Pitman .....	0 3 4



E. Quintos	0 1 10
C. Reed	0 2 0
F. Richards	0 1 2
E. Toop	0 1 3
J. Tucker	0 3 0
S. Willson	0 1 0
Mr. Hosking	0 7 0
E. Ashley	0 1 0
H. Bishop	0 1 5
J. Browne	0 1 4
G. E. Cox	0 3 9
J. Dominy	0 2 0
W. L. Frost	0 16 4
W. Hayden	0 2 9
J. Hobley	0 6 0
D. B. Hooke	0 4 9
E. Merchant	0 1 0
Five Boys	0 1 0
Smaller Sums	0 1 8

117. 10s.

Collected by Master Ostler 0 10 0

Bilston, Sunday School Children 1 3 0

## Birmingham.

## Ebenezer Chapel.

Girls' Sabbath School 10 17 6

Boys' ditto 2 15 0

137. 12s. 6d.

Bishop's Stortford, Mr. J. Child 0 5 0

Blandford, Collected by Miss Churchill, Stickland 1 0 0

## Bradford (Yorkshire.)

## Per J. Rawson, Esq.

Salem Chapel 4 0 0

Greenfield ditto 4 2 0

Lister Hills ditto 1 0 8

97. 2s. 8d.

Brighton, per Mrs. Dent 0 8 0

Brill, by Cards 1 4 1

## Bristol.

Kingsland Chapel, Sunday School 0 18 0

## Wycliffe Sabbath School.

## Collected by—

Abraham Johnson 0 5 0

Louisa Powers 0 8 0

John Stone 0 3 0

Ann Whyte 0 3 0

Mary Jane Titcombe 0 2 6

William Bartley 0 2 2

John Davis 0 2 7

Ralph Bowden 0 2 0

Mary Jane Hodge 0 2 3

17. 11s. 9d.

Bromley, Sunday School 0 5 0

## Carlisle.

## Congregational Sabbath School.

George Hetherington 0 12 6

J. H. Fenwick 0 9 4

John Wilding and Jas. Lees 0 9 0

Wm. Brown and Wm. Hind 0 7 9

Peter Main	0 5 8
Henry Hamilton	0 5 6
Thomas Dawson	0 4 8
George Blaylock	0 3 6
William Blaylock	0 3 6
William Lees	0 3 2
William Peabody	0 2 9
James Meredith	0 1 9
Sums under 1s.	0 0 2
Rachel Hope	0 8 7
James Forrest	0 8 8
Isabella Holmes	0 8 8
Mary Jane Creighton	0 8 8
Margaret Owen	0 4 2
Susannah Bulmore	0 2 9
Mary Sewell and S. Norman	0 2 8
Margaret Russell	0 1 11
Margaret Lloyd	0 1 1
Eliza Drinkall	0 1 1
Sums under 1s.	0 4 8

Exs. 4d.; 5l. 8s. 4d.

Including 5l. acknowledged last month.

Carmarthen 0 10 0

Chard, Sunday School 3 18 0

Chapstow, Children of the Independent Sunday School and their Friends, by Rev. T. Rees 8 18 9

Chudleigh 1 12 8

## Congleton.

## Collected by—

Miss Radley 0 10 0

Miss Elizabeth Inglis 0 8 0

Miss Eliza Hancock 0 6 0

Miss Emma Wood 0 6 0

Miss Mary Jolley 0 3 1

Miss Emily Johnson 0 4 0

Miss Elizabeth Davis 0 1 7

Sundries 0 3 8

21. 6s. 5d.

## Derby.

## London Road.

## Collected by—

Sarah Wigley 0 1 4

Louisa Booth 0 1 0

Mary Ann Shotton 0 1 0

Emma Smedley 0 1 0

Eliza Sharpe 0 1 0

Ann Mills 0 1 0

Margaret Tweedale 0 1 0

Maria Hobley 0 1 0

Mary Baldwin 0 1 0

Ann Cole 0 1 0

Henry G. Cole 0 1 0

Andrew Nixon 0 1 0

William Scotton 0 1 0

William Shotton 0 1 0

Thomas E. Stephenson 0 1 0

Frederick Humphreys 0 1 0

Master Ollard 0 1 0

Smaller Sums 0 7 8

21. 17s. 6d.

# CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIRS OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 177

<i>Dursley.</i>	
Tabernacle Sunday School.	
Collected by—	
George Smith .....	0 14 0
John Weaver Hughes .....	0 5 0
John Brothers .....	0 2 6
William Ritching .....	0 2 4
Admiral Cott .....	0 2 0
William Cott .....	0 1 7
Mary Webb .....	0 1 6
John Brothers .....	0 2 6
Emma Heath .....	0 4 0
Elizabeth Webb .....	0 1 6
John Coopey .....	0 1 6
John Attwood .....	0 3 0
Children .....	0 2 7

2l. 4s.

Waleshill, Sunday School ...	1 16 0
Waleshill, Collected by Emma	
Brewin .....	0 10 0

## *Essex.*

### Auxiliary Society.

#### Per T. Daniell, Esq.

Walden .....	7 17 5
Walden .....	7 10 10
Walden, Collected by	
Miss B. Fitch .....	0 17 0

Walden, Lion Walk Chapel	7 10 0
Walden Gate Chapel .....	8 12 7

## *Dedham.*

Collected by—	
Mr. Cross .....	0 2 8
Mr. Trew .....	0 2 0
Mr. Rivers .....	0 2 4
Mr. Statters .....	0 4 0
Mr. Polkard .....	0 2 4
Mr. Youngman .....	0 3 9
Mr. Taylor .....	0 3 0
Mr. Rivers .....	0 1 0
Mr. Halls .....	0 1 7
Mr. Hitchcock .....	0 1 7
Mr. Seden .....	0 1 8
Mr. Edwards .....	0 1 0
Mr. Woods .....	0 2 3
Mr. Fred Souter .....	0 3 0
Mr. Joseph Wellam .....	0 8 0
Mr. George Duckling .....	0 2 0
Mr. Philip Henry Mason .....	0 11 0
Mr. William Mason .....	0 10 6
Mr. John Whinforth .....	0 1 8
Mr. Arthur Rivers .....	0 4 5
Mr. Halls .....	0 1 9
Mr. A. Blyth .....	0 2 7
Mr. E. Blyth .....	0 2 7
Mr. John Parkiss .....	0 6 3
Mr. Ray's Class .....	0 1 6
Mr. Isaac Glover .....	0 5 0
Mr. Mason .....	0 5 0
Mr. Polkard .....	0 1 2
Mr. Garwood .....	0 1 1
Small Sums .....	0 10 0

5l. 7s. 8d.

Walden Breton .....	5 0 1
Walden .....	0 16 6
Walden, additional .....	0 13 9
Walden, by Sunday School	
Children .....	3 11 0

## *Stebbing.*

Collected by—	
Miss P. C. P. Barnard .....	3 1 6
Miss S. H. Barnard .....	3 1 6
Sunday School Children .....	2 2 0

8l. 5s.

Including 7l. 15s. previously acknowledged.

## *South Ockendon.*

Mary Ann Peters .....	0 13 0
Total .....	44 9 4

Falfield, by Miss S. E. Dove	0 10 0
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## *Hadleigh (additional.)*

Collected by	
Samuel Green .....	0 3 0
Henry Bull .....	0 1 10
Miss Parsons .....	0 1 8
Henry Scowen .....	0 1 0

7s. 6d.

## *Hallfax.*

Per Mr. E. Hanson,	
Square Chapel Sunday	
Schools .....	5 4 0
Collected by Master Harry	
Crossley .....	2 9 6

7l. 13s. 6d.

## *Haverhill.*

### Market Hill Chapel.

Jabez Gurteen .....	0 12 4
Isabella Gurteen .....	0 11 7
W. Hall .....	0 10 6
H. U. Gill .....	0 8 8
H. Hiner .....	0 6 0
P. Backler .....	0 2 0
E. Cross .....	0 5 0
E. Barker .....	0 4 0
J. Humphrey .....	0 3 9
M. Mason .....	0 8 0
C. Jarvis .....	0 10 7
J. Claydon .....	0 5 0
E. Hagger .....	0 16 2
E. Brook .....	0 5 0
A Friend .....	0 1 6
M. A. Freeman .....	0 2 9
Boys of Second Class .....	0 1 0
M. Kembell .....	0 5 8
E. Scott .....	0 7 3
J. Hall .....	0 17 0
T. Wiseman .....	0 3 2
H. Button .....	0 3 2
S. A. Hart .....	0 3 3
W. Sharp .....	0 1 6
E. Bowyer .....	0 2 5
Henry Chater .....	0 5 0
C. Sizer .....	0 0 11

5l. 5s. 8d.

*Hayes, Middlesex.*

Collected by—	
Miss Chilvers .....	0 4 4
Miss Barden .....	0 2 6
Phoebe Baldwin .....	0 4 4
Elizabeth Owen .....	0 1 8
Louisa Goddard .....	0 4 1
Ann Rollings .....	0 5 0
Elizabeth Tarbox .....	0 2 2
Ann Goodman .....	0 1 0
James Dimock .....	0 3 4
George Young .....	0 2 11
Edward East .....	0 3 0
Henry Ellingham .....	0 2 6

17. 16s. 10d.

<i>Hersham, by Mary Ann</i>	
Woolnough .....	0 9 0

<i>Hungerford (Berks) Sunday</i>	
School .....	0 16 8

*Hungerford, near Fordingbridge.*

By Ellen D. Grant .....	0 5 5
By Selina Grant .....	0 2 6
By Emily Chaffin .....	0 1 1

0s.

*Huyton.*

Collected by—	
Mary Owen .....	0 3 4
Amelia Quick .....	0 6 4
Mary Woolfull .....	0 3 10
Lydia Barker .....	0 8 6
Emily Barker .....	0 11 0
Clara Barker .....	0 13 0
Martha Pinnington .....	0 1 9
Alice Lowe .....	0 1 4
Maria Chandler .....	0 6 0
Frederick Bates .....	0 2 6
John Dougan .....	0 5 0
John Gleave .....	0 1 5
William Twist .....	0 3 0

37. 7s.

## Per Rev. J. Miller.

Schools in and about	
<i>Inverury</i> .....	1 9 2
<i>Langholm, Children's Cards</i>	4 10 0

*Leeds.*

## Per S. Hick, Esq.

East Parade Chapel, Juvenile Association .....	20 0 0
Belgrave Chapel, Collected by Thomas Tennant .....	0 1 6

## Marshall Street Chapel.

Collected by—	
Miss Ellen Pollard .....	0 15 0
Miss Louisa Jannett .....	1 13 0
Miss Susanna M. Morgan .....	0 9 0
Miss Mary Ann Colton .....	0 8 6
Miss Maria Best .....	0 5 6
Miss Elizabeth Ellis .....	0 1 3
Master John Jannett .....	0 6 1
Master William Jannett .....	0 8 10
Master Charles Sutcliffe .....	0 1 7

Master John Bygate .....	0 1 6
Master Joseph Hudson .....	0 0 11
47. 9s. 8d.	
Total .....	24 11 7

*Lewisham.*

Sunday School Children .....	3 6 1
Miss Rix .....	1 6 11

47. 6s. 11d.

<i>Luton, Collected by Miss</i>	
M. E. R. Bolton .....	6 10 8

*Lynn.*

Collected by—	
Miss Broadfoot .....	0 4 18
Miss Walker .....	0 8 11
Mary Hall .....	0 7 11
E. and E. L. Cawen .....	0 4 3
R. H. Hall .....	0 2 8
Sarah J. Hall .....	0 1 7
George Hobart .....	0 2 7
Miss Browne .....	0 2 7
W. Gent .....	0 1 11
Sunday School Children .....	0 13 1

27. 11s. 6d.

*Melksham.*

Miss Sophia Smith .....	0 3 8
Miss M. Shepherd .....	0 7 2
Miss M. A. Knee .....	0 0 8
Miss A. Oatley .....	0 0 10
Master A. Blake .....	0 0 8
Master J. Pearce .....	0 1 1
Master Fred. Reeves .....	0 1 1
Master Henry Coombes .....	0 7 8

16s. 1d.

*Merton and Morden Hall.*

## Per T. N. White, Esq.

<i>Morden Hall Juvenile Association</i> .....	1 0 0
Collected by—	
Master Ballantine .....	0 5 4
Master Norris .....	0 5 8
Master G. Norrington .....	0 4 3
Miss Winch .....	0 6 11

24. 1s. 11d.

*Merton Chapel Sabbath School.*

Collected by—	
Ellen Hassell .....	0 10 0
Eliza Marshall .....	0 7 9
Henry Thatcher .....	0 3 3
Charles Hudson .....	0 1 9
Collected in the Schoolroom .....	0 2 8

17. 1s. 3d.

<i>Milford</i> .....	1 0 0
<i>Morrison</i> .....	0 5 4
<i>Newcastle-under-Lyme, by</i>	
Miss Ann Grose .....	2 9 4

*New Lanark.*

By Marian Hendry .....	6 11 8
By Margaret Gold .....	0 13 0

17. 4s. 9d.

## CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REPAIRS OF "JOHN WILLIAMS." 179

## Nottingham.

## St. James' Street Sabbath School.

## Collected by—

Mary Ann White	0 6 0
Mary Butler	0 1 0
Elizabeth Williams	0 1 3
Mary Ann Sewell	0 2 3
Ann Sharp	0 1 9
Ann Armstrong	0 3 0
Elizabeth Simpkin	0 4 0
Martha Smith	0 1 0
Mary Jane Smith	0 1 0
Elizabeth Shepherd	0 1 2
Isabel Wright	0 1 0
Sarah Lambert	0 3 3
Stewart McMillan	0 1 0
Mary Seals	0 5 0
Sarah Ann Keetley	0 1 1
Elizabeth Twigg	0 1 0
Anna Butler	0 1 1
Maria Keetley	0 1 1
Mary Ann Lambert	0 1 3
John Thomas Smith	0 1 0
John Hickling	0 2 0
Robert Smith	0 1 2
Benjamin Wilkinson	0 1 3
Hyman Moor	0 2 3
Henry Linfoot	0 1 6
William Cox	0 1 6
Charles Smith	0 1 4
Geoff Smith	0 1 1
Edward Smith	0 1 3
Joseph Cox	0 1 2
Master Clark	0 3 6
Master Ward	0 8 4
Master Johnstone	0 13 0
Mr. Elliot	0 1 0
Smaller Sums	0 13 3

42.11s.7d.

Lilbury 1 14 10

## Pontesbury.

Miss Rogers	0 8 0
Miss M. Jones	0 4 8

12s. 8d.

## Portsea.

Miss Dugan	0 12 6
Miss Huntingdon	0 8 1
Miss Webber	0 10 0
Master Webber	0 4 6
Miss M. Griffin	1 1 0
Master A. Cousins	1 8 0
Miss Blake	1 0 0
Miss Penny	0 12 0
Miss Howell	0 13 6
Master Wm. White	0 8 0
Miss Barnaby	0 1 11

## King Street School.

Ann Atkins	0 5 0
Anna Atkins	0 4 2
Sarah Atkins	0 0 11
and E. Andrews	0 3 2
Jackson Beaton	0 3 4
Ben Ball	0 3 0
William Blustend	0 1 10
Ann Bascomb	0 8 1

E. Bascomb	0 2 6
R. Bascomb	0 2 3
R. Batchlor	0 2 11
S. A. Batchlor	0 2 9
E. Batchlor	0 2 8
Miriam Barnes	1 1 10
Martha Barnes	0 6 1
Charles Barnes	0 7 0
Elizabeth Barnes	0 3 0
Othniel Barnes	0 2 8
R. J. Cunningham	0 1 2
John Candy	0 4 0
William Cornou	0 2 6
Mr. J. Dyer	0 2 6
E. Davey	0 4 0
George Denham	0 1 0
G. A. Dyer	0 4 8
E. Downer	0 2 6
F. Elgar	0 3 8
Jane Frampton	0 4 0
George Frampton	0 1 0
M. Fabian	0 1 4
A. Fabian	0 1 3
M. S. Foster	0 1 2
Nelson Green	0 2 9
Sarah Green	0 1 9
Alfred Gould	0 4 6
M. Goodenough	0 5 1
Wm. Hellyer	0 6 1
Sarah Hatchard	0 6 0
John Hatchard	0 4 9
Elizabeth Holding	0 1 5
C. Humphries	0 4 6
Wm. James	0 7 3
Edwin Jones	0 6 0
Lucy Jones	0 2 0
S. Jones	0 3 2
M. Jenaworth	0 1 7
M. Ingram	0 6 0
Isabella Keet	0 7 0
Mary Keet	0 6 2
Walter Medus	0 1 7
S. A. Moody	0 7 4
E. P. Martin	0 1 8
E. March	0 4 4
G. Martin	0 1 5
Jane Medus	0 2 6
Wm. Medus	0 6 0
Wm. Main	0 10 0
H. and E. Nancarrow	0 2 7
H. Parlin	0 8 6
A. Pack	0 1 3
E. A. Peay	0 3 3
M. A. Pettit	0 1 8
T. Pettit	0 1 9
E. Phillips	0 1 3
Jane Rychards	0 4 5
Thirza Rigler	0 1 0
C. Ryan	0 1 3
M. Rychards	0 4 0
Jenny Shepherd	0 5 4
E. Shalkins	0 1 5
George Shepherd	0 1 1
Elizabeth Spelt	0 4 0
Ann Spelt	0 7 0
Wm. Spelt	0 5 0
M. A. Shepherd	0 1 1
Benjamin Simmonds	0 5 10

Frederick Simmonds .....	0 0 10
E. Stewart .....	0 3 0
H. Suter .....	0 7 6
H. Seymour .....	0 1 0
E. Secombe .....	0 0 1
R. Stanfield .....	0 1 2
Walter Stride .....	0 2 6
I. J. Underhill .....	0 5 10
Thomas Weeks .....	0 2 1
Susan Weeks .....	0 2 11
J. M. Webber .....	0 2 7
W. H. Webber .....	0 4 0
Smaller Sums .....	0 9 3

## Victoria Street Sunday School.

Mrs. Rawson's Bible Class .....	0 6 0
Miss Baker .....	0 1 4
Miss Bacon .....	0 0 8
Miss Paining .....	0 1 3
J. Reed .....	0 2 6
C. Baths .....	0 0 0
W. Puntis .....	0 0 10
D. Baker .....	0 3 0
F. Young .....	0 1 7
T. Moore .....	0 1 0
Luke Lane, Baptist .....	2 10 0

27l. 17s. 11d.

## Allen's Field Sunday School.

Boys .....	0 8 8
Girls .....	0 10 7

19s. 3d.

## Ripley (Hants.)

Sunday School .....	4 15 10
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## Rochdale.

## Providence Chapel.

Particulars of amount acknowledged last month.

Collection in Providence School .....	1 2 0
Moore Street ditto .....	0 11 8

## Collected by—

J. W. Bamford .....	0 2 6
J. Brierley .....	0 2 6
A. Brogden .....	0 1 0
S. Craven .....	1 1 0
E. J. Clegg .....	0 2 2
A. Howarth .....	0 2 1
F. Howarth .....	0 1 8
E. Hoyle .....	0 1 8
O. Kenyon .....	0 3 6
M. Macburnie .....	0 6 8
J. Nuttall .....	0 2 0
E. Procter .....	0 5 8
S. A. and O. A. Spencer .....	0 12 0
E. Spencer .....	0 10 0
M. Sutcliffe .....	0 2 4
J. Taylor .....	0 2 0
M. A. Wadsworth .....	0 4 2
A. Vokes .....	0 4 6
Anonymous .....	0 1 0

6l. 3s. 4d.

Rodborough .....	4 0 10
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St. Helen's, per Mr. Marsh .....	7 0 0
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Sandbach, Hope Chapel .....	1 0 0
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Shaftesbury .....	0 10 0
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Shillington .....	0 10 0
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Shuttleworth, by A. and H. Ingham .....	0 1 0
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Stranraer, Collected by the Young Ladies of the Misses MacClymont's Seminary .....	5 0 0
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## Titchfield.

Collected by the Boys .....	1 11 8
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Ditto, by the Girls .....	3 11 1
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Ditto, by Children at Warsash .....	4 4 4
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6l. 6s. 3d.

Totham, Collected by Misses S. A. and M. J. Foster .....	1 5 0
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Tunbridge, by Master Baddeley, additional .....	0 4 7
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Wellingborough, Salem Chapel Sabbath School .....	0 12 0
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Westbury-on-Severn, Sabbath School .....	1 10 0
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West Mersa, Collected by Ellen White .....	0 4 0
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## Whitby.

Particulars of sum acknowledged last month.

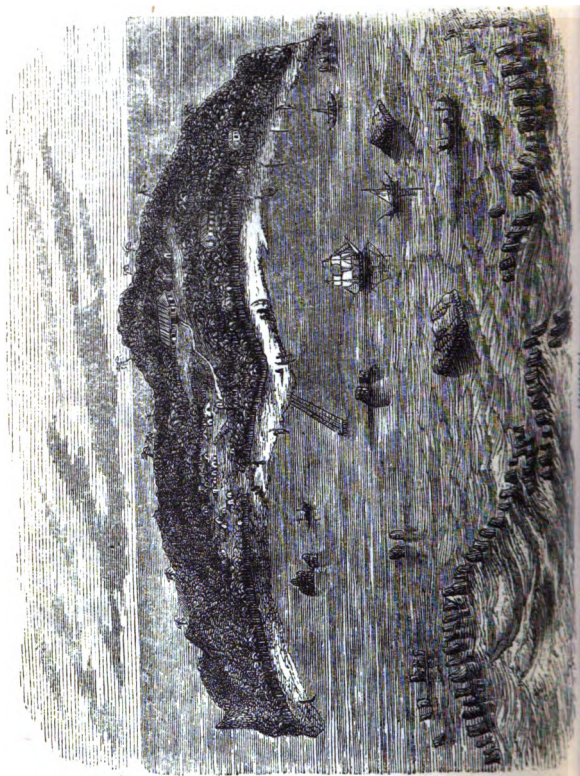
Collected by—

Friend .....	0 10 7
Miss Clarke .....	0 2 1
John Wilson .....	0 1 0
William Willison .....	0 2 1
Jane Wardale .....	0 2 1
Jos. Bovell .....	0 1 0
Wm. John Bovell .....	0 1 0
R. M. Clough .....	0 1 0
David Hughes .....	0 1 0
William Bradley .....	0 1 0
Miss Willison .....	0 1 0
Matilda Capon .....	0 1 0
Ann King .....	0 1 0
Sarah Gray .....	0 1 0
Elizabeth Gibson .....	0 1 0
William Henry Dale .....	0 1 0
Rachael Ord .....	0 1 0
Master W. Gray .....	0 1 0
J. Sturdy .....	0 1 0
Margaret and Jos. Hewison .....	0 1 0
James Willison .....	0 1 0
Elizabeth Lindsay .....	0 1 0
Elizabeth Lesley .....	0 1 0
Mary Holmes Jefferson .....	0 1 0
Margaret Garbutt Harrison .....	0 1 0
Helen Headlam .....	0 1 0
Kate Taylor .....	0 1 0
Lucy Potter .....	0 1 0
M. Stevenson .....	0 1 0
Smaller Sums .....	0 1 0

6l. 15s. 6d.

Wingrave .....	0 10 0
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THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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JULY, 1856.

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AITUTAKI.

THE Frontispiece may give our readers a faint idea of one of those gems of the Southern Ocean where "every prospect pleases," and where in *former* days "man alone" *was* "vile," but where *now* the heart no less than the eye may rest upon scenes and objects which show, not only what the God of nature but what the God of Salvation has done for that lovely island.

Aitutaki is about 150 miles north of Rarotonga. "It is," writes Mr. Gill, in his second volume of "Gems from the Coral Islands," "a fertile little garden, rich in every variety of tropical fruit; and its interesting people are now amongst the best educated and the most orderly of all the inhabitants of the Hervey group." But it was far otherwise a few years ago. Let us mark some points in its history, and we shall find further illustrations of what heathenism is, and of what Christianity does.

Up to 1821, no messenger of mercy had visited Aitutaki. At that time, moved with compassion for its degraded inhabitants, that noble-hearted Missionary, John Williams went there. Until then he had never seen the heathen in their most degraded condition; but here he found them such in perfection. Some of them



were smeared all over with charcoal, others with pipe-clay and red ochre, and all danced and shouted in their canoes in the wildest and maddest manner. The chief came on board, and at once the Missionary told him how the idols had been given up at Tahiti, and what God's word could do for him and the people of Aitutaki. The chief heard him with pleasure, and gave two Native Teachers a hearty welcome to his land by rubbing his own nose violently against theirs. One of these teachers was Papehia, the father of "Isaia," whom so many of you have seen and heard.

A year passed on. The good work was begun, and it was begun well. Still, though half convinced that the gods they worshipped were no gods, the people were afraid to destroy them, lest they might perchance fall into mischief. But they sent word to Mr. Williams that if *he* would come to them again, they would burn their idols and temples, and learn the word of Jehovah.

Mr. Williams, as soon as he could, accepted the invitation; but when he came to Aitutaki, he was delighted to find that most of the idols had been already destroyed, that the people had built a large chapel for the Christian worship, and that not an idolater now remained in the island! "Novel, romantic, and almost incredible," writes Mr. Gill, "is the tale of triumph effected by the labours of these Native Teachers, as recorded by Williams, but it was true, all true."

Until 1838, Native Teachers alone watched over the work of God in Aitutaki; but in that year, the Rev. Mr. Royle went there, and settled down amongst these interesting islanders. And it was necessary that he

should do so; for admirably as Native Teachers begin a work among the heathen, few of them have knowledge or experience enough to carry it on very far. There were, moreover, evils which had sprung from foreign ships, and false opinions which it required the presence of an English Missionary to remove. But even he had much to do and to bear before his desire was fulfilled. We have no space here to give the history of his labours and trials. This our readers may find in Mr. Gill's interesting volume. But we may just say that some of these trials were most severe. Amongst the people, as was to be expected, there were those who hated the Gospel because it condemned their wickedness, and gladly would they have driven from their shores the man who tried to do them good. Twice within a few months these enemies of the truth set fire to the chapel, which was burnt to the ground. They also destroyed the house of the chief judge, who was a Christian man, and greatly injured the property of others. But the followers of Christ were firm, and the Missionary persevered in his work. And God was with them.

But the opposition of the wicked had not long ceased when another calamity came upon the island. A fierce hurricane swept over it, destroying chapel, school houses, the habitations of the people, and the trees whose fruit produced their food. But God was in this tempest. The wicked were silenced, softened, and humbled by the trial, and were thus prepared to receive the Gospel. Soon after many were converted, and amongst them two of the ring-leaders in the previous opposition. "I shall not soon forget," writes Mr. Royle, "the feelings with which the members

the Church listened to their confessions of sin and guilt, and from my own eyes, I am not ashamed to confess, they drew copious floods of tears." In 1843, when Mr. Gill visited Aitutaki, although death had before that been busy in removing many to heaven, he found about 100 members in Church fellowship, whose conduct showed that they were real disciples of Jesus.

About this time, Mrs. Royle's health failed, and she and her husband went for a short visit to Rarotonga. Some of the Aitutakians followed their teachers to that island, and a public meeting was called to welcome them. At that meeting many speeches were delivered. But we can only give our readers one specimen of them. It was spoken by an old man from Aitutaki:—

"Brethren," said he, "let us praise God that we, who have once lived in idolatry on Aitutaki and Rarotonga, are now worshippers of Jehovah, the true God. O the love of God! How great it is! Let us rejoice that we are met together to-day to talk about that love. We have been brought across the soft path of the sea, and now in this house of prayer, we look at each other with wonder. We, the old people, know the dreadful state from which we have been redeemed. Let *us* talk to-day; do not let the young men speak; but let us old men rise up and tell what the Gospel of Jesus has done for us. Brethren, my heart is full. Suppose we at Aitutaki had built a vessel in our heathenism and had come to you. How should we have been treated? What would have been the result? We should have been murdered, and you would have taken our property and ship as your own. But how different it is with us now! We are safe, our property is safe, and you call us '*Brethren!*' All this

comes out of the love of God. The great sea we have crossed has become a sea of love; the air we breathe is full of love; from the top of the mountains, down to the belt of the lowlands, is all encircled with love; the church of Aitutaki is come to salute the church at Rarotonga, and you have embraced us in love. Brethren, let us praise God; He is the author of this."

But the young, as well as the old, have there proved the power and the value of the blessed Gospel. Of one of these Mr. Royle says, "Frequently have I seen her seated against the trunk of a tree, quite exhausted in her attempts to reach the house of God. Alluding to a native practice of friends bringing presents of cloth, and other things, when they visit the sick, she said, 'Tell them, I do not wish for property; a word, a prayer, an exhortation, I will value more than all the property they can bring.' When near death she said, 'I have visited the cross, there I have been able to leave my burdens. Oh! how sweet these words 'He bore our sins and carried our sorrows; Jesus is my anchor: Jesus is my refuge; Jesus is my all! Peace be with you, my teacher.'"

But want of space forbids our giving other proofs of the great work which has been done at Aitutaki. In conclusion, it must suffice to say that from the Church many have gone forth to preach the Gospel to the heathen, some of whom have fallen by their hand; but others are labouring still. One of these, "Vaa," with his wife, was among the first to land on the blood-stained shore of Erromanga, where he is now successfully teaching the Gospel of pardon and peace to the murderers of the devoted Williams, who first carried the Gospel to his own island, Aitutaki.

## FRENCH MISSIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

*(Continued from p. 185.)*

WE now continue the account of those interesting Missions.

The next station we shall mention is called Beersheba. There God has given the Missionaries great success. At the time they made the report, there were three hundred and eight members in the church, who, they hope, love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Twenty were admitted at Christmas, 1854; and when this took place, several of them publicly stated their reasons for thinking that they were really Christians. One of them, named Philip Moquéfé, spoke as follows:—

“I am a sinner against the law of God. I was very young when my father died and was buried. Just before he breathed his last, he bade me farewell, and besought me never to give up the Gospel, or leave the Missionary Station. If this chair here were to begin to speak, every one would believe what it said, and yet I did not believe what my father said, or take his advice. After his death, I set out to go to Lessonto so as to see something of the world, and I meant to act just as those people do who care nothing about God or their souls. But I soon began to be very much frightened at what I was doing. The last warning of my dying father kept on following me, and it is that which has brought me here. I came back to be near my mother, and used to go to church, but I did not understand at all what was said there. I was living just like the brutes that have no reason, till one day it seemed as if I were awakened out of a sleep by this passage of Scripture: ‘Cursed be man that trusteth in man, and who maketh flesh his arm.’ Before this time, I thought my mother could give me everything I wanted, but I had just found out that she could not supply the wants of my soul. The Spirit of God had shown me my sins, and made

me understand that only Jesus could give me what my soul wanted. It is in Him that I have found forgiveness and peace with God."

Another of the converts, named Apollos Chuca, had attended religious teaching for two years, and had then gone away to live at home. His father did all he could to make him return to his old heathen habits, but God helped him and he resisted temptation. At the end of a year, he came back with a young wife to live at Beersheba. When he was baptized he gave the following account of himself: "I feel very much ashamed to stand before you to-day, for I am only just coming out from the kingdom of darkness. My father made so many fair promises, and I wished so very much to get his property when he died, that I went back to live at his house. My father promised to give me everything he had if I would only become a heathen again. One day I dressed myself out very finely, and was going to a heathen dance, but my conscience smote me so strongly, that I was obliged to turn home again. From that time I had no peace until I came back here. I felt that I had offended the Almighty God, and that my sins were too many to be numbered. One day I heard a sermon upon the parable of the wicked rich man. I said to myself, 'Why, you are just like the rich man. You gave up God so as to get some property which will perish; you will go where that wicked man is now.' I felt so grieved that I threw myself upon the ground and prayed, and Jesus Christ entered my heart. He came to my help; He has not given me up because of the number of my sins; He has taken them upon Himself; His blood has atoned for me. I am now living, waiting for the Saviour, and I feel that death has no more power over me, for the Lord has conquered death." How encouraging such cases must be to the excellent Missionaries in the midst of their difficult

work. May God give them many more converts to cheer their hearts!

The report from the station Hermon was very pleasing. There the Spirit of God had changed the hearts of many. We can only give one instance. It is that of a wife of a chief named Sefari, who is one of the most important men in the tribe. This woman, whose name was Netuna, had only attended the preaching of the Gospel for four months, but for some time past she had been unhappy because of her sins. A Missionary one day went to the village where she lived, and preached the Gospel. A number of people collected round him, and among them this woman. Soon after this he left; but his words were not forgotten. Perhaps he had hardly noticed Netuna amongst his hearers, but she well remembered what he said, and his preaching made her very unhappy. When her heathen friends saw her state, they did all they could to make her cheerful again; and as they thought she was bewitched, they performed a number of foolish ceremonies to drive the evil spirit away. But all these things brought no peace to the conscience of poor Netuna. At last Sefari, her husband, found out that she wanted to hear about the God of the Christians. So he sent for one of her relations named Zacheus to talk with her. This man was a member of a Christian church, and you may fancy how happy he was to receive such an invitation from a heathen relative. He went as quickly as possible, and did all he could to comfort Netuna, and lead her to Him who said, "I will give you rest." But he did more than this; he preached the good news of salvation through Jesus to Sefari and his friends. God blessed his words, and soon it was seen that not only Netuna, but several other women in the same neighbourhood had become concerned about their souls. Five of them have entered a class to receive regular religious instruction, and it is hoped that they are indeed children of God.

The report from the station Bethulie, among the Bechuanas, contains an interesting account of the change produced in the people there by the Gospel. Mr. Pellissia the Missionary, writes:—"These same Bechuanas used to be so careless that I could scarcely get any of them together to hear the word of God; and when they did come, they only used to gossip and laugh together. But now they attend seriously the religious services, and listen with respect to the word of God. Formerly, they used only to clothe themselves in skins, but now they wear dresses made from European manufactures. The noise of their dances, the savage cries that they kept uttering by day and by night, grieved our hearts. We always had heathen scenes before our eyes. In one place rain-makers were offering incense so as to get rain; in another place magicians were using all their arts to deliver sick people from sorceries under which they pretended they were suffering. Every one was wicked and ignorant; no one loved and served God. A more pleasant sight now meets our eyes. At Bethulie, there are no more dances, no more rain-makers, no more heathen ceremonies. The people worship God, pray to Him and sing His praises. Nearly three hundred persons are true Christians, and many who are not, have given up their heathen habits as senseless and useless. The people are civilized. Many of the inhabitants of the station have carts and ploughs, and cultivate the land wherever there is enough water to make it fruitful." Have we not here something like the fulfilment of the promise: "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." O how numberless are the blessings which the Gospel brings!

You see thus, dear readers, how God blesses French Missions as well as English. Let us think of those noble men of whom you have heard, and when we pray for Missionaries from our native land, let us not forget the devoted labourers from other lands.



## A MISSIONARY MEETING IN SAMOA.

THE Missionary meetings in Samoa are called "Mays." I dare say you know why that name has been given to them. It is because they are held in the month of May. In Samoa, and other groups of islands in the vast Pacific Ocean, a great many men and women, and boys and girls, delight in attending May meetings. They think of them long before the month of May arrives, and they prepare for them.

One thing they think about is their *offerings*, as they call the money and other things which they give to the Missionary Society. Those who live near the harbour get money without much trouble. But great numbers in other places have to form many years before they can fix on one by which they can obtain a bit of money, or something that can be turned into money by the Missionaries or by the Directors. Some children feed a fowl, or plant a few potatoes or yams, and sell them when grown for sixpence or a shilling, which they give as their offering. Some fathers take a pig to market and thus provide themselves and their wives with a dollar or half a dollar, and each of their children, from the tall lad or girl to the baby in the mother's arms, with a shilling or sixpence for the "May." Some families go to the sides of the mountains in search of arrowroot, which they dig up and carry home on their backs, and then wash, and scrape, and strain it, and thus prepare it for sale. Others climb the lofty coconut trees, and throw down the large nuts, the kernels of which they scrape out, and put into old canoes or large troughs, and after a few days the heat of the sun causes the oil to flow, when it is put into bamboos, and taken to the Missionary, who sometimes gives to the parties bringing it a small piece of paper, on which he has written the name of the person and the number of gallons, which serves for money to put into the plate on the day of the "May." Others, again, obtain money by selling native mats or

cloth, or by appealing to the kindness of their friends. Thus, in one way and another, great numbers are furnished with "offerings," which, with willing hands, cheerful faces, and rejoicing hearts, they put into the treasury of the Lord to aid in sending the blessed Gospel to those who know not Jesus.

Perhaps some of the thoughtful readers of the *Juvenile Magazine*, may wish to be told whether these people know well the meaning of May meetings and May subscriptions. Perhaps if some of the dear children of Britain were here to question these men, and women, and children, many of them would not be able to explain very well the cause of their happiness in attending such meetings, nor to give a very good account of their motives in subscribing their property on such occasions. Some, perhaps, if they told the truth, would be obliged to say that they liked the "Mays" because of the crowds of people, and the various dresses and other things to be seen at them, and on account of the curious anecdotes which some of the speakers tell them. We fear that many in more favoured lands than these would not be able to give a better account than this of their attendance on Missionary meetings, and of their subscriptions to Missionary Societies. But many here, and among them the children are not the most backward, know well what these meetings are for, and the design of their "offerings." They are pleased with their schools, and with the word of God, and wish the poor heathen to have schools too, and to hear the good tidings of salvation.

Another thing which Samoans have to prepare for the "May" is their *dress*. Thousands of children, and of grown up people too, in the South Seas, go about almost, and some of them quite, naked. But the Missionaries teach them that to do so is very degrading and very wrong. Large numbers of men and women are now ashamed of their former ways, and clothe themselves. There are also a great many boys and girls in the islands who are very

pleased when a new garment is given to them by their parents or others. If a little boy gets a shirt, and a yard or a yard and a half of calico or print, instead of trowsers, and a little girl a frock and a bonnet, in addition to the calico, it is very likely that they will feel a little proud. The Missionaries of course tell them that pride is a very foolish, hateful, and wicked thing, and that they must not allow it a place in their hearts. But still they like to see the little ones of their charge neatly dressed. Perhaps no sight which these islands afford is so pleasant as the children's Mays. English boys and girls might think that even at the present day our people are neither comfortably nor very decently clad. But it must be borne in mind that ideas of what is proper differ very much in different nations. Fashions, which at one time or place are thought very improper, are at other seasons and in other places, looked upon as very becoming. And then again, to teach and reform people is very difficult. It takes many years to teach boys and girls in England to read, write, cipher, and sing; and if they have to learn foreign languages, how difficult a thing they find it, and how few of them ever speak them with ease and correctness. Now, it is a much harder thing to educate nations than individuals, to change the habits and tastes of barbarians into those of civilized men, than to teach boys and girls their own and other languages. That is a work which has never been done in one or two ages. It has usually taken centuries before it even approached completion. In England, and many other countries, the climate compels people to clothe themselves. It is not so in these warm latitudes. It must not, therefore, excite wonder if these people have not in the few years which have passed since light first broke in upon their darkness, become as civilized and refined as Englishmen. The Missionaries rejoice that these islanders have made so much progress, and when they look upon their congrega-

tions, and May meetings, they cannot help thinking of the man of whom we read in the Gospel, who, after spending many years among the tombs in a state worse than that of wild beasts, was seen at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind. They bless God for the change they behold, and take courage in their attempts to help the people onward in all that is lovely and holy.

But as the day of meeting approaches, there are still other preparations to make. These are confined to the neighbourhood of the place of meeting. The people there have to make ready *food* for the visitors who may come from the more distant parts of the Missionary district, or from other stations. Sometimes the children wish to show their regard to the Missionary, and to any Missionary guests he may have to aid him in the services, by taking to them a present of food. In such cases the schools are seen, on the morning of the "May," approaching one after another his dwelling, singing their short songs made by themselves for the occasion, clad in their best attire, bearing each a fowl, a sugar cane, a fish, or a taro, which they place before his door; the teacher of the school announces the design of the present, the Missionary returns thanks, and the parties retire to await in some neighbouring house the sound of the wooden bell which, with us, is the common and efficient summons to the house of God.

It sometimes happens that our "Mays" are not always held in the month from which they are named. Such was the case in regard to the "May" of which I am now to give you a report. It was held in the month of August. The place of meeting was the village of Vaiee, in the district of Sefata,\* on the island of Upolu. We held two meetings. That for adults was in the forenoon; and as more people were likely to assemble than could enter the

\* In reading Polynesian names, young people will do well to remember that *a* is pronounced as in father, *e* as *a* in say, and *i* as *e* in me.

chapel, we met under some clumps of bread-fruit trees, on the borders of the placid lagoon, on the inland side of which the village stands. This sheet of water, two or three miles in length, and half a mile in breadth, with an opening seaward, perhaps about fifty yards wide, added not a little to the beauty of the scene. Its glare was agreeably relieved by the lofty coconuts and thick underwood on the opposite border, and the passing clouds which were skimming over it. Its surface was slightly rippled by a gentle breeze, and spoke in occasional splashes and murmurs of the varied life which it concealed, as here and there a finny inhabitant from fulness of joy, in hot pursuit of prey, or in the struggle of flight and fear, burst for a moment from its native home. A range of broken mountains appeared at intervals through the trees, to the westward of our position.

Our meeting began with singing and prayer. We do not read reports, nor do we trouble ourselves with resolutions. The speeches form our report, and the "offerings" of money, oil, and arrowroot, take the place of resolutions. Good resolutions are good things, but good deeds are better. Many in England can draw out better resolutions than Samoans can. But I think it will be seen before this report closes, that the Samoans excel in making contributions.

The Missionary conducted the meeting. It was no difficult work that he had to do. Natives were present who could have kept both speakers and hearers in order. But no one thought of asking the meeting whether it would have the Missionary or some one else for chairman. On this occasion the chairman had no chair. But he was more distinguished from the rest of the assembly than is the case with chairmen in England. A stool was provided for him, and a table was placed before him, whilst the audience sat crossed legged, just in the manner of tailors, on mats or leaves spread on the ground. A cluster of

them was around the chairman, and other clusters sat before and behind, and on either side, wherever a house or a tree afforded a shade from the sun, whose rays, whilst they shed light and life on every object, were, in their direct force, too hot for comfort and safety.

The Missionary made the *first speech*, telling the people that this meeting differed much from many meetings which are common among men. Some meet to dance and revel, others to fight and kill; but we are met to promote holiness and happiness in the world. He said it was an occasion which should call forth gratitude to God for the Gospel which had scattered their darkness, and which had made known to them the way of life. Also that it was a season for the exercise of love and pity toward those who are lost in sin, and are without the knowledge of salvation.

*Sulu* was the next speaker. He told the people that they should not only give their money, but that they should give it with the heart. The poor widow's mite was more pleasing to Jesus than all the large sums given by the rich men. But, of all offerings, that which the Saviour made for us was the greatest and the best.

*Reopo-amo* followed. He said many make collections of money and property, and for very dissimilar objects. Warriors do so to pay carpenters for building boats, and to buy guns, powder, and shot. Perhaps the people of Britain met formerly, as we are met now, to collect money for the purpose of making war upon all quarters of the world. Can Missionaries fly? No. They must have ships to take them across the sea. Perhaps that is what we are now met for. The beach is not strewn with canoes and ships. Warriors do not pick up these things on the shore. So it is in the war which we are waging. We must buy or hire ships to take Missionaries and teachers to heathen lands. Many of the people of this district are not present here to-day. They must do as they please in

regard to helping the work of God. No one is compelled to do so. He then quoted Mal. i. 8, and told the people that as they would not dare to take a sick animal or a bad piece of property to their chief, so they must not offer to God an incomplete offering. If you give your money without your hearts, he asked, will God be pleased? He told them to think of the *great* offering. He concluded his speech with a Samoan tale or fable. Tangaloani's daughter was married to the king of Feejee. He wished to visit her, but had not a canoe that was suitable for so long a voyage. At length he saw one passing which would answer his purpose. He constrained those who had charge of it to take him on board, and to direct their course to Feejee. They met with difficulties on the way, and suffered from want of food. One day they fell in with something which they mistook for a rock. Tangaloani attempted to land on it, but it gave way or began to sink under him. He escaped to the canoe. His name was then changed to Tangaloalele, or flying Tangaloa. They reached Feejee in safety. Tangaloalele inquired for his daughter. He was informed that she was living apart from her husband, having been sent to the mountains with her child in consequence of a severe dearth. She found food inland. Tangaloalele went to her retreat, and by the exertion of some divine or magical power, he caused plenty to take the place of the famine which afflicted the land. The king of Feejee seems to have neglected to send for his wife. She continued to live in the mountains. Tangaloalele wanted property to pay for the canoe in which he had made his voyage. He instructed his daughter that if the king should send for her again, she should ask him for his paroquet. Shortly after the king was taken ill. His attendants suggested that probably his illness was a punishment for his neglect of his wife and child. He therefore sent for them, and confessed to his wife that he

d used her and the child ill, but said that it was on account of the famine that he sent them away. He then asked her what present she would like to receive, and mentioned a great many things, but she declined them all. At last he named the paroquet. He replied, that is what I should like, give me that for my father; I do not desire anything besides. The paroquet was given to her, and she took it to her father, who then prepared for his return home. But, before leaving, he gave charge to the people to beware of the small grass and the moss, for if these were allowed to grow on and around the bread-fruit trees, famine would again visit the country. The speaker remarked that this tale was not quite applicable to the occasion. He would, however, make the application of it which occurred to him. Samoa was formerly afflicted with famine. Jesus had given them abundance. Let them take care always to please God, and then they would never be in want.

*(To be continued.)*

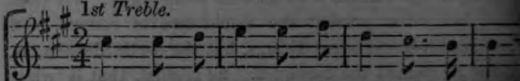
#### JUVENILE MISSIONARY SERMON.

OUR young friends who heard the Rev. James Parsons, of New York, preach the last annual sermon in London, to the juvenile friends of the Society, will be gratified and thankful to learn that that sermon is now published, and may be purchased for a very small sum. It was refreshing to hear it, and those who had not that privilege will rejoice to possess this most interesting and useful discourse. It should be circulated by thousands through our families, congregations, and schools. The low price at which it has been produced forbids the expectation of much profit by the sale; but what there may be is to be given to the London Missionary Society. We sincerely trust that parents, ministers, and teachers will do their utmost to get it into the hands of those for whose spiritual welfare and future usefulness they are solicitors.

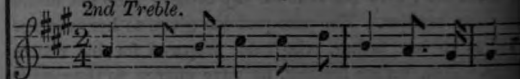
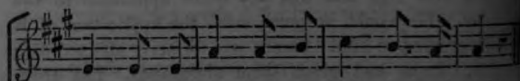
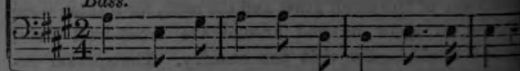


## GLAD TIDINGS.

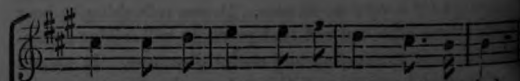
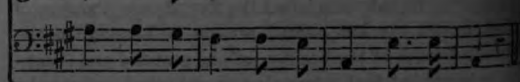
Words and Music by Rev. R. P. Erlebach.

*1st Treble.*

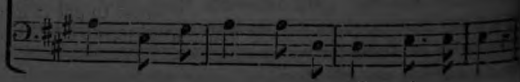
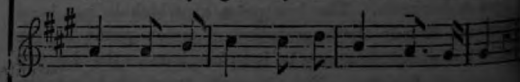
Night o'er the landscape its sha-dows had spread

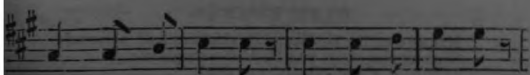
*2nd Treble.**Bass.*

Gloom-y and si-lent was Beth-le-hem's plain:

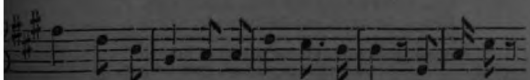
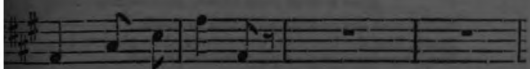
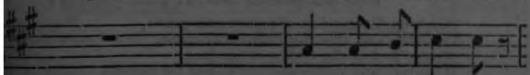


Sud-den-ly glo-ry ce-les-tial was shed,

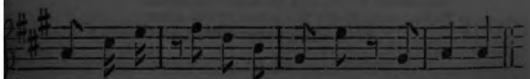
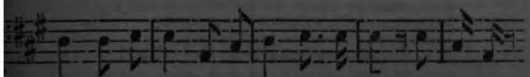
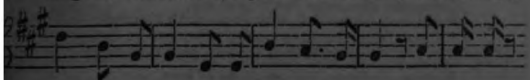




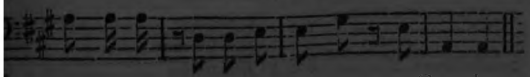
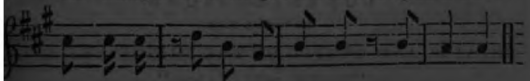
An - gels with rap-ture, An - gels with rap-ture,



Angels, with rapture, repeat-ed the strain, Glad tidings,



Glad tidings, Glad tidings from Heav'n ! glad ti-dings !



## GLAD TIDINGS.

NIGHT o'er the landscape its shadows had spread,  
 Gloomy and silent was Bethlehem's plain:  
 Suddenly, glory celestial was shed,  
 Angels, with rapture, repeated the strain,  
     Glad tidings from heaven! glad tidings!

Forth on his mission of mercy and grace,  
 Teaching and blessing Immanuel came,  
 Misery fled at the smiles of his face,  
 Mountain and valley acknowledged his fame;  
     Glad tidings they heard, glad tidings.

Malice and envy condemn'd him to death;  
 Earth, like the heavens, was shrouded in gloom;  
 Yet 'twas for sinners he yielded his breath,  
 And from the garden, the cross, and the tomb,  
     Glad tidings resound, glad tidings.

Now, in its fulness, salvation comes nigh,  
 Hence, far away, our distresses be driven;  
 Faith brings the soul an unmeasured supply,  
 Hope gazes upwards on visions of heaven.  
     Glad tidings we hail, glad tidings.

Oh, let us gratefully echo the sound,  
 Near and afar, over desert and sea,  
 "Sin hath abounded, now grace doth abound,  
 "Come from the dungeon, ye prisoners be free.  
     "Glad tidings for all! glad tidings!"

Hasten, O Jesus, thy triumphs of love,  
 Soon, with thy praise, let the universe ring;  
 Voices on earth, with the voices above,  
 Join in one chorus and joyfully sing,  
     Glad tidings repeat, glad tidings.

So, when the ransom'd thy glory attain,  
 Blissful and new, as their anthems arise,  
 Each shall revive and re-echo the strain,  
 Filling with music the home of the skies.  
     Glad tidings were ours, glad tidings!

## CONTRIBUTIONS

TOWARDS THE

REPAIRS AND OUTFIT OF THE MISSIONARY SHIP,

"JOHN WILLIAMS."

The Inmates of a Peniten-				Miss Coney .....	0 1 0
tiary .....	1	1	0	Miss B. Morgan .....	0 1 0
Poplar.				Miss Wiseman .....	0 1 0
Chrisp Street Sunday Schools.				Miss Morgan .....	0 4 0
Miss Gledstane .....	0	1	7	Miss Dutton .....	0 1 0

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J. E. Cracknell	0 12 8
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<b>17. 5s. 1d.</b>	

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Collected by—	
Hard Jarvis	0 3 5
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Is Prebble's ditto	0 6 1
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James Edward Flower	0 7 6
Other Sums	0 1 8
<b>27. 18s. 6d.</b>	

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Collected after Mr. Mann's Lecture	1 2 1
Ditto, by some Young Friends of Missions	2 2 11
<b>Exs. 7d. ; 37. 4s. 5d.</b>	

Wilton, by Miss Wood	0 2 2
Weydon, by Mary and William Steer	0 10 6
Woburnham	5 8 8
Widley, Independent Sun- day School, Farthing Col- lection	2 8 5
By Joseph Greaves	0 1 0

## Frantlingham.

Collected by—	
Isaac Burrows	0 5 6

Thomas Cago	0 2 0
Mary Fruer	0 1 0
Elizabeth Fruer	0 1 2
Louisa Harvey	0 1 4
Anna Lambert	0 1 9
Robert Wightman	0 1 0
Smaller Sums	0 1 4
Brandeston Sabbath School	0 8 0
<b>17. 3s.</b>	

Gainsborough, Collected by Mrs. Ferris Marshall's Children	1 2 0
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Glasgow, by Miss Christian M'Kenzie	0 4 8
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## Hastings.

Master E. Hatchett, ... (D.)	0 5 0
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### Collected by

Master E. Sheen	0 1 6
John Mustaben	0 2 3
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<b>17. 7s. 11d.</b>	

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Master John Lewis, Galway	0 10 0
Rev. John Toomath, Richill	0 10 0
<b>17.</b>	

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French Independent Chapel, Halket Place.	
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Sunday School Girls	1 11 0
Ditto Boys	0 19 0
<b>27. 10s.</b>	

## French Independent Chapel, Vauxhall.

Collected by—	
Charles Benest	0 11 11
Mary De Gruchy	0 7 2
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<b>17. 16s. 7d.</b>	

## English Independent Chapel, Grove Place.

Collected by—	
Julia Pattick	1 8 0
M. C. Williams	0 11 8
— Le Couteur	0 10 2
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Anne Jane Sine	0 10 0
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Henry Marsh	0 4 0
— Hall	0 3 0
Emma Fowler	0 3 2
Edward Dewhurst	0 2 6

Amelia Burdett .....	0 2 6
Emily Angel .....	0 2 0
Edward Ste Croix .....	0 1 0
Matilda Angel .....	0 1 0
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Ernest Banouf .....	0 4 1
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1l. 14s. 2d.

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Total ..... 11 9 3

**Laurencekirk.**

Collected by Mr. D. Moir's Sabbath School, <i>Water-side of Thornton</i> .....	1 9 6
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<i>Monkcastle, near Kilwinning</i> , by Master Robert Long .....	0 7 6
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**Plymouth.****Batter Street.**

Particulars of amount acknowledged in May.

Collected by—

Miss Corey .....	0 4 5
Master Kemp .....	0 1 7
Miss Payn .....	0 1 6
Master Plimsaul .....	0 6 2
Miss Stitson .....	0 8 9
Miss Best .....	0 5 0
Miss E. Bromham .....	0 13 6
Miss Hawke .....	0 8 2
Miss Ponnett .....	0 2 6
Miss Morgan .....	0 2 6
Miss Davey .....	0 10 0
Miss Noble .....	0 4 7
Miss E. Noble .....	0 1 3
Master Noble .....	0 4 5

**In Sunday School.**

Emily Parker .....	0 2 4
Mary Squire .....	0 2 0
William Easton .....	0 1 6
Selma Bawden .....	0 1 4
E. Walters .....	0 1 3
Louisa Sleep .....	0 1 3
Lebecca Hodge .....	0 1 2
Robert Jordan .....	0 1 2

Maria Cook .....	0 1 0
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Eliza Roach .....	0 1 6
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Elizabeth Gue .....	0 1 6
Agnes Sparshot .....	0 3 9
Georgianna Winkworth .....	0 2 9
Ellen Munday and Elizabeth Carden .....	0 0 10
Sarah Jane Curtis .....	0 2 6
Elizabeth Streater .....	0 1 0
Fanny Ely .....	0 1 10
Emily Ann Fryer .....	0 3 7
Jane Ansell .....	0 1 0
John Abrahams .....	0 11 1
Clement Hewlett .....	0 2 0
Harry Pope and Luther Hewlett .....	0 1 4
Samuel Fry .....	6 1 1
James Smith .....	0 6 9
William Pearsey .....	0 1 1
John Stickland .....	0 1 1
William Turner .....	0 1 1
Edward Hooper .....	0 1 6
Charles and John Roud .....	0 2 3
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Edward Crockford and James Jackson .....	0 5 3
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<i>Wellingborough</i> , Collected by Charlotte Sanders .....	1 16 3
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*Indra, the King of Heaven.*

THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST, 1856.

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INDRA.

THE Frontispiece for this month represents one of the "lords many and gods many" of idolatrous India. The deity, however, whose image this is, is not one of the unnamed millions of imaginary beings whom the Hindoos worship, but Indra, "the king of gods and the god of heaven." Such are the high titles of this vain idol, and greatly is he feared and honoured. He is represented as a white man, sitting upon an elephant called Ciravatu. He is said to have a thousand eyes, and to hold a thunderbolt in his hand. He is also supposed to have power over the air, the earth, fire and water, and to be able to give rain and riches, sons or daughters, houses or lands, pleasure in this life, and a place in his own heaven after death. You may easily suppose, therefore, that the poor deluded people, who fancy that Indra has so many good things to give away, are ready to worship him. And this they do most zealously, especially throughout Bengal.

It is rather an odd thing, but the sacred books say that this great god is constantly afraid that some man or giant, by devotion and self-denial, (commonly called "religious austerities,") will make himself so holy as



to outdo him in merit, and thus get away his kingdom from him. He is therefore always watching those of whom he is afraid, and trying to tempt them to do evil. This is strange conduct in the king of gods, and the god of heaven; and you, who have learned from the Bible what God is, and what He does, may be astonished that any people could trust in a Being who tried to make men worse than they are. But alas! the poor idol-worshippers of India readily believe this, and thousands of other fables quite as bad or even worse. They believe, for instance, that this god of heaven is a horse-stealer, and that, in other respects, he is so wicked that, if he were a man, he would certainly either be transported or hanged. And yet they worship him! And if you were to be in India at the yearly festival of this god, you would wonder, and perhaps weep, as you saw the Brahmins bowing down before his image, and presenting to it the offerings of myriads of the poor blinded creatures who crowd together to see them, and fancy that what they are doing will please Indra and procure his favour.

Perhaps our young friends will like to read one or two of the foolish stories about Indra, which are related in the "sacred books" of the Hindoos. Few things could show more plainly or more sadly than such stories the state of idolatrous millions, and the need there is to send them the knowledge of the only true God, and of his Son Jesus Christ.

One of these stories is as follows:—There was a wise man in India, called Kushyupu. This man once prepared a great sacrifice, and invited all the gods to come to it. Indra was one of those who accepted the

invitation, and he set out from heaven to the place where the wise man lived. As he was going along, his attention was drawn to a very strange sight. In the road he saw the footstep of a cow in the soft mud filled with water, and upon the side of this small puddle there were crowded together no less than sixty thousand dwarfs or pigmies, little men not bigger than ants or fleas. As he looked he found that these small folk were in a great fix. They had reached the edge of what to them was a wide lake, and they could not tell how to get across it. One after another had tried, and tumbled in, and some had been drawn out half drowned from the deep water. Now, as Indra looked at this odd sight he was much amused at the difficulties and dangers of these less than Lilliputian people, and, in a thoughtless moment, he burst into a loud laugh. The pigmies were shocked and offended at his mirth. And, strange to say, these puny people, who could not cross a cow's footprint, resolved to make another god stronger than Indra, who should conquer him and take away his kingdom. When Indra heard what they were about, he laughed no longer, but became terribly afraid of the pigmies. So he hurried away to another great god, Brahma, and begged that he would get him out of the scrape and save him from their wrath. This Brahma managed to do; but how he did it, the "sacred books" do not tell us.

But though Indra escaped this time, he was not always so fortunate. This will appear from another story which is told about him, and which is just as wonderful, and certainly quite as true, as the other. This

story, however, was, no doubt, invented by the Brahmins, to make the foolish people believe in *their* greatness and power. The scene of the story is in Indra's heaven—a wonderful place. According to the "sacred books," it is 800 miles round, and 40 high. Its pillars are diamonds, and its beds and seats gold. The precious gems which cover it everywhere are more brilliant than the light of twelve suns. The fragrance of its trees and flowers fills the whole heaven. Its lakes, warm in winter and cool in summer, swarm with fish, wild fowl, and water-lilies. The winds are never boisterous, and the sun never scorching. Here, many gods, sages, and celestial beings, with Indra's elephant among them, delight to dwell. Sickness and sorrow never visit this region, and its inhabitants are constantly entertained with dances, music, and songs. It was here, "once upon a time," a great assembly of gods and sacred beings was gathered together, and in the midst of their amusements a shower of splendid and fragrant flowers fell upon them. "The king of gods," being the greatest person present, first took up one of these flowers, and, having held it to his own nose, then handed it to a Brahmin. The Brahmin no sooner took it, than all the gods began to laugh at him for accepting what Indra had used. In great wrath, the Brahmin immediately hurried out of heaven, and hastened home, vowing vengeance upon Indra. Having got home, he cursed the god, and doomed him to become a cat in the house of a person of the lowest caste. All at once, therefore, and without the knowledge of anybody there, Indra fell from heaven, and

became a cat in the house of a poor hunter ! Day after day passed by, and nothing was seen or heard of Indra. Where is he ? What has become of him ? were questions which neither wise men nor gods were able to answer. Thus things remained in Indra's heaven for eight or ten days. By this time Shuchee, his wife, became very anxious, and sent messengers in all directions to find out, if possible, what had become of him. The messengers, however, returned without success. Matters now looked very alarming. The other gods, too, who had enjoyed Indra's hospitality, did not at all like this state of things, for they no longer received invitations to his heaven, where all was now silent and gloomy. They therefore met to consider what was to be done. Brahma was amongst them ; and while they were assembled he closed his eyes, and, " by the power of meditation," (so say the sacred books) he found out that Indra had offended a Brahmin, who had turned him into a cat. Shuchee, alarmed, asked Brahma what should be done, when he sent her to a Brahmin, who was pleased with the respect she showed him, and directed her to the cottage of the hunter where Indra was, and told her that the hunter's wife could inform her what to do to get her husband back to his throne and his heaven. Taking a human form, away she went to the hunter's house, and as she entered, she beheld a cat. Whether pussy mewed or purred, we do not know ; but the sacred books tell us that Shuchee, as she looked upon the cat, began to weep. The hunter's wife, struck with Shuchee's appearance, inquired who she was. After a time she told her, and then, pointing to puss,

she said with much solemnity, "That is my husband, Indra, the King of Heaven." The woman stood petrified with astonishment, and for a time could not speak. At length ceremonies were performed, which enabled Indra to come out of the cat, and to ascend again with his wife to heaven, where you may suppose he resolved to take good care in future never to offend a Brahmin.

Such are the "*sacred*" stories believed in by the men, women, and children of India! Such are the views they form of the beings they serve and worship! Children, how different, how happy is your lot! You have been taught, even with your infant lips, to hush the words—

"How glorious is our Heavenly King,  
Who reigns above the sky;  
How shall a child presume to sing  
His dreadful Majesty!  
How great his power is, none can tell,  
Nor think how large his grace,  
Not men below, nor saints who dwell  
On high, before his face."

But will you let the millions of India live and die in ignorance of that great God? Let all resolve to do what they can to save them from their present ignorance, and to lead them to Him, in the knowledge of whom stands our eternal life.

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## A MISSIONARY MEETING IN SAMOA.

*(Continued from p. 199.)*

TONGA, after some introductory remarks, read Rom. xi. 14, and said, that there was a bad and a good emulation. He exhorted to be emulous in going to the "May." He told an anecdote, with which the readers of this Magazine may be well acquainted. A gentleman made up his mind to give 100 dollars towards building a chapel. He afterwards thought that he might one day need his money, and therefore decided to give 50 dollars. He retired to rest in the evening, slept soundly, but in the morning he discovered that thieves had broken into his house, and had carried off his cash box, and its contents. "This," said he, "is God's way of rebuking me, for drawing back in my resolve to help to build a house for his worship." Tonga proceeded—Many Samoans have plenty of poultry, hogs, and other things with which they can procure money. They have plenty of time to take these things to market. Perhaps some of them select certain articles, and say, we will with these get money for the "May;" but they hesitate and delay. The "May" arrives; and they have nothing to give to aid the good work of missions to the perishing. We do not seek to compel you to give by our entreaties. If some have nothing else that they can give, let them give their hearts. A poor mother who had nothing but her son, gave him. The new converts in Western Polynesia may shame us who have had the word of God so long. The letters we receive from the teachers who are labouring there, speak of nothing but the kindness and liberality of the people.

After this speech, the plates were handed round among the people to receive their subscriptions; which were

made this year, for the first time, in money only. The plates having been returned to the table, a hymn was sung, after which two other speeches were delivered. The missionary cannot report them very fully. For, as it is usual here to tell the people, at the close of the meetings, the amount of their "offerings," he was engaged, whilst others were speaking, in counting the money in the plates. This is quite a difficult task, and requires attention, because in this land we have coins of all countries; from Chili, Peru, Mexico, the United States, Great Britain, the continental nations, from Denmark to Spain and Italy, across Asia to India.

*Manu* gave some little missionary tales from Western Polynesia, and some Samoan legends.

*Panipasa* told the people that the lands which they were accustomed to call dark lands, would soon be before them, and excel them in good things, as Berea did Thessalonica. You have the Bible. It is the best of books. Do you read it? Some of you do not. Those who do not read that book will probably be weary of giving to the "May," and grumble at being asked to do so.

The missionary then told the people, that their subscriptions amounted to fifty four and a half dollars, that is, £10 18; and called upon a teacher to close the meeting with prayer.

In the afternoon the children met in the chapel. There were between two or three hundred present. After singing and prayer,

*Manu* spoke first, and in the course of his address asked a number of questions of the children, most of which were answered by them with readiness and delight. He said that Abraham had compassion upon Lot, when he was taken captive by the kings; and that Samoan children ought, in like manner, to pity and help those who are taken

captive by Satan. He told the children of what Christ had done for them, and explained the meaning of the Saviour's great work, by referring to Jonah, who was thrown into the sea—as it seemed to die there—in order that the crew and the vessel in which he sailed might be saved from the fury of the storm, but who was raised from his watery grave, and became a saviour to the Ninevites, thus figuring forth in a lively manner the death of Christ for sinful men; and his resurrection and ascension to heaven, where he ever lives to bless and save his people. There is only one way of life. That is not Mary. It is not Peter. Peter himself hath said that Jesus only can save us. He then spoke of the unhappiness of children who do not know and love Jesus. Many Samoan children, instead of attending schools, go with their parents to encampments of the warriors, where they quarrel and fight, and see and hear, and do many wicked things. In many dark lands, little boys and girls are killed by their parents. A missionary in Africa discovered a poor infant which had been buried by its mother, took it from its grave and nursed it. It was a little girl; as she grew up the missionary instructed her, and she became a pious and useful school teacher. Jesus saw us buried in sin, and came to save us; and we ought to make known his love to those who are still buried in darkness.

*Reopoamo* now addressed the meeting. He began, We have all souls—men and women, and children too, have souls. Did any children mentioned in the Bible pray? he asked. Some children cried out, Timothy did; others said, Samuel prayed. He said, yes, and told them that they too should pray. He then told a tale of two brothers who had some pieces of money. One piece was of no value, but looked very bright. One of the brothers eagerly seized that piece. He was rebuked for his folly



by some person who observed his choice. The other rather chose a valuable piece which was not so pretty, and was commended by the same friend. The word of God, said Reopamo, is the coin of great value. The shining but useless one is at the camp. It is sin. Many children take hold of it, but they will be driven away by Jesus, when he comes to judge the world.

The *Missionary* then explained to the youthful audience an interesting paper about India, which he found in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* for January, 1855.

The collection was then made. A hymn was sung. Mikalo made a speech; but the *Missionary* being engaged in counting the money, he took no note of it.

The *Missionary* announced to the interesting company, that their offerings amounted to thirty-nine and a quarter dollars, equal to £7 17; which, when added to those of the adults, made the day's collections \$18 15.

This amount was gratifying to the *Missionary*. He thinks the people did well. The district contains only nine hundred inhabitants. Some of course were kept from the meeting by sickness and other hinderances. But it is worthy of remark, that in Samoa, many who cannot attend the meetings, send their subscriptions by those who are going. The number of church members is perhaps about forty-five; probably no one gave more than a dollar, or four shillings, but we had only one copper. The district is only a secondary one of the *Missionary*, whose house is 16 miles from it, and who can only pay the people a visit now and then.

Samoa, August 18th, 1855.

G. S.

## RIMATARA.

THERE are in the great desert of Africa places called Oases. They are small green spots, where are to be found solitary springs of water, around which palm-trees spring up, which supply travellers with fruit and shade in that barren, weary waste. These oases are like islands in a sea of sand. Now, in the South Seas there are no dry deserts, but there is a wide waste of waters, with numerous islands, some of them very small. If you were to stand upon one of these and look abroad, you would see nothing but sea and sky all around you. But these islands are truly called gems of ocean, for they are clothed with trees, some, like the cocoa-nut, with graceful plumes gently bending to the breeze, and others, like the bread-fruit, with bright, broad leaves, which yield shade and food to the inhabitants.

But here hideous idols were worshipped, human sacrifices were offered, and all kinds of cruelty and wickedness were practised.

I do not now intend, however, to tell you of such practices. I will, instead, give you an account of what I saw and heard at one of the smallest of these islands—one where the idols had been abolished, and where the Bible was read and loved.

The name of the island is Rimatara (pronounced Rimar-tar-ra). It is the smallest of the Austral group, and only about six or seven miles around—a mere speck in the wide waste of waters.

We went to it on the missionary ship "John Williams;" and about noon one bright day, we saw from her deck a few tufts of cocoa-nut trees rising above the horizon, as if they were growing out of the sea. They were about fifteen miles from us. As we drew nearer, other trees

of lower growth appeared, and soon we had a full view of Rimatara.

It was surrounded by a rim of coral sand, which glistened in the sun like silver. Adjoining the sand rose the coral reef, over which the heavy waves were bursting and scattering their foam very grandly. There was a small schooner belonging to the island sailing about near the shore. She was built and owned by the king. But as there was no harbour in which she could cast anchor, whenever she returned from a voyage, the people were obliged either to pull her over the reef on to the sand, or, when the weather was fine, to sail her about on the sheltered side of the island, until she had taken on board her cargo of yams, arrow root, pigs and fowls, to carry them to be sold at Tahiti, which is nearly 500 miles distant.

As we drew near the island, the orders were given to "port the helm," to "brace up the head yards," and to "back the main-topsail." These orders the sailors obeyed; to *them* they were quite plain, though they will not be so to some of my young friends. Soon the "John Williams" turned her head slowly towards the wind. In this way she was stopped in her course. The whale-boat was then lowered, and we got into her. The sea at the time was rough; but the men pulled with all their strength; and, as we drew near to the snow-white sand, we saw the reef with the angry waves bursting over it between us and the shore. There was, however, an opening through the reef. Here the sea did not break so violently, and we rowed towards it. The natives crowded the beach to welcome us, and they waved white pieces of tapa, or native cloth, as a signal for us to venture in. But, as the captain feared lest the boat should be dashed in pieces, he ordered the seamen to rest on their oars. Just then a native relieved us from suspense. Throwing himself from the reef into

the foaming billows, he swam to us, diving through the larger waves, lest they should throw him back upon the reef. He, acting as our pilot, ordered the reamen to row, and the next moment we were riding upon the crest of a billow, and in another, the bottom of the boat was grinding upon the reef. We did not like the situation, but before another wave could reach us, we had been snatched from our seats by the natives, and they had carried us and boat safe to the dry sand.

There a neatly-dressed native, whose figure and features reminded me strongly of the lamented Missionary Williams, welcomed us to his island home. This was Tamaeva, the chief of the island. He invited us to his house; and, leading us by a footpath under the shade of large trees, from whose branches the birds sang merrily, and the flowers threw out sweet odours, in a quarter of an hour he brought us to an open space, where stood a chapel and school-house, surrounded by the plastered cottages of the natives.

Into one of these the chief led us; and, asking us to take our seats upon a sofa of his own making, he introduced to us the deacons and members of the church, who all bid us welcome to Rimatara. A homely table was before us, spread in the English style, while beds, with musquito curtains, were ready for us to sleep upon.

We found that Rimatara contained a population of only 250 persons, but that they were industrious and happy. No foreign Missionary had ever lived amongst them, yet they had a Christian church, and a sabbath and day-school under the management of a native teacher, who also had a class of candidates for admission into the church, as soon as the ship called there with a Missionary on board.

Not one of the natives had ever served an apprenticeship to any business; yet they had built two vessels, and had

made the wood and iron-work themselves, and had launched them over the reef for the purpose of carrying the produce of their islands to Tahiti. There was also another schooner of 100 tons on the stocks, which they were building to sell to foreigners.

As merchant-ships seldom called at this island, from the difficulty of landing, Tamaeva had directed the attention of the people to this method of improving their circumstances. The settlement was neat, surrounded by a forest, and the several houses stood among broad-leaved fruit trees.

The evening of the day of our landing on Rimatara was spent in making inquiries about the condition of the people, and in explaining portions of God's word to those who desired it, as well as in arranging the services and meetings which we were to hold with the people on the following days.

That same evening, the sky became black, and the wind changed suddenly. Soon it began to howl around our dwelling, while the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled through the heavens. All this made us anxious for the "John Williams," as she was lying off and on during the night: but then we remembered that she had a good and able captain and crew, and copper ropes leading from the top of the masts over the side to carry the lightning away; but the little native schooner had none of these, neither could she sail like the Missionary ship. I trembled, therefore, for the poor people on board, fearing that they would be driven away from the island, and then there was no place of refuge nearer than the Society Islands, which were four hundred miles away.

My anxiety on this point led to a conversation with Tamaeva, which, as it will give you some further knowledge of him and the people, I shall give you at length.

I asked him if he was not anxious for the people on the schooner.

He replied, "Not particularly so."

"What will they do in a night like this?"

"They will run to the lee side of the island, and sail about where it is calmest."

"But, to-night," I said, "it is rough all round the island, as the wind has been changing suddenly, and it will be very dangerous for them to come near the shore."

"True," he replied; "but, if they are driven from the island, they will run for the Society Islands, and get into one of the harbours of Raiatea."

"Have they a compass?"

"Yes."

"Have they any European on board who understands navigation?"

"Oh! no, they have no foreigner at all."

"And don't you feel anxious lest they should not find the island?"

"Not at all."

"Who sails your vessel to Tahiti?"

"I do myself."

"And are you sure of finding the island?"

"Yes," he replied; "I have a chart and a compass, and a book on Navigation, to tell me the sun's declination, and a quadrant to find the 'latitu' (latitude.)"

"And how do you manage to get to Tahiti?"

"I know," he answered, "the 'latitu' and 'lonitu' (longitude) of Tahiti, so I steer by compass a little to the eastward of Tahiti, because the wind comes from the eastward, and then at noon every day I look with my quadrant at the sun, and find my 'latitu,' and when I have got as far as the 'latitu' of Tahiti, sail west before the wind, and go right for it."

"And can you find your 'lonitu'?"

"Not well—for I have no 'nati' (watch, or chronometer), and then I am told that it is more difficult than the 'latitu.'"

"How did you gain all this knowledge?"

"By asking captains and mates of ships that have called here."

This conversation greatly surprised me, as no doubt it would many young friends. It showed me that a man who, twenty years before had been a savage, had, after receiving the Gospel, got so much knowledge as to build a schooner, rig her, and then navigate her himself, and all without having any charts or book on navigation in his own language; but, having been taught to read by the native teacher, and to do the few simpler rules of arithmetic, and also to make a few articles of furniture, he had, by inquiries, obtained this further knowledge. It all shows that Tamaeva is a remarkable man, and it shows too that the Gospel brings temporal as well as spiritual blessings to the people who embrace it truly.

But, to return to my narrative. The next morning the "John Williams" was seen to windward, nobly combating with the waves, but the little schooner was nearly out of sight, running for the Society Islands, where she arrived safely in the course of a few days.

Before leaving Rimatara, we met the children in the school-house, and examined them. They were found to have made very good progress in reading and writing, and they answered very readily easy questions in mental arithmetic.

We also examined some candidates for church membership, and as we believed them to be true Christians, they were admitted into the church, and on that small island we all met together around the Lord's table, to remember

His love who died for sinners. Tamaeva sat with us at that table, and it filled the heart of the Missionary with joy to think that the efforts of a native teacher, sent to a heathen island, should have produced such fruit. It had made the beautiful little Rimatara of the ocean, a land of men and women who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and who were preparing for a holier and happier world above.

After a few days, the people accompanied us to the shore with presents of native cloth and curiosities for ourselves, and with arrowroot that they had made for the Society, and, having placed these in the boat, which lay on the reef, and was washed by the foam of the spent breakers, we commended them to God, and took our seats in the boat. The natives then stood on each side of her, watching the opportunity to launch her. The word of command was no sooner given than the boat was afloat, and her crew were rowing safely over the billows towards the noble ship "John Williams," and we proceeded on our voyage.

Now is it not worth all your efforts to make so great a change for the better, as has taken place on Rimatara? I think I hear you answer "Yes." Do you not think then that we ought to do even more than we have done for those who are still heathens? To this question you will all answer "Yes."

Then do it, my young friends, and may God bless you with his grace in this great and good work!

J. B.

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## A VISIT TO THE TEMPLE AT SUNGNUM.

"SUNGNUM," perhaps some of our readers will say, wherever is that? I have never heard of it before." That is very likely, and were it not that a Christian Missionary



had visited it, you might never have heard of it in your lives. It is, however, a town in India, near the great wall of China, and a Missionary named Prochnow stopped there for a few days last year, while taking a difficult and tiresome journey. Here he found a large temple, and had much interesting conversation with one of the attendants; but we will let him tell his own story. He writes—

“A servant of the temple used to pass my tent once or twice a day on his way to and from the temple, and would come in and sit down with me. Almost every time he came he brought something for sale, such as manuscripts, praying-mills, and metal images of the gods. He always brought them as secretly as he could, so that no one saw what he had got. He would never fix a regular price upon the things, and said that I ought to consider it a great favour to be trusted with them, but that he knew I was a singularly good man, and would take great care of them. He was satisfied with what I gave him for the things, but would never think of being *paid* for the gods; at least, so he said, for the gods could not be *sold* for any sum of money in the world. But yet, when I did not offer him enough, he refused to take it until I gave him as much as he thought the images were worth. He is a very strange person, and often amuses us very much. One day he happened to look through the open door of my tent, and saw that the manuscripts, praying-mills, and gods, were lying about on the ground. I really thought he would have gone out of his senses. I could not think at first what was the matter, but he called me to him, and with great excitement he clasped his hands and swore that I should not let those holy things lie on the ground. He said that he had just seen my servant walk through the tent right in the midst of them; that it was a most horrible thing for any one to do, and that he was very

sorry he had ever sold me those things. In order to quiet him, I tied a string round the gods and the praying-mills, and hung them up in my tent, and asked him whether he was satisfied now. He shook his head, and evidently could not bear his gods being hung up, but still he thought that this was better than their lying on the ground. I now spoke to him seriously about the only way of salvation, and he listened very attentively; but whether my words made any impression I cannot tell. However, he seemed to think that he could trust me, and not a day passed without his coming two or even three times. He showed me all the clever things he could do; for example, he wrote upon paper in such a way, that the writing could not be seen until the paper was held near the fire or put into water. He showed me the outside and inside of the temple, and did not oblige me to take off my shoes when I went in, as other persons are expected to do. The temple is a very large one. All round the sides of one of the halls is a row of more than one hundred wooden praying-mills, each of them twelve or fifteen inches high, and six inches across. On the paper rolled up inside there is nothing but one short prayer of five words, "Um mani pad me hung," repeated over and over again. Every one who goes past gives the praying-mill a twirl with his finger, so as to turn the prayer round. Almost all the machines show plainly enough where the fingers of the worshippers have turned them, by the dirty marks left on them. In the first room of the temple several large and small metal idols were standing upon little altars. There were also three large figures of clay painted with glaring red and yellow colours, besides a number of old dirty clothes marks, &c. On the right and left are smaller rooms, where the praying-mills were turned by an old blind priest, who kept on continually muttering the prayer I have given above. At every turn

a little bell was sounded. There are no windows in the temple, but there is an opening in the roof, over which there is a round covering, in shape something like an umbrella. Thus very little light can enter, and the darkness causes a very strange appearance within. Everything is unspeakably filthy. In a small house near the temple there are some praying-machines which are turned by water, three together at one time. But the object that struck me most was the large painting in the temple. I could not help being reminded of some paintings which I had seen when a boy in some village churches in Germany, and on which were pictures of hell."

Dear readers, you know the true God; pity those who worship an unknown god. You know how to pray; pity those who only pray by machines. Pray and labour that they may throw their gods and praying-mills to the moles and the bats, or leave them to get more and more covered with dust and dirt in their deserted and decaying temples.

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### THE HALT AND THE BLIND.

Not long ago, a large band of cruel and savage warriors in South Africa set out to rob and murder their weaker neighbours. Whenever they went to a quiet and peaceable village, they set it on fire and killed or drove away all the inhabitants. But from one of these villages, the whole population escaped, except two men. One of these was blind; the other was lame. Their friends had left them behind, because no one had thought it worth while to take any trouble in helping them to escape. There were the poor creatures far away from any one to help them, in a country almost as barren as a desert, in danger of being starved to death. As their huts were almost close to each other, both of them began to complain of their hard fate.

"I only wish I could see," said the blind man, "then I would soon be off and search for food: but as I am blind, I shall be obliged to stop here and die of hunger."

"I can see very well," said the lame man; "but I cannot walk, and so I too must stop here and starve."

"Stop," said the blind man; "how would it do if I were to carry you on my back? My feet would then serve for you, and your eyes would serve for me, and we could go out and search for food till we found some." After a little difficulty they decided to adopt this plan.

The blind man took the lame man upon his back and walked along the road over the plain. It was a long and wearisome march; no hut or village was in sight; the blind man was very tired with his heavy load, and both were weak and ready to drop to the ground for want of food. At last the lame man saw, a little way off, part of the body of an antelope, which a lion had killed but only half eaten. They hurried on, eager for the feast they were expecting; but they had hardly reached the body, when they began to quarrel about whom the food belonged to.

"It belongs to *me*," said the lame man; "I saw it, and without my eyes you would never have found it."

"No," said the blind man, "it belongs to *me*, my feet carried me here; without them you would never have got here." Just then, a number of wandering Bechuanas passed by, and, hearing that a quarrel was taking place, asked what was the matter. When they were told, they said, "Both of you deserve to suffer hunger. Why are you not contented with dividing the food? Does it not belong to both of you? Are not each of you indebted to the other? What fools you are to quarrel about it."

They followed this advice, and divided the food. The Bechuanas then took care of them till they reached a village where they found the means of saving their lives.

What selfish beings the heathens are! How few of them care for each other! Hence it is that these dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty, where men are hateful, and hating one another. But what a change the Gospel makes! When the words and the spirit of the loving Saviour enter the heart of a heathen, he becomes a new creature, loving others, caring for their happiness, and labouring for their salvation. Then they become "eyes to the blind," and "feet to the lame," showing them the way of peace, and leading them therein.

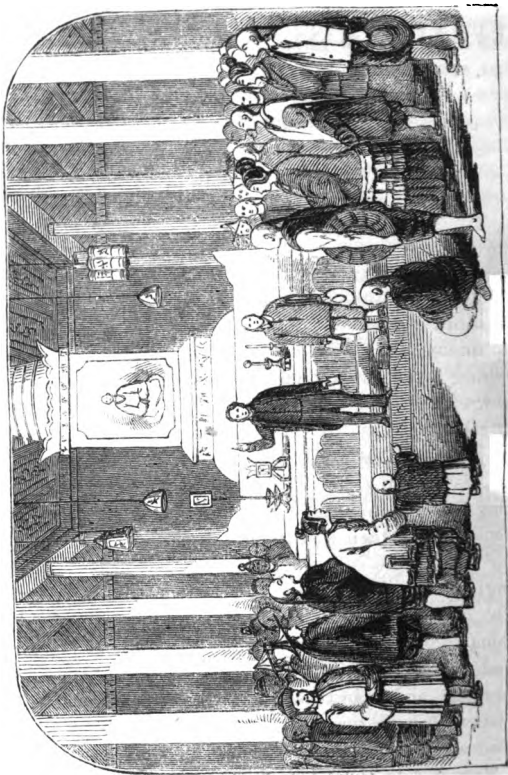


### RAILWAYS IN INDIA.

TRANSLATION OF A PIECE COMPOSED BY A NATIVE.

QUIX over the ground, with a rumbling sound,  
The machine ship rushes fast,  
Its wheels 'scape the eyes; it is wingless, yet flies  
Right straight in the teeth of the blast.  
All the boys in the town run to see it pass down,  
The half-cooked rice is all black;  
At the noise how they run, boys and girls every one,  
And the house-work goes to wrack.  
Their children are thrust all into the dust,  
Their hair is all unbound,  
"It is come! It is come!" and who'll stop at home?  
As the word in the house goes round.  
See the smoke arise; like the wind it flies,  
Yet windless it runs alone;  
Men of eighty and all, grasp their sticks and crawl  
To look; but the car is flown,  
In the road there's a gate, and a porter whose state  
Is increased by his turban red;  
With white flag in hand, he's exceedingly grand,  
And the children skulk in dread.  
'Tis the Company's reign, and o'er India's plain,  
A wondrous vessel sails.  
Run, run, and behold the Sahib's wisdom untold,  
He has made a road of rails.





*Scene in a Hindoo Temple.*

**THE**  
**JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.**

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**SEPTEMBER, 1856.**

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**PREACHING IN CHINA.**

IN many lands, and even in some places in our own, it is not an easy thing to draw people within the sound of the Gospel. Pride, prejudice, superstition, and other causes, work together with the dislike which the unconverted feel to the religion of the Bible in keeping them at a distance from those who make known its holy and humbling truths. But this is not the case in China. There thousands and millions are ready to *hear*, at least, the wonderful things which the Missionary wishes to tell them. And it is a rare thing for him to want a congregation, if he lets the people know when and where he is going to preach. Nor is this the case merely in the five ports where English teachers are allowed to dwell. As they can now travel hundreds of miles into the interior of China, and can deliver their message without fear or hindrance in every town and village through which they pass, and as in those places they can easily collect a large congregation, they have opportunities of doing good which are scarcely to be found elsewhere.

Now of this, the Frontispiece presents a fit illustration. It is a true representation of what has often

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taken place in the cities of China. Picture, then, to yourself a Missionary going for the first time into one of those cities. As he passes through the streets, thousands crowd around him, wondering whence he came, and what has brought him thither. He tells some of the chief men his errand, and asks them to take him to a public place where he can make it known more fully. By the authority of a Mandarin, or by a small payment to a priest, he is led to one of their great temples, and told that he may speak there to the people. He enters—a gaping, noisy, wondering crowd pressing around and behind him. The first object that meets his eye is a large idol, raised high above the floor of the building, that all who are there may see and worship it. Towards this idol the Missionary at once proceeds. He does more. He walks up the steps which leads to the pedestal upon which it stands. He takes his station either by the side, or under the shadow of the vain thing which the multitude before him worship as their God. What a sight is this! There stands the servant of the Most High about to pronounce His name, and deliver His message in the presence of the idol and in the midst of idolaters. He asks for silence. At once the clamour of the crowd is hushed. All eyes are fixed upon the stranger; all ears are open to his words. He tells them who he is, and why he has come to their city. He speaks of the great God—the Creator, Preserver and Friend, of all men,—whom, in far distant ages, their fathers called Shang-te, “the ruler of heaven,” and whom they worshipped as Lord over all. He calls upon them to give unto Him the glory which is due unto His name, and

points out the folly and the wickedness of serving other gods. He reasons with them of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come; but chiefly does he speak about Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of men; about His glory, His grace, His atoning sacrifice, and His great salvation. He calls upon them to repent, to believe the Gospel, to be reconciled to God, and to obtain life eternal.

And how do the people act while the Missionary is bringing these strange things to their ears? Do they deny, dispute, reject his statements? Do they show their dislike to the man and to his message? Nothing of the kind. They listen, not only in silence, but with respect. And when he stops, one or more of them will address him as "venerable father," or teacher, and will ask some question, or propose some difficulty, or perhaps express approval of what has been said.

Nor are the congregations collected on those occasions a mere crowd of the idle and the poor. All classes come together to hear what the foreigner has to say. As in the Frontispiece, the proud and gayly dressed Mandarin; the humble and half-clad labourer; the poor woman with her cramped feet, and many besides, will stand side by side, and show a common interest in what they hear.

But at these visits, the work of the Missionary does not end with preaching. Although, as you know, there are different *spoken* dialects in China, there is but one *written* language, and as there are few Chinese who cannot read, the Christian visitor carries with him a good supply of portions of God's Word and of religious tracts. These he gives away after his addresses; and

if you were to see the people pressing towards him, stretching out their hands, crying, struggling, almost fighting for a book, you would not want any clearer proof that China was open to the Gospel, nor any stronger reason why all who love that Gospel should do their very utmost to send it to those who are so ready to receive it.

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### DEPARTURE OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

OUR last number was in the press when the Missionary Ship sailed once more for those far-off lands where thousands are waiting to welcome her, and where her arrival will give more joy to the Missionaries, and to those amongst whom they dwell, than the coming of a fleet laden with gems or gold. We could not, therefore, inform our readers of her departure until now. Many of them, no doubt, will have heard of this before they read these pages. Yet we are sure they will be glad to receive some further particulars of an event in which they are so much interested, and towards which so many of them have given of their time and their money.

So nobly did the young answer the appeal made to them, that the Directors were able to provide every thing necessary for the repairs and outfit of the ship, so that when she was finished those who understood such matters declared that she was almost as good as new. And certainly she looked so. Thus thought numbers, young and old, who went to see her while she lay in the Docks. All, therefore, were pleased with her appearance, and not a few of our young friends who had given or collected money to pay for putting her into so good a state, looked more than pleased—

they seemed as if they were even a little proud that they had a share in such a noble vessel.

On some former occasions, a steamer with the Missionaries and their friends went down to Gravesend to see her weigh anchor, hoist sail, and begin her long voyage. But on the present occasion, and for reasons which need not be explained, this was not done. There was, however, an interesting service held at the London Mission House on the evening before she departed, to commend her captain, the Missionaries, and others who were about to sail in her, to the grace and care of God. As it was known that she would leave the West India Docks on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 22nd July, many came to see her depart, and to say farewell to those who were going in her. The day was bright, and although there were some sad hearts and tearful eyes, pleasure and gratitude were the prevailing feelings of all present.

The passengers were the Rev. W. B. Philip and Mrs. Philip, who, with three children of Missionaries in South Africa, were going to Cape Town; the Rev. John Barff and Mrs. Barff; the Rev. G. N. Gordon and Mrs. Gordon; Miss Geddie, Miss Darling, "Isaia," and others who were departing for the South Seas. Altogether there were fifteen passengers on board.

The confusion and noise, which could not be prevented while the ship was hauled out of the docks, made it impossible to hold any religious service on board. But in the midst of all this bustle, there was one scene which we wish our readers could have witnessed. When the "John Williams" came to England last year, amongst her crew there were five natives of the Hervey Islands. As these men had conducted themselves remarkably well during the voyage, as they had worked hard and pleased the captain, it was resolved to take care of them until she sailed again. They

therefore remained in the ship through the winter, and helped to repair and clean her; and so good was their conduct all this time that it attracted the notice of the officers and others belonging to the docks, who had frequent opportunities of observing them. Unlike most *English* sailors, these natives of once savage lands were never seen intoxicated nor quarrelling, nor breaking the Sabbath. On the contrary, they often met together to read the Word of God and pray; they had great pleasure in visiting Sunday Schools, and when a Missionary went with them who could interpret what they said, they gladly addressed the children. Some of our readers may have heard one of them make an excellent speech at the Missionary Meeting held in Finsbury Chapel last May. Now as these worthy natives were not at the Mission House when the Directors took farewell of the Missionaries, for if they had been there, they could not have understood what was said, Mr. Gill, who speaks their language, got them together as the ship was leaving the docks, for the purpose of giving them some kind parting advice. The place where they met was a small cabin in the fore part of the vessel; there they were, one sitting upon a barrel, another upon a coil of rope, while a third leaned against the rough timbers, and the others rested upon a pile of potatoes and cabbages just laid in for their use. Had you seen their bright eyes fixed upon the Missionary while he was addressing them, and every expression on their faces showing the interest they felt in what he said, you would never have forgotten it. Their countenances would have convinced you, had you not known the fact from the testimony of others, that these were thoughtful, serious, Christian men. It was pleasant to meet with such proofs of what the Gospel has done for the heathen, and especially to remember that there are thousands more like them in the islands of Polynesia. We

must now leave Isaia to describe what took place after the ship had left the docks. The following letter from him was addressed to Mr. Gill, and will be read with peculiar interest by those who knew the writer.

"Off Deal, July 24, 1856.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—As I look towards the land from the ship, my love towards you is beyond all measure. We cast anchor off Gravesend on Tuesday evening, and at 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning we went down the river as far as Ramsgate, where we again stopped. On Thursday morning, 2 o'clock, we again set sail, the wind was strong, and we soon lost sight of the land; and now, because of the unfavourable wind, we are going towards France. Some of the friends on board the ship continue well, but some are very bad. Mrs. Barff is very ill indeed; and the Mr. and Mrs. —, Missionaries for "Tana," are as though they were dead. Poor things! they cannot eat any thing, and as there is none to help, and I am well, I am doing all I can to assist those who are so ill.

My dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Gill, I am constantly thinking about you. Where are you now—just now? my compassion is very great—when shall I see you again? I will pray to God to be your guide and friend at all times. Do not forget to tell my love to all my friends. Blessings on you for ever! Amen!

"To Misi Gilo.

"ISAIA PAPERIA."

It may be some time before we hear again of the ship; but we trust our readers will often send up the prayer to Him who is "the God of the sea and of the dry land," that He will continue to give the winds and the waves charge concerning her, and to prosper her voyage.

## YOUTHFUL HINDOO CONVERTS.

It is pleasant to multiply proofs of the power of the Gospel amongst the heathen, and particularly amongst the young. The following cases will, we trust, lead our youthful readers more than ever to love the religion of Jesus, and labour to make it known to others.

The first instance is thus described by an excellent Missionary in Burdwan :—

“One or two of our converts,” he writes, “have lately had to pass through very severe trials, but we have to thank God that they have been faithful, and have not dishonoured their profession. The name of one of these is Paul. His father and brothers have come several times to the Mission House in order to draw him away, but for a long time he would not even listen to anything they had to say. One day, however, just as he was going into the school, they came up to him, and began to talk about his mother, who was ill, and said she wanted very much to see him just once more. They begged him therefore to go with them, and at last he agreed to do so. He accompanied them to the house of a friend in the town, but no sooner had they got him within their power than they seized him and hurried him away to his home, which was twenty-two miles distant. Effectually to prevent his getting back to the Missionary, they took away his clothes. As soon as he got home he found that he should be obliged to do one of two things: either deny the Saviour whom he loved, or contrive to escape. He determined to do the latter; and accordingly started early one morning, and hurried on all day till the evening. He then felt so tired that he was forced to lie down and rest at a place only a few miles from Burdwan. But all on a sudden, his elder brother came right upon him, and several other persons

followed soon after ; even his aged mother had set out on the road to try and find him. The poor boy, very much against his will, was again carried back to his home, and carefully watched. But he could not bear to remain there. He felt so unhappy that he tried a second time to escape, and started by a different road from the one he travelled on before, and was not overtaken. To my great joy he stepped cheerfully into my house again. He said he was very sorry that his friends had persuaded him to go with them, and asked forgiveness for doing so. Not long after this his father came, and made all sorts of promises to try and get his son to go with him, but it was of no use. A few weeks later, another relative visited him, and spoke very fair kind words to lead him away, but this attempt failed also. Once more, about six weeks after this, his father came again, with one of his brothers, not in the middle of the day but about nine o'clock at night, and asked to sleep with Paul. Paul came directly and told me what his father wanted. We prayed together for help from God, and then I went and told the father that he could sleep in his son's bedroom that night, but that Paul would come and sleep under my roof. This plan disappointed and displeased the old man very much, and in order to make his son change his mind, he said he would rather go right out into the dirty street and sleep there, than in his son's bedroom without him. Paul, however, remained firm, and his father and brother soon altered their tone and were glad enough to sleep in Paul's bed. Early in the morning they rose and went away. Thus his firmness was rewarded, and he was enabled to obey God rather than man."

At the same station there was a young Hindoo who was most cruelly treated by his own father, because he would not give up his faith in Christ. You shall hear his history in his own words.



"On the 27th December, 1854," he writes, "I went for a journey with Mr. Geidt and two converted Hindoo brethren, Thomas and Boigunda, to preach and teach the Gospel to the heathen. As I was returning, I wished very much to visit my parents, who I heard were ill. They were anxious to see me, and had solemnly promised that I should not be at all injured if I came to their house; and then too I was anxious to know whether my wife was willing to come to Burdwan. So I took leave of the Missionary, and went with the two natives, who were to help and protect me if possible, in case I was in danger. When I came to our village, I heard that my father was away from home, and as I was very anxious to see him, we stopped three days. Several persons visited us, and we preached the Gospel to them. As my father had not yet returned, we now thought of starting for Burdwan, but my eldest brother and some other persons shut me up in the house and drove the dear Christian brethren away. At last my father came home. I addressed him in a friendly manner, and asked him how he was. He answered very angrily, 'You have no business to ask me anything, for you are no longer my son, and have nothing to do with me.' He then struck me several times on the face. After this my mother, who treated me kindly, sent me with my youngest brother and another companion to the house of my brother-in-law at Gopaulnagore. Early the next morning, as soon as I had an opportunity, I ran away, for I very much wished to get to Burdwan, but my brother-in-law with some other persons pursued me and dragged me back to his house. When my father heard of this, he came, cut off my hair, and forced a Brahmin's cord around my neck, but I tore it away directly. At this he was extremely angry, and led me to his own house, where he gave me again several heavy blows. He then put another Brahmin's cord round my neck, and

this I did not tear off, so as not to get beaten again. Two days after this, four Christian brethren came from Burdwan to visit me; but I could only manage to speak to them from the verandah of the house. They asked me whether I remained faithful to Christ, and whether I was willing to return with them. I answered, 'I am not only ready to go with you, but even to lay down my life for Christ's sake.' At these words seven or eight persons pulled me back into the house, beat me, and shut me up. I now tore away the Brahmin's cord from my neck once more, and would not let it be replaced although several attempts were made. I felt very sorry that I could not find out what was done to the four Christian brethren during the tumult in the street. In the next night my father sent me away to a village called Jogoria, where I was kept prisoner for eight days. He then brought me back to his own house. Sometimes he beat me, at other times he sent some of his friends to try and persuade me to become a heathen again, and when I would not follow their advice they insulted me and treated me very badly; however, I did not trouble myself about that, but spoke to them about the Lord Jesus. A few days afterwards, a rich man, one of our relations, came and told me boldly that I must give up Christianity, and stop with my father. When I said I could not, my father and my eldest brother again began beating me with sticks, and kicking me, and striking my face. The next plan they tried was to hang me up head downwards, to tie my hands and feet with ropes, and then beat my elbows and knees with a hammer. But I suffered all this patiently; I prayed for them to the Lord Jesus, and He gave me strength to bear this pain without murmuring. But my patience only made them more angry, and they actually talked of driving nails through my hands and feet, to make me lame: but a friend snatched the nails from their hands and set me free

for this day from any more persecution. A few days later an officer came from Joypeu and asked me, 'Is your name Horinaraian Chokerabutty?' I answered, 'Yes.' He then said, 'The Missionary of Burdwan has written to the magistrates of Bancoorah to ask them to send for you; so I have come to set you free, if you would like to go with me.' I replied, 'I am quite ready to go.' A little hope of safety began to dawn upon my mind; but soon that hope was all gone, for the officer allowed himself to be bribed by my father, and I was obliged to remain a prisoner. I was once more beaten by my father so cruelly that I had a terrible wound on my forehead, and suffered very great pain. While I was in the midst of this suffering, another police officer came from Bancoorah to set me free. We started, and at nightfall reached a place called Bolgooma, where my feet were put in the stocks, as though I were a thief. The next day I went to the magistrate, who treated me very kindly. He asked me a great many questions, and punished the officer who had been bribed. On the next day he sent me with a companion to Burdwan. I am not sorry I suffered so much; I rather praise God for the pity and love He has shown me during this trial."

How beautiful, though sad, this story is! What a noble Christian! What a real hero this youth was! Let us glorify God in such cases, and labour more than ever to increase their number!



### THE YOUNG MISSIONARY.

As the dear individual referred to in the following pages was well known to many of the readers of this little magazine, it is hoped that a short account of her life and her efforts to do good to the souls of those around her, par-

ticularly to the school-children, will prove acceptable; and perhaps it may be the more so, by its recalling to their remembrance the happy death of her youngest sister, Catherine Jane Cox, a notice of which appeared in the November number of this journal in 1853. As "*thinking of Jesus*" made Catherine happy, so *living unto Jesus* and *working* for Him made her sister happy. So blessed are the influences of religion, my dear young friends, that by yielding yourselves to them, you are preparing your souls either for a happy life—a long illness as in Catherine's case—or an almost sudden death like that of Elizabeth's, whichever it may please the Lord to appoint.

Sarah Elizabeth Cox was the eldest daughter of the Rev. John Cox, of the Trevandrum Mission. She was born October 28, 1838. As a child she was quiet and thoughtful. She did not take much pleasure in the usual amusements of little girls, but was fond of her books, and was able to read in the Bible when she was five years of age. About six or seven she changed, and became extremely lively and playful. The beginning of the year 1847, Elizabeth and her sister Annie were sent to England, where they went to that good school established for Missionary daughters at Walthamstow. Here she remained until her mamma went to England, and placed her under the care of Miss Eisdell, who took great pains to lead Elizabeth's mind to think seriously on the subject of religion; but, not appearing to succeed, this lady observed, "that she thought Elizabeth must have some great affliction to bring her to God."

Late in 1851, Elizabeth and her mamma left England, and reached Trevandrum on the last day of that year. Eight months after, Mr. Cox became very seriously ill, when Elizabeth called to remembrance a remark made by the lady before mentioned; and, in a letter she afterwards

wrote to her, she says, "I reflected on what you said respecting me, and when I saw dear papa was so very ill, I thought God was going to take him away from us, in order that I should become pious. Then I prayed to God to spare him, and if He did I would give myself to God. How kind and gracious was He in listening to the supplication of such a sinner!"

Yes, she did keep her promise and give herself to God and although she was still very lively and playful, yet she was more serious, and became more interested in her morning and evening readings of the Holy Scriptures, and more attentive to secret prayer. She was desirous to assist her mamma in the girls' boarding-school; but, as she was so young, it was delayed for a year. She was then fifteen years of age, and with much delight, began by teaching the young natives different kinds of work in the week, and taking a class on the sabbath, when she spoke to them particularly about the concerns of their souls, and appointed a time when any one who wished to speak to her privately might do so. Many went to her, and received such advice regarding their little troubles, and the more important affairs of religion, as led two or three of the girls to form prayer meetings in the school for their mutual good. These are still kept up. If either of the girls did what was wrong, she grieved much for her, and talked very seriously to her. As Elizabeth's mamma's health became so bad as to prevent her from taking any classes, or attending to the girls' behaviour, Elizabeth's authority over them increased, and this she exercised so well, that while she required their obedience, she was so kind to them that they all loved her greatly. When she returned from England, she did not know a word of Malayalam; but she soon learnt it so as to understand and speak it with *great ease*.

She taught a few of the boys, and many of the girls to sing several pretty English hymn tunes: she also led the singing in chapel—this is now done by some of her former pupils.

She possessed great spirit and energy of character, which she showed in everything she undertook, and difficulties had no effect in discouraging her, for generally she soon found out some plan of overcoming them, as the following will show.

She was very anxious to enlarge the minds of those about her, and not having suitable books in their own tongue, she would sometimes translate from the English, sometimes point to the rainbow, or to some exquisite flower or insect, thus trying to lead their thoughts from nature to the great Creator. She herself mounted two large English maps, expecting much pleasure in teaching the girls from them, but that was not granted to her. Elizabeth felt much for the slaves in the neighbourhood, and during her morning rides she would sometimes find out poor destitute objects, and give them relief. There was especially one sick neglected man she visited several times, and got her papa to go and talk to him on the subject of religion; for she longed for the time when they all would be brought under the power of the Gospel.

To show that Elizabeth thought much about the concerns of her own soul, a few quotations will be made from her private journal of daily events, which she never allowed any one to see.

“August 25, 1854.” In reference to Mr. Scitches’ sudden removal, she writes, “Oh, what a warning to us to be prepared! May I, O Lord, be ready whenever thou callest me.

“October 8. Had the Lord’s supper at Neyathankarey Chapel: how delightful it is to join with God’s people in

partaking of it ! How kind Jesus was to die for us such a cruel death ; may I indeed love my Saviour who loved me so much, and may I try as much as is in my power to spread the Gospel to all around me !

"December 14. What a beautiful text for the morning, Psa. xxv. 10, 'All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.' How short I am in keeping them ; O Lord, I pray that thou wilt make them more precious to me. There is no other way as good as this is ; it is, indeed, full of mercy and truth. By following this path alone can we find happiness.

"December 17. How happy I am when I am alone thinking of Jesus and His blessed angels ; and I long to be in Heaven.

"December 19. What a dear precious Saviour I have : may I not leave Him ; but may I stick close to Him !

"December 31. What a happy day this has been ; papa baptized twenty-three adults and six children. We had the Lord's supper in the evening, fifteen new joined ; O may they shine as stars in the dark ! O God, pray keep their hearts from evil. What a pleasing thing it is to see so many sitting down at the Lord's Supper ! May His Gospel spread, and may many people be brought to the light. This last year I joined myself to God's people, April 9th. What a delightful thing communion with God is : Mr. and Mrs. Whitehouse joined with us in the Lord's Supper ; how pleasant it is to have them as sister and brother in Christ. They are the first Europeans I have taken the Lord's Supper with, besides my parents.

"1855. January 1. May I be better this year than the last, and think more of the precious time God has given me.

"February 2." Referring to an illness she had, she says, "The pain I have had is nothing compared with the sufferings my dear Saviour bore for me."

‘How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,  
Which He drank quite up that sinners might live;  
His way was much rougher and darker than mine:  
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?’

“March 11. How I should like to spend a sabbath in Heaven. O, how delightful it is; too good for mortal mind to think on. May I be one of the favoured ones of God!

“March 29. Oh, I wish I thirsted more for heavenly things.

“August 28. Dearest Ethy’s birthday. How years pass on, showing that I must be prepared, for the day of my death is coming nearer and nearer.

“September 9. Sunday. May I give myself wholly to God, and may my wishes be to follow His paths, for ‘they are mercy and truth.’ Oh, Holy Father, create in me a meek and lowly heart.”

*(To be continued.)*

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## AN AFRICAN LION.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I wish to tell you a story about a lion. It is not, however, about that one out of whose jaws Mr. Moffat was so mercifully delivered; nor about that one which jumped into the Hottentot’s wagon, and to whom the driver gave such a ride down into the village, because he could not jump out again in consequence of the speed with which he was carried; nor about that one who visited Kolobeng, and gave Dr. Livingston, the native teacher, and the schoolmaster such a tremendous shaking, and then went back into the bush. But the lion about whom I am going to tell you is one from whose jaws a Hottentot was delivered, as though by an invisible power.



One day this man was strolling about quite carelessly, and so thoughtlessly, in the wilds of Africa, when all at once a lion came out of the bush, and pounced upon him. If you have seen a cat play with a mouse or a ball, you may form some idea of the manner in which at first this savage beast played with the Hottentot. It is very likely that he had had his breakfast, and was not hungry. He first tossed the man into the air, and caught him in his paws; then he let him crawl away a short distance, but when he was getting too far, he sprang after him, and having stretched him upon the ground, he leaped around him as in sport. As the Hottentot thought all this was but a game of play the lion was after, he began to strive and wrestled with the lion, hoping that he might be a match with him in the sport. But this did not please the king of the forest, for he immediately put his paw over the man's shoulder, and tore the skin off his back. After this, the Hottentot saw that his best chance of escape was to be quiet, and let the lion do with him what he pleased. After this, the creature stretched him upon the ground, lay upon him, watched all his movements, and now and then seemed to try his breathing to see whether he was dead or alive. This was a moment of dreadful danger. What could the poor Hottentot do? What do you think, dear children? He had never been to a Missionary station, and was therefore quite ignorant of the way of salvation; but, happily, he had heard that there was a great God who was able to deliver him; he therefore lifted up his heart to Him in prayer, and begged for deliverance out of the mouth of the lion. He did even more; if his life was spared he vowed that he would go to the first Missionary station, and would give himself up to God's service for ever. After offering this prayer, he lay very quiet, and hoped for an answer. In a short time the lion rose up, and quietly walked back to the

bush without doing him any more injury. As soon as he was gone, the Hottentot started to his feet, and giving thanks to the God who had heard his prayer, and who had rescued him from the jaws of death, went to a Missionary station, told the Missionary and his people about his wonderful deliverance, learned from them the way of salvation, and afterwards gave himself to the service of God. One of the Missionaries of the London Missionary Society heard this story, but it was so strange that he could scarcely believe it. But having occasion some time after to pass near the station, he paid it a visit, when he saw this very Hottentot, who, to convince him of the truth of his statement, took off his jacket and showed him the scars upon his back, while all the people bore testimony to his Christian character, and to the faithful manner in which he had performed his vows.

Now, my dear children, you have often heard and read of one who goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Do you inquire who is that? Ah, you know that is Satan who wishes to destroy us all. But you have heard also of that mighty Saviour who came to destroy the works of the devil, and to deliver us from the destroyer. Pray with all your heart to Him, as this Hottentot prayed, and Christ will set you free, and when you are able to praise his delivering mercy what can you do better than give yourselves to the service of God, and seek to tell the heathen what He has done for your souls?

I am, dear Children,  
Yours affectionately,

A FRIEND TO THE HEATHEN.



## THE CHRISTIAN DAUGHTER.

WE sometimes see in converts from heathenism more beautiful examples of Christian character than in many in our own highly favoured land. As an illustration of this, we give the following account of two girls in a Mission school at Benares. The Missionary, Mr. Leupolt, speaking of them, thus writes:—"I know two girls who have supported their mother, brother, and sisters, by working with their needle. One of these was named Moni. She came and asked my wife if she would let her earn something by making clothes for the children of the school. She used to sit near my study and work diligently from seven o'clock in the morning till half-past seven in the evening, without once stopping to take a regular meal. All she had was a few vegetables which she brought with her, and ate about noon. Once when I asked her why she kept on constantly working so many hours a day, and said that I was afraid she would forget what she had learned, she answered: 'Ah, my dear sir, my father has run away from us, and left my poor mother, myself, and my two sisters without any one to take care of them. My mother has grown up a heathen, and has been taught nothing; she cannot work with her needle, but I can, and while I work all day, I am able to support our family. When I go home in the evening, my mother has some food ready for me; and after a hard day's work, I have about a penny to spare, which I spend in oil for our lamp. Then after supper I take my New Testament and read it aloud to my mother and sisters. If you like, dear sir, to examine me, I hope you will find that I am not at all behind the other girls in the school.'"

What a noble girl! you are ready to say. Take a lesson from her, dear readers, in love to others and earnestness for your own good.

## A MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY THE REV. JOHN RAVEN.

To-day our youthful hearts rejoice;  
 Thy name, O Lord, we praise,  
 And in thy courts we raise our voice,  
 To celebrate thy ways.

Our fathers wept, and prayed, and toiled  
 To make thy Gospel known;  
 In faith and zeal they never fail'd,  
 And thou their work didst crown.

What joyful tidings have we heard  
 Of heathen turn'd to God,  
 And millions more are now prepared  
 To learn his blessed word.

From China's shores we hear a voice,  
 "O come and set us free!"  
 Whilst Afric's sons aloud rejoice  
 In Gospel liberty.

On India's strand the Saviour's name  
 Is preach'd with great success;  
 The Southern Islands learn his fame,  
 And praise redeeming grace.

Oh! may the sweet, the joyful sound  
 "Good will to men" now run,  
 And all the nations soon resound  
 "Thy Kingdom, Lord, is come!"

## CONTRIBUTIONS

TOWARDS THE

 REPAIRS AND OUTFIT OF THE MISSIONARY SHIP,  
 "JOHN WILLIAMS."

Mr. C. L. Bliss.....	0	5	0	Jane Sheerwood.....	0	4	6
Boys' Mission School.....	0	10	0	Sarah Sidwell.....	0	4	0
<i>Camberwell Green, Boys'</i>				Mary Ann Dean.....	0	3	7
Sunday School.....	1	15	6	Augusta Brown.....	0	3	1
<i>Dockhead.</i>				Emma Lester.....	0	3	0
Sunday School.....				M. A. and E. Taylor.....	0	2	8
Ann Stone.....	0	5	6	Master Bourne.....	0	10	0
Tamson Painter.....	0	5	0	Master C. Bourne.....	0	11	0
				Sophia Jones.....	0	3	8
				Aun Richards.....	0	1	0

Hannah Gingell .....	0	1	7
Caroline Everett .....	0	1	6
Fanny Jones .....	0	1	6
Susan Toone .....	0	1	0
Elizabeth Brookman .....	0	1	0
Eliza Brett .....	0	0	6

3*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.*

Hanover Chapel, Juvenile Society, additional .....	1	19	7
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#### Hawkstone Hall.

##### Sunday School.

Emily Goddard .....	0	3	0
Elizabeth Appleby .....	0	2	6
Mr. J. Steains .....	0	7	6
John Joel .....	0	2	0
Henry Down .....	0	2	0
Alfred Brown .....	0	2	6
Charles Rumney .....	0	1	6
Smaller Sums .....	0	1	11

1*l.* 2*s.* 11*d.*

#### Ship Yard.

##### Sunday School.

##### Collected by—

George Young .....	0	15	9
Margaret Young .....	0	6	0
Edward Smith .....	0	2	8
Mary Cozens .....	0	2	1
Charles Webb .....	0	1	10
Edward Evans .....	0	1	1
Lucy Mandy .....	0	1	0
Louisa G. Kelven .....	0	0	7

1*l.* 12*s.*

#### Tabernacle.

##### Catechetical School.

Harriet Goodrich .....	0	3	0
A. A. Weston .....	0	3	6
Mary A. Keely .....	0	4	3
Mary Carr .....	0	2	8
Ellen Humblett .....	0	5	6
Jane Knigh .....	0	7	0
Mary Wingrove .....	0	1	2
Mary Perkins .....	0	7	0
Emma Dunman .....	0	1	10
E. T. Lambert .....	0	10	0
S. Kirley .....	0	1	0
Maria Senior .....	0	9	6
Charlotte Shaw .....	0	10	0
Margaret Robertson .....	0	2	1
Esther Jones .....	0	1	9
Martha Wickens .....	0	5	3
E. Woodruff .....	0	2	3
John Morgan .....	0	2	4
Stephen Bithray .....	0	2	6
Frederick Sim .....	0	10	0
T. J. W. Pipe .....	0	5	0
Thomas Charles Hudson .....	0	6	6
W. Bourdon .....	0	5	0
H. R. Fairbank .....	0	1	0
William Smith .....	0	3	0
J. Kiddle .....	0	2	3
George Lambert .....	0	1	9
James Cocksedge .....	0	4	0
Sunday School, &c. ....	0	15	0

6*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.*

#### COUNTRY.

Bolton, Duke's Alley Sunday School .....	3	13	1
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Cirencester, by Master J. Hunter .....	0	3	9
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Crondall, Miss Kiddle's second card .....	0	10	0
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Edinburgh, Richmond Place Sabbath School .....	0	12	0
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#### Goatacre.

S. H. Read .....	0	4	6
A. C. Read .....	0	4	3
Sarah Eattell .....	0	2	0
Martha Eattell .....	0	2	0
Eliza Taylor .....	0	2	0
Ann Horsel .....	0	2	0

17*s.* 1*d.*

Lutterworth .....	7	1	0
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#### Manchester.

Knott Mill Sunday School .....	3	0	0
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#### Rusholme Road Sunday School.

Collection in School .....	4	0	0
12th class of girls .....	2	0	0
Oliver James .....	0	14	0
Elizabeth Clegg .....	0	10	0
Mary Garlick .....	0	10	0
Elizabeth and Mary Winkle .....	0	7	6
James W. Thompson .....	0	5	1
M. A. Borthwick .....	0	4	9
John Brown .....	0	4	0
Elizabeth M. Colebourn .....	0	2	6
Elizabeth Mothersill .....	0	2	6
James Kelsale .....	0	2	2
William Davies .....	0	2	0
Ann Powell .....	0	1	7
Lucy Bent .....	0	1	5
Smaller sums .....	0	1	1

9*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.*

Stokenchurch Sund. School .....	1	2	0
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#### Stratford (Essex).

Sunday School .....	2	10	1
Juvenile Missionary Meeting .....	2	10	8

5*l.* 0*s.* 9*d.*

Sardis, near Pontypool, by Sarah Jane Jones .....	0	5	0
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Sullam, Shetland .....	0	5	7
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Sutton Coldfield, by Miss C. Holbecke .....	0	10	0
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#### Wigan.

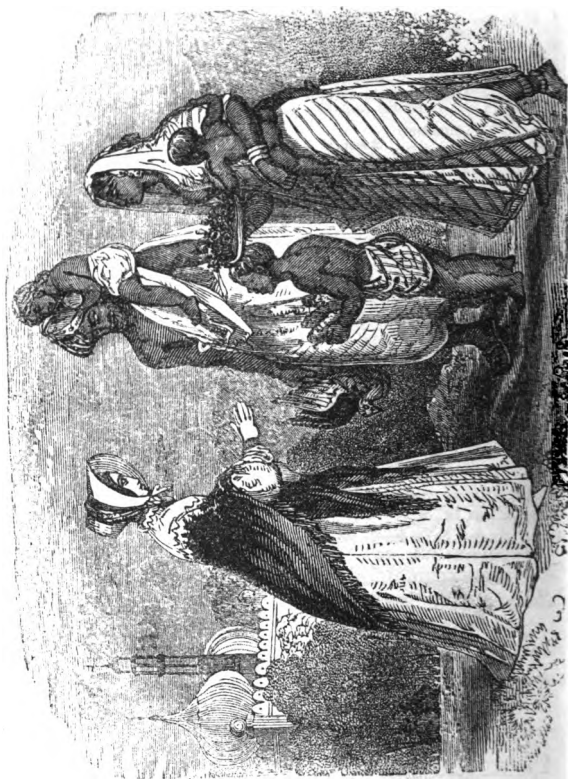
##### Hope Chapel.

Thomas Cockson .....	0	15	0
James Thomas Ashton .....	0	9	0
William Entwisle .....	0	6	6
George Pearson .....	0	3	6
William Miller .....	0	2	6

1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Wigston .....	1	0	0
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*Hindu Offerings to Idols.*

THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER, 1856.

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THE CHILDREN OF THE HEATHEN.

It is sad, very sad, to think how zealous the heathen are for their false religions and their foolish gods. The Bible truly describes their state, when it says that "they are mad upon their idols." In no country is this seen more plainly than in India. Many proofs of this have been given in these pages. But perhaps no one of these is more painful than the earnest desire shown by Hindoo parents to make their little ones believe the fables and worship the gods of Hindooism. For a striking illustration of this, we refer our readers to a paper in the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine," for April 1854, entitled "The Heathen Mother teaching her Child." But another affecting proof of this was some time since given by Mrs. Porter, who thus described what she had seen.

"I scarcely ever remember meeting a procession for idolatrous worship, that there was not a number of *children bearing some part* in it. On one occasion I met a man and woman, with three children, on their way to Amoor's temple. I asked them where they were going. They said, 'To make pooja,' or worship. I asked 'Why?' They said, 'One child had

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been sick; they did make vow, and were going to pray.' I said, 'Why, for such a *little* child?' They smiled and said, 'Why not?'

"The man carried in one hand a fowl, for sacrifice; and with the other, led a little boy, about six years old, who had in his hand three sweet potatoes. On his shoulder the man carried a little girl, about three years old, who had in her hand a cocoa nut. The woman carried a brass plate, with a little rice, some saffron, a little sugar, and some flowers. She had an infant, about twelve months old; and O, ye Christian mothers, think with compassion on this little one, who also had its sacrifice for the devil. *In its little hand it carried a plantain.* I asked, 'What is this for?' They replied, '*It is for sacrifice.*' They looked satisfied with themselves. They thought, by doing this, they should so far secure the favour of the demon, that no evil should befall them. Oh, how I longed to lead them to Him who is the friend, and not the foe, of our little ones: who, though the Mighty God, has said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Christian mothers, will you not teach your little ones to do something for the cause of Him who has died for them? If it is worth no more than a plantain, you may teach them, as did this heathen mother, '*It is for sacrifice.*' Endeavour to sow in their young warm hearts the seeds of benevolence, and teach them, as one of their earliest lessons, 'that it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Dear young friends, remember that but for the

blessed gospel, you might have had such parents, you might have been such children. What a great and a good work it is then to teach heathen fathers and mothers how to walk themselves, and how to lead their little ones in the way to heaven! And how rejoiced should we be to know that tens of thousands of the children of the heathen are now taught by Christian Missionaries in Christian schools. Many, very many of these have not merely "heard of heaven," but "learned the way." Can we then do enough to help on that cause which has been so honoured by God, and so blessed to men?

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#### MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

A FEW years ago there lived in India a native whose name was Mohun. He was a very zealous heathen pilgrim, and had visited all the temples of Western India. One day he made up his mind to leave his home and take a journey to Oude, the supposed birthplace of the god Rama. On his way he fell in with a man dressed like one of the religious beggars—a set of lazy people in India who pretend to be very religious, but live upon charity. This man told Mohun that his priest's house was only about a quarter of an hour's walk distant, and that a great many of the beggars were to meet there that day, and that whoever went to the place would gain very great merit from the gods. Upon hearing this, Mohun gave the beggar some money and a carpet, upon which he said, "You have been so very kind to me that I shall be happy to show you to the priest's house. It is not every one who is allowed to enter." The offer was accepted; the two walked on toge-

ther; and as evening was coming on they found themselves in a thick grove of trees. The first thing that Mohun noticed was a number of graves, very much like those made by the Thugs, who, you know, are a terrible band of robbers and murderers. This began to make him suspect that all was not right. Soon after this he saw about fifty powerful-looking fellows dressed like religious beggars, who said to his companion in the secret language of the Thugs, "Thuck sampat ram mire?" which means, "Have you met with any money?" Mohun understood what was said, and saw directly what sort of persons he had to deal with. He was, of course, very much frightened; for he knew that his life was in great danger. But still he did not dare to try to run away in the dark; for there was no village near. He would have been very glad to have slept far enough away from his companions; but they said that he should sleep in the tent in their midst. They then said their prayers to Kalee, their god, and thanked her in their secret language, that she had sent them a victim. But, as we have already told you, Mohun understood what they said, though they did not think so. As their unhappy victim was very cold, and had a bad headache, they pretended to be very kind to him, and made him some tea. When it was ready one of them gave it him to drink. But, while it was being made, he had found out, by their questions to one another, that there was poison in the tea. Of course he would not drink any, although they pressed him very much. About ten o'clock they got his bed ready, and he was obliged to lay down with his axe in his hand. He was in such a terrible fright that, although it was a cold night in December, and he was almost naked, the perspiration was streaming all over him. Before long he heard a sound, like some one digging among the trees, for about half an hour, and then a man entered the tent. As

soon as he stepped in, some one asked him, "Have you prepared the stranger's bed?" by which they meant his grave! Mohun now knew that his fate was fixed. On looking round he saw a man stepping quietly towards him; but, when only about three steps off, he called out, "Stop, or I will strike you to the ground." He then told them openly that he knew they were Thugs, and that he would very gladly give up all his money and clothes if they would only spare his life. He threw his purse and clothes to them; but fastened his girdle tighter round his waist, like a person preparing to fight, and, raising his axe, showed that he meant to defend himself. They called out, "Only have patience, we will soon take all that you have." He challenged them to come and take the money that he had thrown down. They tried to raise their courage high enough to seize him—one on each side; but they dared not do so. Then the order was given, "All of you seize him at once." Every one shrunk back and wished his neighbour to lead the attack; and thus God, in His mercy, kept them off. Poor Mohun now began to think of his sins, and that he should die without obtaining that salvation for the sake of which he had taken so many pilgrimages. For although he had done so because the Brahmins told him, he knew something of the true God, who alone can forgive sin. To Him, therefore, he now prayed silently in his distress, that his sins might be pardoned, and that he might be saved from death. Thus the night passed away, but no one slept. As the morning was dawning he heard at a distance the shouts of some carriers who were passing with their loads of merchandise; but he did not dare to call out or run away to them lest he should be murdered at once. At sunrise the murderers said, "Let us be quick now and make him cold." Mohun stood upright and listened attentively to what they said; but, while he was

looking in one direction, a Thug crept stealthily up on the other side. Mohun turned suddenly round and saw the silken cord—that terrible noose by which the murderers strangle their victims. He had only just time to raise his arm hastily before his neck to save his throat. The noose fell on his arm, was quickly drawn tight and cut his arm like a sword. Happily, when he was a young man, he had practised the use of the axe and the sword. At the moment, therefore, that he felt the noose he struck down his enemy, dashed through those who were opposite to him, drove back several on the right hand and the left, rushed out of the tent, sprang over a brook, and, for a moment, was free. Just as he was passing, however, one of the Thugs aimed a deadly blow at his head with a club tipped with iron; but Mohun escaped it, and the stroke fell on one of his companions. God, too, mercifully helped him in his leap over the brook; for he sprang across where the water was shallow and the bank was firm, while his enemies, mad with rage, followed him where the water was deeper and there was thick mud on the bank. While they were stumbling in this, Mohun ran off like the wind. When he was a good distance off he stopped and challenged them to follow; but they hurried back from him. He then went to the nearest officer of the peace and told him what had happened; but the officer only laughed at him when he asserted that the holy man and his companion were Thugs. Mohun went away, but threatened that he would complain of this treatment to the higher judge at Lucknow. This alarmed the officer; he sent after the man and had him brought back, and said, "If you will go back with me to the tent of these men I will get back all your property for you." But Mohun answered, "I will not go there again if you give me one hundred thousand rupees," (about ten thousand pounds). The officer now sent to the

robbers, got back all Mohun's property, and let him go in peace.

In this wonderful way did God save the life of Mohun. And you will be all glad to hear that he is now no longer trying to get to heaven by long and painful pilgrimages and penances, but is a true Christian engaged in preaching the Gospel to his ignorant countrymen. And how should you pity those wretched beings who suppose that their goddess is pleased with horrid murder? Pray for them, and do all you can to send to them the Gospel of Him who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.

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#### THE RAROTONGAN BOY.

MISSIONARIES are not the only persons who send home accounts of converted heathen. Many mere travellers, sailors, traders, and others, who have visited the stations at which those servants of God labour, have been struck with what they have seen; and some of them have published accounts of it. A book of this kind was printed in America about two years ago. It is called "Reef Rovings in the South Seas," and was written by a gentleman called Perkins. This book was not intended to describe the effects of Missionary labour, and although the writer speaks in a kind way of those labours, it does not appear that he felt as much interest in them as we trust our readers do; but in the course of the account he gives of his own voyages and adventures, facts are mentioned which show what God has been doing by the efforts of Missionaries among the heathen. The following is one of those facts.

In the course of his "Reef Rovings," Mr. Perkins took a voyage in a whaling vessel. On board that vessel there was a boy, a native of Rarotonga. At what time the little

fellow had left that island, and under what circumstances, we are not told, but when Mr. Perkins first saw him, a deadly disease was rapidly hurrying him to eternity. This disease, it appears, had begun its fearful work when the youth first came on board the ship; but he loved his island home, and hoped to land there before his eyes were closed in death. No doubt there were many at Rarotonga who would have nursed and comforted him, had he reached its shores; but God had ordered it otherwise. "Day by day," writes Mr. Perkins, "he continued to droop, until he could no longer sit upon deck to enjoy the bright sunshine, or watch the wild flight of the sea-bird; and soon he was carried below to his room never to leave it more. Whatever the ship could afford towards lessening the sufferings of the dying boy was freely bestowed, and through the short period of his illness, the captain and officers were constant in their attentions to him. I was almost always at his bed-side; and once, when nearly overcome by his feelings, he made me understand that he had a mother and a sister who were waiting for his return. I have seen him take from a small bag, which he usually kept near him, gifts of affection for his mother, a bunch of ribbons and beads for his sister, together with a few trifling presents for his friends, and after looking at them sorrowfully, place them back again with a sigh, while the tears stole down his wasted cheeks.

"But Henry had one source of consolation that lighted up the shadow of death, and that was his Bible, and a few tracts printed in his native tongue. When he was not reading them, they were always near him. In them he found a soothing balm that enabled him to endure his affliction patiently, discovering as he drank deeply from the fountain of living waters, new sources of spiritual enjoyment. I verily believe that no deathbed was ever hallowed

with a brighter faith than that of this poor boy. Hope grew brighter and brighter as he drew nearer to heaven, and he spoke with cheerfulness of the hour when it should please his Heavenly Father to relieve him from his sufferings. I have heard his feeble voice in prayer, and although to me in an unknown tongue, have bowed my head with reverence, and so has the hardy sailor watching at his bedside; for it was solemn, deeply solemn—the low converse of a spirit with its Creator. I wish that both the Christian and the infidel could have looked upon that bed of death; to the one, it would have been a bright example of faith, to the other, a solemn warning.

“About eight o’clock, the steward informed me that Henry was dying. I was at his bed-side in a moment, and saw at a glance that the destroying angel was there. Though speechless, he was sensible of my approach. His Bible was by his side, but he no longer needed its consolations, for he was already on the threshold of that house which he had seen by faith. Death came to him in his narrow room, where the rays of light through the cabin window shone faintly upon the bulkhead, and surrounded by seamen whose feeling hearts were touched with sympathy for his sufferings. I sat beside him, and raising his wasted arm, watched the last glimmerings of life, like a flame expiring in its socket, until, without a struggle or a groan, his soul returned to Him who gave it.

“The captain and mate were both deeply affected, especially the former; and he alluded briefly to many little incidents connected with Henry. He had often known him to forsake his amusements and retire to his chamber to pray. When told by the doctor that he could never again see his home, he wept bitterly, and begged so earnestly to accompany the captain on his present voyage that, for pity’s sake, he could not refuse.



"An hour after Henry's death, preparations were made for his funeral. His hands were crossed, and fastened together with spun yarn.

"No useless coffin inclosed his breast, but we wrapped him in his blanket, and carried him on deck to the carpenter's bench, where the crew were requested to take a last look before he was launched into the deep. The body was then sewed up in blankets, together with a quantity of ballast at the feet, and the whole securely lashed. The gangway was unshipped, and the body laid upon a plank in such a position that, when inclined, the feet should strike the water first. The captain, and first and second officers, stood near the gangway, the cooper and boat-steerers near the mainmast, and the crew were assembled on the opposite side of the gangway. The first and second officers were standing on either side of the body, and all were now ready for the final ceremony.

"The captain, who was too much affected to do so, requested me to read a chapter in the Testament. I selected such passages as I thought most suitable. The service being ended, there was a moment of silence, and I do not believe there was an eye without tears.

"'Let go there,' said the captain. The two officers shoved the plank a few feet beyond the gangway, quickly inclined it, and the body slid with a plunge into the water."

That a stranger boy, from an unknown home, should have been so loved and lamented by hardy sailors, is a beautiful proof of what Christianity has done and can do in lands where darkness once dwelt. But that the boy himself, the child, most probably, of cannibals, far from Missionary and Christian friends, should find such comfort from his Bible in a dying hour, and give such evidence of his faith and hope, still more fully proves the efficacy of the mighty Gospel.

## THE YOUNG MISSIONARY.

*(Concluded from p. 247.)*

THE foregoing is the last entry in Elizabeth's journal on the subject of religion. It was written only ten days before she was taken ill. Much more may be quoted of the same purport, and also to show how beautifully she recognised the hand of God in all her earthly enjoyments, but this is sufficient to prove that the bent of her mind was heavenward; and Miss E. Roberts, to whom she spoke freely on her own state, says, "she was every day growing more and more fit for heaven." This will appear from the following extracts from letters to Miss R :—

"Sometimes I feel very happy, sometimes very sad: when I think of heaven I feel happy; when about the earth and my sins, sad. I often think of heaven; what a delightful place it must be, and how happy those must be who go there, often I wish I was there; but I feel myself unworthy of such a place, because I have been very wicked. I have done those things that I ought not to have done, and left undone those things which I ought to have done."

At another time she wrote, July 15, 1855, "Jesus has been a sweet Saviour to me. I hope I can say, without hesitation, I am happy in Christ. It is a sweet privilege to be called one of His children—to have such a father."

The foregoing will prepare the minds of my young readers for the closing scene of her life.

Elizabeth, although very active and strong-looking, often suffered from pain in her side and nausea; but as it yielded to change of air and medicine, neither the doctor nor her parents thought seriously of it. Still it rendered her susceptible to cold, and during her early morning ride, September 19, a shower made her wet, which caused a pain in her limbs; remedies appeared to afford her relief, but

still she continued ailing, and daily had Dr. Reid's kind attentions; however, she would assist in putting away the school girls' work before their going home for the holidays, and did not in any way appear to be in a dangerous state. Mr. Cox; therefore, as his duties called him out in the villages seventeen miles distant, prepared to leave home on the night of the 27th, when he directed his daughter's mind to the benefit we ought to derive from our afflictions even though slight, and then took an affectionate leave of her, saying, "I pray that you may receive all the benefit of this sickness which our heavenly Father intends for you."

At two o'clock the next day, Friday, the 28th, Elizabeth and her mamma, according to previous arrangement, went to Dr. Reid's house. Elizabeth was carried to bed immediately on her arrival; next morning she seemed rather better, and no danger was apprehended until ten o'clock at night, when a distressing vomiting commenced, which no medicine would stop; everything was done for her which medical skill and Christian kindness could think of, but still the disease made rapid progress, and her father was sent for. During the night her mamma several times questioned her as to the state of her soul, saying, "Do you look to Jesus to save you?" Her answer was, "Yes." "Do you trust at all to anything you have done to save you?" "No; I have done very little, I wish I had done more; I might have done more." "Would you like to be in heaven with Jesus?" "Yes;" other questions of a similar nature were put, but she did not appear to understand that there was danger in her case. But as soon as her mamma knew that she could not live much longer, and she began to speak with difficulty, she said to her, "My dear, do you know that you are dying?" She answered, "Cannot Dr. Reid give me something?" "He has given you many things; but cannot stop the vomiting." She turned her

head aside, and wept for *half a minute*, and then said, "Who will help you, dear mamma?" (a most natural question, when she had been almost everything to her for many months past); her mamma's answer, that God would help her, seemed to satisfy her; and she took an affectionate leave of her. She then took leave individually of Doctor, Mrs., and Miss Reid, inviting them "to love Jesus, and meet her in heaven."

She next called the two young women who had been waiting on her and Mrs. Reid's ayah, and when they were arranged by her bedside she addressed the three, in Malayalam, in a louder and more distinct voice than she had spoken before, saying, "I am dying—love and seek Jesus Christ—meet me in heaven—and tell all the school children and others concerning this. I cannot talk much now!"

Mr. Cox had not arrived, but she supposing he had, and her vision having become bad, she called Dr. Reid to her as he entered the room, thinking it was her dearest papa, and took a most affecting farewell of him, expressing the confident hope that she would meet him in heaven. On being asked if she was *quite* happy in Jesus, she said, "Yes." She had now done with earthly things; but she continued saying something, or praying, for the few remaining minutes, for we heard her say, "Oh, the poor heathen!" and so calmly and beautifully did she die, that those present did not know when she breathed her last. Dr. Reid said he never saw so sweet a death before. Her dear papa came in soon after, and felt much his being too late to see her alive. The event took place six minutes to seven o'clock on Sabbath morning, September 30th, 1855. She entered this world on a Sabbath seventeen years before all but a month, and departed on one which to her will never end. Her funeral took place on the fol-

lowing morning, at the Mission burial-ground. The Rev. J. Abba, of Pareychaley, gave a suitable and excellent address on the occasion.

And now, my dear young friends, what do you think is the reason that Elizabeth was so calm on her deathbed? When she knew only a little more than an hour before that she was dangerously ill, indeed that she was actually *then dying*—why was it that she expressed no fear—no anxiety about the safety of her soul? for her only distress was at leaving her mamma without her assistance. She had no time then to repent of her sins and seek forgiveness through the Saviour; no, you must look back to her life and journal, and there you will see the question answered. The secret was, that she *had given* her heart unto the Lord—she had been serving Him—had enjoyed communion with Him—and was longing to be in His holy presence. Now let me solemnly ask, is such the case with you? Should death come now, or at midnight, are you prepared to go out to meet the Bridegroom? Are your lamps ready and burning, as was evidently the case with hers? Perhaps you will think, Oh it was an easy thing for her to be a Christian! But those who knew her best can testify to the contrary; she possessed a *very high spirit*, and it was a long time before she could bring it into subjection to the law of Christ; but by prayer and perseverance, united with Divine aid, she succeeded; and so can you, even in that or in any other difficulty which may present itself to you as an obstacle to your giving yourself—body, soul, and spirit—to the Lord, so delay not. Oh, let me entreat you, if you have not already done it, to defer no longer, “now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation;” to-morrow may not be your’s. Listen to Elizabeth’s invitation, with death full in view, “Meet me in heaven;” but this cannot be done unless you “love and seek Jesus Christ,” and

therefore she exhorts you to do this; and now, could she but speak from her heavenly throne, what would her language be? why, if possible, still more earnest than her dying words; for now she fully knows the glories and delights of that blessed state. And how dreadful it would be to go to the world of perdition! Then, oh be entreated to listen to her, and meet her in heaven.

To you, my little Christian friends, who have given your hearts to Jesus, this short narrative will be full of encouragement, and I trust improvement by leading you to look more to Jesus Christ, and to love and serve Him better; especially may this be shown in your endeavours to lead others to give themselves unto Him; and be assured you will not lose your reward, the seed sown *will* bring forth fruit, although you may not live to see it; such is the case with your young friend Elizabeth, as shown in some cases brought to my notice since her death, and also, it is seen in the improvement of some of the girls who were formerly under her care; and so it will be with you, though now you may be cast down by discouragements: but, "be not weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not," Gal. vi. 9. And, whilst ever keeping this in view, may you be scrupulously careful to seek the advance of your *own souls* in holiness and preparedness for the abode of bliss, that we may all "meet in heaven," is the earnest prayer of your friend,

S. D. C.

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THE DAYS OF DARKNESS.

*To the Readers of the Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

Tamarua, Mangaia, South Pacific,

Nov. 20, 1855.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—One beautiful Sabbath morning, a short time ago, when going leisurely to Ivirua in order

to preach, I overtook a pious native, who accompanied me to the village. While I was asking him to give me some account of his youth and early manhood before Davida, the first native teacher, was landed here by the martyr Williams, we came within sight of a noble grove of cocoa-nut trees. To these he directed my attention, and said, "There my uncle was killed in the dark days of heathenism." He then went on to say that, shortly before Mr. Williams visited these shores, a battle was fought, in which the tribe to which my companion belongs was utterly defeated. To save their lives, the miserable creatures fled for refuge to the almost inaccessible rocks and caverns which abound in this island, but they were followed and were daily hunted down for slaughter. According to a very old custom, peace could not be proclaimed until a *human* sacrifice had been made to Rongo, the Mangaian god of war. But it appears that on this occasion the victors were a little perplexed how to get a victim in every respect suitable. Hearing, however, that a party of the conquered had gone to Ivirua to catch flying-fish, they determined to lurk about in the bushes until they came back. The spot selected for the purpose was the grove of cocoa-nut trees to which I have alluded, and as it was overgrown with brush-wood it was well suited to their purpose. When at length the party were seen coming along the narrow pathway laden with fish, those who lurked in the bushes, having first marked their victim, rushed out upon him with a furious yell, brandishing their spears. The struggle was long and obstinate, but at length the poor fellow stumbled into a hole, when a spear was thrust through his body, and he was carried between two men to the great marae sacred to Rongo. On arriving there the wounded man was still alive, and as he was suffering very much, he begged them to put him out of his misery, when one of them immediately

dashed out his brains with a club. The body was then solemnly dedicated to Rongo, idolatrous services were performed, and peace was proclaimed.

How true are the words of Holy Writ; "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty!"

My dear young friends, how much, even of *this* world's good, do we owe to the Bible! It has the promise of the "life that now is," as well as of "that which is to come." Let me entreat you in early life to embrace its truths, and to devote all your energies to the spread of the Saviour's name throughout the world.

WILLIAM WYATT GILL.

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### THE INDIAN TIGER.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Last month I told you about a lion. Let me now tell you about a tiger. India is the land where this animal abounds. At a station up the country, there is a very large place called a military cantonment. Here large barracks are built for the soldiers, and houses in rows for the officers and other European inhabitants. I was at one of these stations once, when a couple of strange visitors called in upon us. Who do you think they were? why! no other than two fierce tigers who had wandered out of their native jungle. In passing through the cantonment, you may suppose many people were very much frightened, and one child was nearly killed by the savage creatures. But as soon as the Dragoons heard about these intruders, twelve of them mounted their horses, and, with an officer at their head, away they went in pursuit of them. In a little while they came upon one of them lying in a garden, and apparently enjoying himself while taking his ease. They drew up in line before him, and all fired at the same moment. I cannot say whether it was owing to the number of bullets that entered the tiger at once, or whether the animal was just then on



the spring, but such was the tremendous violence with which he leaped from the ground, that he went right over the heads of the soldiers, and fell dead on the other side. His carcass was placed upon a cart, and taken round the cantonment to be shown to the inhabitants. You will perceive from this, that, in the cantonment, we are not so far from the jungle as you would imagine; but this is not the story to which I referred.

It was in this same cantonment, on a Sabbath morning, and in beautiful weather, that an English officer called to his horsekeeper, "Ramasamie, get ready the horses; we shall go to the jungle to-day to shoot tigers." The horsekeeper obeyed his master's order, and while many went to the house of God, they galloped to the jungle to rouse the wild beasts. After leaving the horses in a place of safety, they took the guns with them and sallied forth, and, ranging about the bush, soon succeeded in rousing a tiger. Both of them fired at the animal, but missed their aim. In a moment the tiger, full of ferocity, turned upon his pursuers, and laid hold upon the horsekeeper. The officer, who had climbed up into a tree, loaded his gun, and was getting down to fire at the tiger, when the animal, leaving the horsekeeper to escape, pounced upon the officer and tore him to pieces. I saw his funeral the day after, as it went to the churchyard, and deeply sympathised with his widow as she mourned her loss. Do you, dear children, know what is the fourth commandment? Is it not "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?" Was that officer attending to that command? Instead of going out to the jungle to shoot tigers, where should he have been? Should he not have been in church or chapel worshipping God, and showing a regard to His day? Most certainly. But instead of doing that, he goes after his sport, and the Lord leaves him to the paws of the tiger. My dear children, what a warning to you, if instead of being at the

Sunday-school, or at the chapel praising God, any of you are in the habit of playing, or going to the fields, or ranging through the woods, or joining wicked companions in their mirth and merriment, and thus breaking the Sabbath day, will not God visit you and punish you for such transgressions? But surely you cannot think of breaking in this manner the commandments of such a gracious Saviour as Jesus? Is it not a thousand times better to be the lambs of His flock, to taste of His grace, and to walk in His ways? Are not those the wisest and happiest children who love His Sabbaths, and keep them, and seek everlasting good? Yes, dear young friends, they receive the blessing, and whether in heathen or in Christian lands, they will become useful to their parents, and be the hope of the world. Trusting that you will be amongst those who keep God's Sabbaths, and love His cause,

I am, my dear Children,  
Yours affectionately.

A FRIEND TO THE HEATHEN.

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#### OUR OWN LIBRARY.

WE have now before us the first part of "*The Sabbath School Expository Bible*," by the REV. DR. CAMPBELL, of London. This Bible has not merely the text in small, and beautifully clear type, but numerous explanatory notes, marginal readings, Scripture references, maps and illustrations. The first monthly part contains sixty-four pages, with "a map of the world as peopled by the descendants of Noah." This is sold for fourpence! Fifteen parts will complete this valuable exposition. We cordially recommend our readers to procure it. To parents, teachers, and children, it will prove an invaluable treasure, and a greater benefit could scarcely be conferred upon our Sunday-schools than to promote in them its general circulation.

Some time ago, there appeared in this Magazine a short account of one of the most interesting young converts to Christianity that India has furnished. Her name was Bala Shoondoree Tagore. Mr. Snow has published a full account of this pious Hindoo, from the pen of the Rev. Edward Storrow, of Calcutta, with observations of the position and prospects of Hindoo Female Society. The work is entitled "*The Eastern Lily gathered.*" It is a book that ought to be known, and one that will be read both by young and old, with pleasure and profit.

We are glad to learn that "The Book Society for promoting religious Knowledge among the Poor," has purchased the valuable books and tracts published by Groom, with a view to their wider circulation. Amongst these will be found a large number admirably adapted for the young, which can be purchased at a small price. These useful little books are beautifully printed, and, as gifts or rewards to children, are not surpassed by any similar publications.

### RAPTURE.

WHAT a transport of joy,  
Without sin to alloy,  
Have the glorified spirits above!  
From all nations they come,  
And swell the loud song,  
And the chorus of Jesus's love.

The negro made white,  
As an angel of light,  
Joins the song of the saved above;  
The Gentile and Jew,  
With the pardon'd Hindoo,  
Unite in the chorus of love.

The Lamb on the throne,  
Their Saviour they own,  
They strike on their harps with delight,  
"For us he was slain,  
"And is risen again,  
"He's the King of all glory and might."

OXFORDHAMPTON,

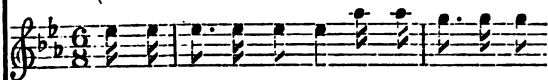
C. S.

## R A P T U R E.

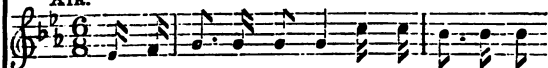
Words and Music by J. Pitts.



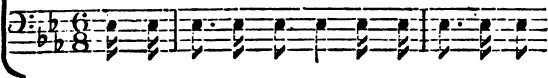
What a trans-port of joy, With-out sin to al-



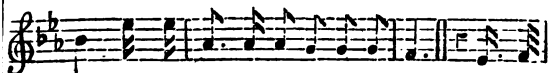
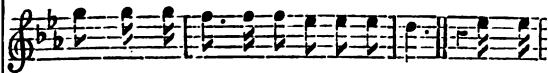
AIR.



What a trans-port of joy, With-out sin to al-



loy, Have the glo - ri-fied spi-rits a - bove; From all



loy, Have the glo - ri-fied spi-rits a - bove; From all



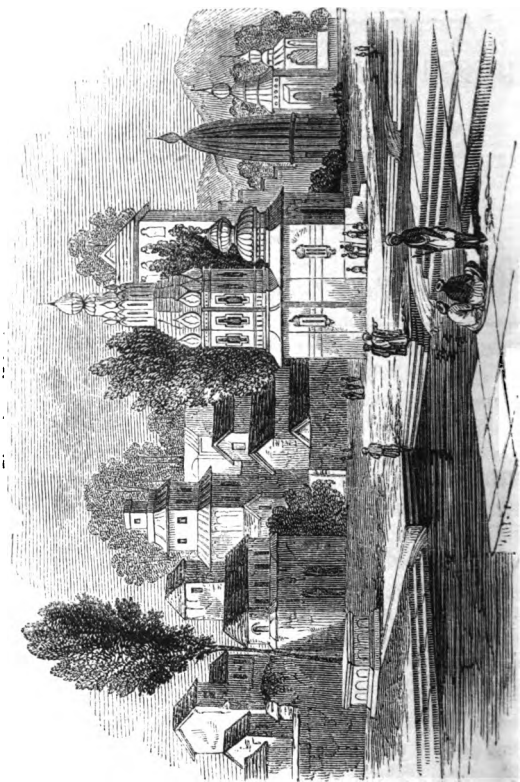
na - tions they come, And swell the loud

na - tions they come, And swell the loud

song, And the cho - rus of Je - sus's love.

song, And the cho - rus of Je - sus's love.





*Nasik, India.*

**THE**  
**JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.**

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**NOVEMBER, 1856.**

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**NASIK.**

**MANY** of our young readers, no doubt, sometimes wish they could see some of the foreign cities and strange sights about which they read, and they would especially like to visit those stations in which Missionaries are labouring. But if they have anything of the compassion for souls which constrained Jesus to weep over Jerusalem, or the zeal for God which stirred the spirit of Paul when he saw Athens wholly given to idolatry, such visits, we are sure, would often cause them more pain than pleasure. At first, indeed, the curious buildings, the swarthy countenances, and the many-coloured dresses of the people might fix their eyes, but they would soon discover upon every hand the proof that they were standing where darkness dwelt and Satan reigned. This would be especially the case in India. Let a stranger enter one of the large cities in that country, and the size and number of the temples, with other objects, would tell the tale plainly enough, that he was in a land of idols and idolaters. The heathen seldom seem ashamed of *their* religion, and they do nothing to hide it. Indeed, such as it is, religion is mixed up with nearly everything

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they do. The time and money they often spend upon it, the sufferings they bear for it, and the zeal they discover in supporting it, form a painful contrast to the cold indifference and sinful neglect of the Gospel, shown by multitudes who call themselves Christians in our own country. But there are certain places in India considered more sacred than others, and to see the full power of superstition we must look for it there. The frontispiece represents one of these places. It is a view of Nasik, a large city of the Deccan, situated upon the river Godavery. The chief buildings of the place are its temples. Some of these appear in the sketch. But you see also a part of the river, with steps leading down to it. Here thousands flock to bathe in the sacred stream, that they may wash their sins away. For Nasik is a place of Hindu pilgrimage, and one of the strongholds of Brahminism. Near it are extensive ruins of ancient Buddhist temples, which show that it was considered a sacred place even before Brahminism prevailed in the country. It is possible, that even prior to the age of Buddhism Nasik might have been a place devoted to the devil worship which was then practised by the natives. But Satan, if he can only keep his seat, cares little for the form of falsehood which his slaves believe in. Thus, we find in many parts of India, that though very different kinds of superstition have enslaved the people in different ages, their bondage is the same; and not unfrequently the same temples have been used first for one form of superstitious worship and then for another. This has probably been the case in Nasik; but Satan is not to enjoy his seat for ever. The Gospel has for many

years been faithfully preached there. At first the opposition, as was to be expected, was violent. But the Gospel is not weak. Though humble and gentle in its spirit, it has more power in it than all the rage, the pride, and the violence of its great enemy the devil can overcome. This has to some extent been the case in Nasik. There the messengers of the Gospel once could hardly speak of Christ, but now Christian agency, both native and European, is multiplied, and there is freer and more varied access to the people, both in the way of schools and preaching the Word. The Lord prosper the work, till Brahminism shall utterly disappear from the land!

Nor will anything but the Gospel convince the people of their folly, and change the customs of their fathers. Many years ago there was an attempt to do so made by a man named Tuka. He was a native of Maharashtora, and a man with strong understanding, and much natural light. He clearly saw the errors of Brahminism, and forcibly exposed them in short pithy verses and poems. During his life he was very popular. Thousands flocked to hear him discourse; and he still continued the favourite of the Mahratas. Thousands of the common people learn his poems by heart, and are fond of repeating them. Still they are not enlightened. Though the words and thoughts of Tuka, condemning Brahminism, frequently pass from their lips, they are constant in serving the Brahmins. In Tuka's words, they daily ridicule idols, and yet daily present offerings to gods of wood and stones. Nasik, in their midst, has become a city of Brahminical pilgrimage; yet they

believe, and love to repeat the following anecdote of Tuka, which shows the way in which he tried to turn his countrymen from a practice ruinous to their lives and destructive to their souls.

Some of his friends had resolved on a long pilgrimage to Gunga, which required them to visit many temples on their way. When bidding them farewell, Tuka asked them the favour to take with them, for him, a bitter gourd, and carefully to wash it in every sacred stream to which they came. After some years they returned and laid the gourd before Tuka, saying they had faithfully fulfilled his request. He then asked them to be seated, and, breaking the fruit, bid them each taste a little of it. "It is bitter," said they; "that is its natural taste." "Well," said he, "do you think that, by your numerous washings, *you* are any more changed in *your* nature? Is the bitter of depraved humanity washed out by your ten thousand ablutions? No; water touches but the skin: your sinfulness is within. Your *bodies* may have been washed, but your hearts are uncleansed. Then seek, my friends, seek what will remove your nature's bitterness."

But, poor Tuka! he could see the error, he could expose the delusion; but he could do no more. He could advise his sin-struck friends to seek a cure; but where and what that cure was, he could not tell them. He had and he used *natural* light, but the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings, had not shone upon him. He could tell his wandering countrymen that they had lost the road; but he could not point them to Him who alone is the way, the truth, and the life. Hence, though his voice was

lifted up as a strong testimony against Brahminism, and his writings remain a permanent protest against the religious delusions of the Hindus, they have failed to stem the tide of error; so that, in the very country where he lived, and among the people whom he taught, the influence of the Brahmins has spread, and Nasik has become one of their strongholds.

Thus is it ever with all that is merely human. It is the Gospel, and that only, which is the power of God and the wisdom of God. We are thankful that this doctrine is now taught in Nasik. Its influence is already felt, and will continue to be felt, till it has hurled Satan from his seat.

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**"LITTLE SPEECHES" OF SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.**

OUR readers have had many specimens of the way in which the converted natives of the South Sea Islands speak at their social and public meetings. On those occasions they love to contrast the state of their land and of themselves in former times with what it is now. This is done with grateful hearts, but sometimes in a manner which produces a smile. The following "little speech," which was made by a native of Mangaia, is given by the Rev. W. Gill. It is rather amusing, but was spoken very seriously.

"Fathers and Brethren,—Last night as I lay on my bed thinking on my present experiences, the cocks began to crow, and all at once a thought came into my mind that they resemble our teachers and Missionaries; they are always crowing, warning and teaching us from God's Word. 'Papehia' came first, and he crowed every morn-

ing and evening, making known the sins of the people and the love of God; then came 'Williamu' (Mr. Williams) and Pitimani' (Mr. Pitman), and 'Barokote' (Mr. Buzacott), and they all crowed, all alike and continually. Ah! it was morning then; and some of you fathers awoke up out of your sleep and sin, and you have had a long day; but many of us sleep on. We just heard the sound of the voice, and lifted up our eyelids, but soon folded our hands in our folly and slept on in our sin. It was thus with me; but I am thankful the Missionary did not fly away to another land and leave us to sleep on until death. He remained, and kept on crowing the Word of God. But alas! it is noonday now—my morning is passed; yet I rejoice that I have been awakened out of my sleep, and desire to give the remainder of my days to God's service."

The following is another specimen from the same Island. It was addressed to the church members by an elderly native.

"Brethren!" and, pausing for a moment, continued, "Ah! that is a new name; we did not know the proper meaning of that word in our heathenism. It is the 'evangelia a' Jesu' that has taught us the true meaning of the word 'brethren.' But am I here—here in the midst of the church of Jesus? What a marvel! I marvel, you marvel. I here! It is the boundless love of God. You all know me." Pointing to a man about his own age, he continued, "Do you not remember So-and-so, whom we killed on yonder mountain, and whose body we cooked and ate?" He mentioned three others by name, whom he and others in the church had thus devoured in cannibal feasts; and then, with tears running down his cheeks, he exclaimed, "Oh the love of God! how far beyond all measurement. These hands have killed eleven men during the reign of

Satan here, and whose bodies, with those of many others, I have eaten in our feasts. And is it true that I am here? Why, even you *young* men know me. I was a wild savage long after the Gospel was preached in this land. I was one of seventy others who blistered their breasts over the sacred fire of Tangarua's temple, and I vowed the vow of death to the Word of Jesus. I was among the number who burnt down the house of those who received that Word; and the chapel, and school houses, and Missionary's house we burnt to the ground, and only desired to burn him in it. But the work of God was more mighty than I, and I am here. I think I have loved God some three or four years past, but have not been able to profess that love by joining the church until now. Whenever I have thought of doing so, the *sin and guilt of my cannibalism have always prevented me*. This has been the great barrier, until six months ago I heard the Missionary preach from that great word written by the prophet Isaiah, which speaks thus, 'I have blotted out thy transgressions as a cloud, and as a thick cloud thy sin. Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.' That word was my salvation; and my burden was removed, my soul was set at liberty; and, because of the power and love of Jesus, I, the greatest of sinners, am here."

Surely such testimonies to the truth and power of the Gospel ought to confirm our faith in it, our assurance of its success whenever it is faithfully preached, and our earnest zeal to send it all the earth around.



## SKETCH OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

PEOPLE sometimes talk of the devotedness and self-denial of Christian Missionaries, without understanding exactly what those words mean. Of course their dangers

and difficulties vary in different countries. The Missionary among the South Sea Islanders or the Kaffirs has very different trials from one who labours in some parts of India, where there are many Europeans, and the natives in general are more civilized. But even here there are many smaller difficulties, which, though not much talked about, are yet very trying. The following account of some of these is taken from the narrative of a Missionary in South India. He writes as follows:—

“When we arrived at the spot where we were to fix our home, we enjoyed several advantages which other Missionaries do not possess. As we had already lived for three years in the country, we knew the language of the natives and were accustomed to their habits. But still we had to accomplish a very difficult task. We had first of all to provide a dwelling place. As we could not hire or buy a house, we were obliged to think about building one. As it happened to be the rainy season, it was impossible for me and my two children to live in a tent while the house was being built, and we should have been in great distress if a kind Englishman in the neighbourhood had not offered us a room in his own dwelling. I had chosen a spot for building which was in many respects convenient, but it was a long way off from any other house. When we entered our humble home I had not had time to build a fence round it, so that for a long while in the night, and sometimes even in the day, we were disturbed by the cry of wild beasts, of savage dogs, or jackalls, which came up howling even to our very door. One day, on looking out a little distance from the house, I was terribly frightened to see my little boy running in sport after a hyæna. The poor little fellow had no notion of the danger he was in, and the savage creature would have had plenty of time to kill him and carry him off before I could have reached the spot.

But, mercifully, a native, who was nearer to him than I was, rushed towards him, and was able to carry him away before the hyæna turned round to seize him. As no one had lived in this place before us, we found it filled with serpents of the most venomous kind, such as the cobra and the black snake. Scorpions also were very abundant; and when I think of the immense number of savage and poisonous creatures that we saw there at that time, I cannot be thankful enough to God that no one in my family fell a victim to them.

“I could fill a volume with an account of the dangers from which it pleased the Lord to deliver me during this period. One night we heard some violent men, who were enemies to our Missionary work, crying out at our door that they were to set fire to our house. If God had not in some way (I know not how) taken this thought out of their minds, nothing would have been easier than for them to do as they threatened, for we had no weapons to defend ourselves with, nor had we neighbours to come to help us.

“As we had not been much used to the terrible hurricanes which often sweep over this country, we had not made our little house strong enough to resist them. So one day a blast of wind carried away nearly the whole of our roof. Another time the rain poured in torrents through the thatch, which was badly fixed on, and for several hours there was not a dry corner in the house where we could shelter our poor children, one of whom was quite a babe. This was a little girl. A few days after, a violent fever seized her, and we saw her in danger of death without knowing how to preserve or soothe her. The nearest doctor lived nearly forty miles off, and such was the state of the roads that we should have had to wait three or four days before he could be fetched. But in these painful circumstances we received a proof how kind



and merciful was our God. Just at the moment when our alarm was greatest, a knock was heard at the door. We opened it, and saw a friend standing there, a person we had never seen before. We invited him in, and he proved to be an European physician. The remedies he applied to our dear child soothed her, but a few days after the departure of the stranger she was again in great danger. For a long time we even thought that she was dead, when suddenly we had the joy of seeing her open her eyes again, and say in a soft voice, 'Mamma.' At this word we fell upon our knees and thanked God for saving her. Oh, how merciful has our heavenly Father been, not only in this case, but in many others, when we had none but Him as our protector and helper."

Surely the faithful men and women who willingly place themselves in such situations because they love the Saviour and desire to do good to the souls of the heathen, deserve our sympathy and demand our prayers. Little, indeed, we can do for the good cause, compared with what is done by them; but how cheerfully should we do what we can, that we may as far as possible lighten their labours and help them in their blessed work.

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TRANSEATION OF A LETTER FROM A SAMOAN  
TEACHER AT ERROMANGA, NAMED ELIA, TO THE  
REV. MR. TURNER, DATED JULY 18TH, 1855.

OF all the islands in the South Seas, we are persuaded there is not one in whose history our readers feel more concerned than Erromanga. We are sure, therefore, that they will read the following letter with interest. It was written, as the date shows, some time after the last visit of the "John Williams," and it gives the latest intelli-

gence received in this country of the state of things in that island. That state is in many respects very, very sad. Great crimes and great sufferings still prevail among the people, and disease and death have sadly reduced the faithful little band of native evangelists who have been labouring there. Nevertheless, there is light amidst the darkness, and that light comes from heaven and will soon spread over the land. The Missionary ship will shortly pay another visit to Erromanga, and will carry other teachers there. In due time we shall receive intelligence of all this. Meanwhile, let us continue to pray that this and every other habitation of crime and cruelty may be changed by the Gospel into the peaceful home of love and purity.

"This is my letter to you. My thoughts still go forth to you with affection, as I think of the time I spent in the Institution, and of all your labours, that many may be blessed with all good.

"I now give you some account of the place, and what is going on. Mr. Hardie would give you an account of our landing. We found the places occupied by four Rarotongan teachers. There were four of us from Samoa, viz. Paulo, Isaaka, Mailei, and myself. We deliberated whether to separate one by one, or two by two. We decided on occupying four districts, two to each place. At this time, a great many chiefs came, entreating us to let them have teachers to reside in their settlements. We then separated, and were located two and two in four places. But in the month of November, 1854, we were taken ill with the shivering sickness. In December, one of the Rarotongans went to Lifu with his family, on account of sickness. The same month, the daughter of Isaaka died. On the 13th of the same month Paulo died. On the 9th of February my own wife Nasareta died. On the 22nd of

that month Isaaka left, and went to Aneiteum. On the 4th of March, the daughter of Mailei died. On the 7th of May Mailei left for Aneiteum. These teachers who went away left for no other reason than bad health. And as to the dead, what are we to say about them? 'They all died in faith.' Yes; their labours in the Lord were 'not in vain.' Although the death of the body has reached them, they 'shall not be hurt of the second death.' 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' Rev. ii. 10, 11. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' Rev. xiv. 13. From these words we know that they are now with their Lord, the companions of angels, and the servants of God.

"But about this people. They have a great desire to get teachers for all their villages; but it is impossible now, as we are so few in number—only four. We occupy two stations, two at each place, and preach, and have schools for teaching the people how to use letters and read. The people about this place (Dillon's Bay) are engaged in war.

\* \* \* \* \*

"But there are other great evils done just before us in the village here. In February last, the sons of the chief Roua killed a man, and took his body as a present to another chief. In April, the chief Naiuan had a feast in honour of a chief. Yams and pigs were prepared, and, in addition, a woman was killed, and her body cooked and served up with the yams and pork. These things are done here, where my Rarotongan friend and I reside. When are these customs to end? We want a great many labourers to light up the land with the Word of God, and then all these things will pass away. But there is one

thing: although the chiefs and people here do such things, they are very kind to us. We live in perfect peace. There is nothing to make us afraid. No ill treatment, no savage cruelty; and although there are only the two villages who are professedly Christian, nothing has been stolen from us.

“As to their heathen worship, there is but little of that. They tell me they have only one god, called Nobu, who made heaven and earth and all things. After he made all things he went to a distant land and dwells there. If I ask where it is, they say they do not know where it is, but are sure that Nobu lives on a distant island. So, you see, they have only *one* god. I suppose that is the reason we do not see idols and other ceremonies common in heathen lands. There are no priests of the gods like those in Samoa of old. Other bad customs, such as were common formerly on Aneiteum and other islands, do not exist here. I mean the strangling of the widows on the death of a chief, and the killing of children when parents could not be troubled with them. Parents here are remarkably kind to their children. There is just this sad killing of grown-up people. But they tell me it is nothing now-a-days to what it was formerly. Now people go about more freely from place to place than they did formerly, and few are killed. We see ourselves that there is a good deal of intercourse among them and not many killed. It seems as if they were becoming afraid of the savage custom, and as if love and friendship are beginning to grow among them.

“The number on Erromanga who profess Christianity is about two hundred. Our work is rendered difficult by the scattered state of the population. They are not collected in large villages, but are scattered here and there in the bush and among the mountains. Mana (a young Erroman-

gan who was in the Institution at Malua upwards of two years) is of great service, and constantly exerting himself that the Word of God may grow in his land. He resides with us here.

"May you all be blessed with the love of our Lord Jesus Christ! Amen.

"I am

(Signed) "ELIA."

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### ZULU CUSTOMS.

THE Zulus in South Africa have many absurd and superstitious customs. The following account, taken from the journal of a Missionary labouring amongst them, presents a striking example of their folly:—

"Last night," he writes, "I was awoke by loud shoutings, uttered so near my window that at first I was rather frightened. This morning, when I went to find out the reason of this noise, I was told it was made by a troop of fifty girls between eight and sixteen years of age. During the night they had been performing a ceremony which they celebrate every year at this season. This was to go and *bury their colds*. It is a very old custom, and the parents of the children are very careful to see that it is performed. All the young girls of the same village bind the lower part of their legs with long cords made of a kind of grass. They then walk in procession to a spot that has been fixed upon, and on arriving there, they dig a hole in the ground and throw the cords into it, crying out all the time in the way in which I heard them, and joining in a kind of irregular dance. The people of the country believe that this ceremony preserves them for a whole year from colds and coughs; but it so happens that they are more common

at this time of the year than at any other. Instead of keeping them from colds, we think the custom is the very way to produce them, for they take this walk and indulge in this violent exercise in the middle of the night, and at the hour when very cold dews fall."

You will all see how ignorant and foolish these people are, and how much they need the light of the Gospel; but the next account, taken from the journal of the same Missionary, shows their sad state still more clearly. It is a description of a marriage amongst them, and as you read it you may well feel thankful to God that you were not born a little Zulu boy or girl, but "a happy English child." The Missionary writes:—

"To-day all has been noise and confusion around us. Piercing cries have echoed through the neighbouring hills, and on every side long processions of men, women, and children have been seen moving towards one of the larger villages of the country. If I had been anywhere else than among the Zulus I should have fancied those shrill and harsh shouts had been cries of distress; but instead of that they were shouts of joy. One of the richest men of the country was taking a new wife, and all the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages were hurrying off to ask for a share in the wedding feast. They knew that they would find there plenty of beer and tobacco, that several bullocks would be killed and eaten, and that after the meal they could indulge in those savage dances that they so much like. I will not follow them into those scenes of rioting and sin. We will only speak of the principal parties of the festival. A glance at them will be enough to give you an idea of one of the miseries of pagan life.

"Look first at the husband. He is a disagreeable, cross, slovenly, and extremely selfish old man, about sixty years of age. For the last twenty years at least his only object

in living has been to increase the number of his cattle and his wives. His home consists of six huts built in the fashion of the country, and furnished with all that the people here consider as the conveniences of life. There our Zulu reigns like a tyrant, and his wives and children know very well that they must make up their minds to obey his orders and satisfy his whims. Nearly all his time is spent either in hunting or drinking and smoking and idling away his time. He generally goes about naked, and will not wear clothing unless he is forced to do so.

“From the husband let us turn to the wife. We can easily distinguish her to-day by the dress her bridegroom has given her. This is a tanned ox-hide, which has been painted black and cut square. It is covered with an enormous number of copper buttons and small shells, which are supposed to be great ornaments. The young girl is only fourteen years old, and the reason of her being chosen for a wife is because she can dig well and carry heavy bundles. To-day she seems very happy and proud at the thought that she is to be the wife of a rich man. Poor thing! she would not be quite so gay if she knew what lot awaited her. She has been bought for ten oxen, and her husband reckons that she will work so hard that he will not lose his money. He is not at all likely to make a bad bargain. If she is not strong enough for the tasks he orders her to do, or if some disease seizes her, her tyrant will not pity her any more than he does his older wives. He will treat her so badly that in order to preserve herself from his cruelty she will most likely work herself to death, or at any rate bring on premature old age. Although she is the seventh wife of this man, she will have her regular work as well as her companions. She will have to warm, clean, and plaster his hut, to dig his garden, to fill his corn measures and tobacco boxes, and to carry his calabashes and water

pans. His life will still be just as it has formerly been, a life of idleness and selfishness ; hers will be one of nothing but labour and suffering of all kinds. The women are treated just like slaves, or rather beasts of burden ; we cannot wonder, then, that their minds seem crushed and their hearts hardened. We can scarcely find a single one of them who is able to understand anything about the Gospel."

But the wicked custom of marrying many wives is as injurious to the parents as it is to their children. If they have daughters, they are pleased, not because they love them, as your parents love you, but because they can sell them ; and the man, no matter who or what he is, who will give the greatest number of bullocks, will have her for his wife.

Now these facts will show how sad the state of the Zulus is. But it is delightful to know that Missionaries are now labouring for their good, and that the light of God's Word has found its way into the dark understandings and depraved hearts of some of them. And as the first beams of morning are the pledge to us that the sun will arise and make the day, so we are sure that the Gospel which has risen upon this people will before long shed its blessed influence upon them, making them wise, holy, and happy.



### THE UNKNOWN CHRISTIANS.

A GREAT work is going on in British India. Already there are in that land of idols more than a hundred thousand professed Christians, and Missionaries are constantly sending accounts of new converts from among the heathen. But much good, besides what we see, is being done in India ; and many facts show that the people are beginning to know



and think more about the religion of the Bible, and to laugh at the superstitions of their own country. The following are some illustrations of this.

A native teacher, in one of his journeys, came to an Indian village. This village stood in the middle of a thick jungle, and no Missionary had ever been there before. On entering the place he naturally looked hither and thither for the idol temple, which is always a conspicuous object in Indian towns and villages, but it was nowhere to be seen. Thinking that the inhabitants might be Mahometans, he tried to find out their mosque; but there was none. At this he was much surprised, and could not make it out. He then went to some of the villagers, and asked them how this was; and you may suppose how amazed and pleased he was to receive from them the answer, "We believe in Jesus."

"You believe in Jesus!" said the teacher. When and how have you learned anything about him?"

"Several years ago," said one, "a man from our village went to a distant fair, and there received two books, which he brought home and showed to us. We read them; and ever since have resolved to follow the religion of which they told us."

"But where are these books?" asked the teacher, becoming more and more interested.

"We think them so valuable," said the native, "that we keep them carefully shut up in a box, and never take them out, except when we meet together to hear them read."

"And where is this box?"

"It is kept at the house of the chief man of the village."

The teacher asked to be led to the house where these precious treasures were, but he was not able to see them that day, because the person who had charge of them was away from home. A few days afterwards he was more

fortunate; but when he saw them his surprise was still more increased. They were two excellent religious tracts, but were written in a dialect of the language quite different from that spoken by the villagers. In consequence of this, they could not thoroughly understand the meaning of the books; but in spite of this difficulty, they had been led by reading them to give up the worship of idols and serve the true God. How wonderful is the power of "the truth as it is in Jesus!" Our readers may easily suppose that the religious knowledge of these people was very imperfect, and mixed with much that was false. But they were most thankful to be taught the way of the Lord more perfectly by the native Christian; and they listened eagerly while he pointed out their errors, and instructed them in the true way of salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.

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## THE AFRICAN GIRL'S APPEAL.

MANY years ago an excellent man, named Marshall, went as a Missionary of the Wesleyan Society to the west coast of Africa. There God blessed his labours, but death met him in the midst of his work. The people mourned the loss of their teacher, and the afflicted widow with a little babe embarked for her native land. Too weak and sickly to bear the voyage alone, she engaged an African girl to attend her. The ship reached Bristol; but two days afterwards Mrs. Marshall breathed her last amongst strangers, leaving her infant in the hands of its African nurse. The poor girl hastened to London with her little charge, assured that friends and helpers would be found there. And so it proved.

One gold morning, in the month of October, some young men who wished to go forth to the heathen were walking

to the Mission-house, then in Hatton Garden, and just as they reached the place they met there the negro girl with a sickly-looking white baby in her arms. They asked her who she was, and where she had come from; and while her black arms were fondly folded round the child, and tears were flowing down her face, she told them about her country, and about the dear Missionary and his wife, whom the people loved; how they had laboured, and suffered, and died; and about the sad state of her people, now left without any one to teach them the Gospel. So touching was the poor girl's tale of sorrow, and so powerful her appeal on behalf of her people, that her words went to the heart of one of the young men. At once he offered to go forth to that sickly clime and fill the place of the dead. He was accepted by the committee, and in a few weeks he was on his way to Africa. On reaching Bathurst, the place at which he was to labour, the Christian natives there heard with great joy of his arrival. Soon they gathered upon the beach to give him their heartiest welcome; and when he came near the shore many of them plunged into the surf, lifted the Missionary and his wife out of the boat, and carried them to land. When they had set them down they wept aloud for joy, again and again kissed their hands, and, with feelings too strong for words, exclaimed, "Tank God, tank God, Mr. Marshall die; but God send us nuder minister." And so it proved. The Missionary entered upon his work, believing the promise, "Lo, I am with you always." Many were converted. Other labourers followed him to the same field. The Mission spread beyond the people for whom it was first established. The Foulahs soon heard the glad sound of the Gospel, and not a few will rejoice in the day of the Lord in the good which has followed from the visit and the appeal of the poor African girl.

## THE HEATHEN FATHER AND HIS CHILD.

THE following fact took place at Long Kloof, one of the stations of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, and it shows how even young children may get good and do good by what they learn at school out of the Word of God.

A wicked man (who cared nothing about his soul) was persuaded by a relation to send two of his children to the Mission school. One was a boy of eight, and a girl of six years old. As the station was some distance from the home of the children, the Missionary took care of them; but after a few weeks the father wanted the boy to take care of some cattle, and came to fetch him from school. The little fellow, however, loved his teachers and liked his lessons. He therefore did not wish to go home again, and he told his father so; and when asked his reason, he said, "It is because I can learn nothing good at the place where father lives." "But," said the father, "what can such a thing as you learn here?" "Father," said the boy, "I *have* learned something." "Repeat it then," said the man, when the boy replied, "'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Does father know who Jesus Christ is? He is the Son of God. Does father know who are sinners? All are sinners." This conversation so affected the father that he returned home without the boy, and in a few weeks came back an altered man, having, as he said, met with the precious Word of God.



## THE INFANT SACRIFICE.

## A TRUE TALE.

COOL evening's soft unclouded light,  
 Shone pure on Gunga's sacred stream,  
 Where every tiny ripple bright  
 Caught, as it flowed, a parting beam.  
 With rapid and uneven pace  
 A Hindu mother bore her child,  
 Bedewing oft its infant face  
 With bitter tears of anguish wild.  
 On to the river's brink she sped ;  
 Then stood all beautiful and young,  
 And silent o'er the baby's head  
 A wreath of fairest flowerets hung.  
 Then, with a strange and wild embrace,  
 And a quick glance of speechless woe,  
 First on the babe's unconscious face,  
 Next on the river's tranquil flow,  
 She dash'd beneath the gurgling wave  
 The treasure of her heart's deep joy ;  
 No Christian arm was there to save  
 The Hindu mother's hapless boy.  
 Soft flow'd the stream, and bore along  
 The infant to a wooded ledge,  
 Where drooping branches, green and strong,  
 Hung downward to the silvery edge.  
 The baby grasp'd a bough, and crept  
 Up to the green bank, where he clung ;  
 No more the affrighted mother wept,  
 For Gunga's terrors o'er her hung.\*  
 She seized the panting boy ; her hand—  
 The mother's hand—destroy'd her child !  
 Then flung him from the verdant strand,  
 Far on the wave with gesture wild.  
 Sad was her silent home that night,  
 And chill her heavy heart, and lone ;  
 Poor mother ! could that offering bright  
 For thy deep heartfelt guilt atone ?  
 Ah no ! thy loved one died in vain ;  
 Yet there's a Sacrifice for thee—  
 A spotless Lamb for sin was slain,  
 When Jesus died on Calvary.  
 How beautiful on India's plains  
 The feet of those who publish peace !  
 Who soothe her weeping daughters' pains,  
 And bid their blood-stain'd offerings cease !

*Missionary Record.*

\* Had the infant escaped, she would have believed herself under the curse of Gunga,





*Yeu Gardens at Shanghai.*

# THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1856.

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## CHINESE CITIES.

It is very probable that many of our young friends think those wonderful old cities in China, about which they often read in this Magazine, very gloomy places. It is quite true that the streets are generally only three yards wide; that the upper stories of those curiously-carved half-timber houses overhang the roadway, and that the roofs stand out still farther, so that there is little sun or air along those narrow, crowded passages. But sometimes open spaces are found in the middle of these cities, and the picture in this month's Magazine represents one of these in Shanghae, called the Tea Gardens. It is a large square with heathen temples, and some of the public buildings of the city around it. The ground is arranged very beautifully. A part of it forms a lake, and the remainder is planted with trees, or laid out in walks. Near the middle is a building resembling a large summer-house, with several elegant rooms, and with broad and shady verandahs, where, in the cool of the day, many come together to drink tea and to enjoy the open air.

In the picture you will see a great crowd of people in the front of a large building. The building is a heathen temple, and the crowd in the front of it is one



of those processions in which they often go to their temples to honour their foolish idols.

The first day of the New Year is especially a day of religious merriment. The working man rests from his toil, and puts on his best clothes; the shops are closed; the streets and houses are decorated with lanterns and pictures; there is ringing of bells, a beating of gongs, and in the temples much chanting of prayers, attended with noisy music. When their rites are over, they generally spread a feast, which they profess to have prepared for the spirits of their departed relatives, and for the dead of all former ages: but after much bowing, as if in the presence of these departed spirits, they sit down and make a hearty meal themselves. The day is finished with a grand illumination, and with the discharge of fireworks, which they imagine to be acceptable to their gods.

The Missionaries of the London Missionary Society have built a chapel close to these Tea Gardens, and, through the blessing of God resting upon their teaching, many of the Chinese have now given up these follies, and are the sincere worshippers of the true God. In one of the schools, conducted by an American lady, sixteen children have rejected idolatry, and have requested that they may receive the ordinance of Christian baptism.

It is very sorrowful to think that so many millions of people in China should do such foolish and wicked things, and imagine that these absurdities are acceptable to God; but at the same time it is very pleasant and hopeful to know that some of them are giving up these abominable practices, and, through the teaching of the Missionaries, learning the ways of God.

MANAIKI, WHAT IT WAS, AND WHAT IT IS.

*To the Readers of the Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

Mangaia, South Pacific,

June 16, 1856.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I often think that you would be very much gratified and encouraged if you could hear and see what the Gospel has done for the natives of Polynesia. If you could only come across the ocean and visit some of these islands, and go among the people, you would understand what they once were, and what they are now, far better than by reading the longest or the best account that could be written. We have just heard from Manaiki, where, you will remember, two native teachers, from the Institution at Rarotonga, went in 1849, for the first time, to teach and preach the name of Jesus. When they first landed, they were robbed of almost everything they had; but "they took joyfully the spoiling of their goods," believing that God would bless and protect them. The teachers suffered many privations and hindrances at first, but they gave themselves to their work day after day, and God has greatly prospered their labours. When the "John Williams" went to Sydney in 1852, it was arranged that Maretu, a very devoted and judicious teacher, should be sent to Manaiki to see if it were possible and proper to form a Christian church in their midst.

After much anxious thought and earnest prayer, the teachers baptized about twenty individuals, and afterwards formed a church. Surely we ought to thank God, "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness," that he "hath shined in their hearts to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Maretu, one of the teachers, has now returned from Manaiki, and has brought us some particulars about the people, which I have thought you would like to know. He says they formerly worshipped four principal idols, who were named *Ikaiara*, *Puarenga*, *Teururenga*, and *Kairua-vaka*. The chief part of the food of the island was held sacred for these idols. Large quantities of cocoa nuts and fish were continually taken to the Maraes, and the poor deluded heathen hoped by this means to get the protection and help of their gods. So much food was sometimes taken to the temples, that the people suffered all the evils of famine. Only think how blind and superstitious they must have been to have been willing to deny themselves necessary food that they might honour their false and worthless deities, and these idols so powerful were yet very contemptible things. They were mere drift-wood from the ocean, or the leaves of a tree that grows upon the island. But at length the teachers gained so much influence over their minds, and they began to see the folly of idolatry, that they resolved to burn their idols.

For a long time, however, some of the most powerful chiefs tried to prevent this. One of them, on the night before they were to be burned, thinking that perhaps, after all the teachers had said, these gods were powerful, resolved to put their power to the test. So he passed the whole night within the sacred part of the Marae, praying his idols to give him a sign of their power that he might prevent their being burnt. "*Is not Ikaiara mighty? Is not Puarenga my god? Let them now grant what I desire! Let there be showers of rain! Let there be a great tempest! Let the ocean be tossed in billows, that my gods may not be burnt in the fire!*" Such was the heathen's prayer from the evening until the morning; but it was with him as it was in the days of Elijah, when the

false prophets cried from morning until noon, "O Baal, hear us!" There was no voice, nor any that answered, for the sea remained calm, and the heavens gave no rain.

When the chief found his prayers in vain, he consented to the burning of the idols; "For," said he, "the Lord, he is God." Still many of the heathen were opposed to the daring deed, and even after the idols had been set on fire, some of them, in their rage, tried to put out the flames by heaping stones and rubbish upon the burning mass; but it was all to no purpose, for the idols were utterly destroyed.

After this they gave themselves up to grief, and began to cut themselves in various parts of their bodies, in token of that grief. But now they see their folly, and instead of putting their trust in lying vanities, they know that name which is above every name, whereby they may be saved.

We cannot be too thankful to God that he has been pleased to honour the labours of these native teachers in that once benighted island. Some of their customs, while in their heathen state, were very shocking. For example, after a body had been buried for three days they would frequently dig it up and cut off the head. This they very carefully kept in a sacred basket, and carried with them when they took a voyage. If, while on the sea, they were overtaken by a storm, or by heavy rains, they would offer prayer to the skull, that the violence of the storm might cease. But they did not trust in these skulls only, for their canoes always contained a large quantity of human bones besides, which they carefully kept near or upon their persons while they were at sea, believing that under their protection they were safe. They especially regarded the bones of the head, the bones of the hands, or the bones of the feet of any chief as being very sacred; and no fisherman would ever think of launching his canoe without some of

these bones, to insure his success. So dark and benighted are the thoughts of man, without the light and the knowledge of the ever-blessed Gospel of Christ.

Another custom, once common in Manaiki, was for all the members of the family of a dead person to meet around the grave, every one bringing a large present of food. They would then call upon the dead to awake and eat, saying, "Awake! O my friend! Here is food; arise and eat!" On returning to their homes after these visits to the dead, they would become more excited, and indulge in wild and heathenish lamentations.

But better and brighter days have dawned upon these poor people. They can now think of some of their dead as having died in Christ, and they sorrow not as others which have no hope.

Now, my dear young friends, this short account will, I hope, gratify and encourage you. See what the Gospel can do. See what it has done; and read the Word of God, to know what it is still destined to do. "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." Pray more and labour more that the whole earth may be filled with his glory.

Yours faithfully,

GEO. GILL.



### A JOURNEY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

TRAVELLING is so easy, and often so pleasant to those who live in this country, that we can scarcely form an idea of the difficulties which Missionaries sometimes meet with in going about amongst the heathen. Of these difficulties the following account, from an excellent French Missionary in South Africa, will give our readers some idea. The journey was from his own station, Motito, to a place called

Mekuatling. "We had," he writes, "for a long time before made preparations, as it is no easy matter to travel in this country. When we had provided plenty of food, cooking vessels, &c. &c., and everything was ready, we started one afternoon in our waggon, and took the road which led towards Mekuatling. We could not go very far that day, and stopped for the night almost within sight of Motito. About an hour and a half after we had unyoked the oxen, and it was quite dark, we had just finished our supper, when suddenly a cruel enemy—a lion, who took good care to let us know he was near—pounced upon one of our cattle at some distance from our little encampment. 'One of the bullocks is bellowing,' shouted out one of our servants, through the darkness. The men start up, rush hither and thither to try and find the other cattle. One of them comes suddenly almost close to the scene of battle, and hears for a short time the struggles of the poor victim and the growling of the lion, who was no doubt enjoying his victory. However, the other bullocks are all safely brought back and tied to the waggon, and then we begin to inquire which of them is missing. Unfortunately, we find it is one of the strongest and best we have. The question is next asked, what is to be done? As we had only two muskets, and the night was very dark, every one saw that it would be dangerous immediately to attack the robber. So I told our driver to load the fire-arms, and wait for the daylight. Shortly after, we conducted our usual family worship by the fire we had kindled, although the lion was enjoying his feast only about two hundred yards off. I then laid down to rest, and slept as usual. But this was not the case with our servants. Whether it was from fear, or merely from excitement, I cannot say, but certainly they had scarcely a wink of sleep all night. Yet they had no cause for alarm; they might have been

quite sure that the lion would not have left his feast to attack them, so long as they let him alone.

“When it was day, two men went to the spot where the struggle had taken place. The lion had spent all night there; but on seeing them coming he thought it prudent not to stop any longer, so away he walked. For a long time they followed his track, but he glided on in front of them among the trees and bushes which covered the country, so that they could not catch a single glimpse of his majesty. As for the poor bullock, the lower part of the body was torn in pieces and devoured, but all the rest was untouched. It would have been a pity to have left so much good beef in the desert, so we put it into the waggon, and took it away with us. No doubt when the lion returned in the evening, he would be mortified to find his supper gone, for he certainly did not intend to be our butcher.

“Two days after this, we had to pass a valley through which, in general, a waggon moves as easily as on a paved road, but where the late rains had made the ground soft and muddy. Not expecting any danger, we were going on without much care, when all at once we saw our wheels and our cattle sinking into the mud. This was rather alarming, I can assure you; for when we get into such a situation, it is no easy matter to get out again. Fortunately for us, we had two sets of bullocks, and those that were then dragging us were not so strong as the others. So we fastened the stronger set in their place; but even these we should not have got across the valley without unloading the waggon, if I had not discovered a harder piece of ground a little way up the side of the hill. We slept that night a good day's journey from Mamousa, the town of the Coranna chief Mosheu. The next day, near the evening, we arrived at a hill, where we had to leave the regular road and travel across a plain toward Mamonsa. We kept on our road for a long time;

but at last, as none of us knew where we were, we were obliged to stop before reaching the town. On the next day, which was the Sabbath, we found ourselves near the hill where Mosheu lived. Here we stopped till Monday; but I went twice a-day on foot to attend the religious services in the town.

“Some of you, perhaps, know something of the tribe of Mosheu. It is only a small one, but it is remarkable on account of the influence which has been exerted upon it by the Gospel. The chief himself is a member of the Christian church of Mamousa, as also his brother Andries, who is a catechist in the church. You will find many interesting particulars about them in Mr. Moffat's book on South Africa.

“We learned from the Corannas that the Vaal, a river which we had to cross in our way, could not be forded. This fact was a cause of much difficulty to us; but as we hoped the water might soon sink, and become shallow enough for our waggon to cross, we decided to go on our way. On the morning of my departure I went to the school, which was kept by a nephew of the chief, and numbered about sixty scholars, great and small. I gave to the highest division of the school a copy of ‘Line upon Line,’ in the Sichuana language. To the young teacher, as a mark of approval, I gave a copy of part of the Old Testament in the same language. Two days afterwards, we reached the banks of the Vaal. There was a great deal of water in the bed of the river, although it was not full; but before we had been there long, it increased very much, covering the bottoms of the trees which grew by its side, and sweeping down the trunks of willow trees which had been torn up by their roots. We were kept here eight days. On the other side of the river there was a native village, but on our side only a few huts. Still I met with one Christian, and this gave me much pleasure. During our stoppags here, persons



crossed the river several times by swimming. They managed also to help others across who could not swim, by means of floats, in the following manner. Two logs of wood, about four or six feet long, were fastened side by side, and a piece placed across them was fastened to each by a peg. This sort of raft was put in the water, and the man who could not swim, placing his breast against the cross beam and seizing the logs, was pushed across by two friends who were able to swim. Fortunately, there were no crocodiles in the river.

"After waiting seven days, hoping the river would become passable, we were obliged to give up all hopes of reaching Mekuatleng, and started on our way home. While returning, we spent another Sabbath at Mamousa, when I preached twice. In the evening several persons came to speak to me on the subject of personal religion. On Monday, after selling and giving away a great many books, we started home again. On the Wednesday evening, we stopped at a place called Gaboloko, where several poor Bechuanas lived. I asked them to come and join in our family worship. As no one had entered when we were about to begin, I invited them afresh. But what do you think was their answer? 'We do not pray'—that is, we do not wish to pray. Poor people!

"Two days afterwards we safely reached home, and our only regret was, that we had been unable to carry out our plan."



#### A LESSON FROM AN ELEPHANT.

CHILDREN who read the newspapers may have seen what has been done lately in the kingdom of Oude. The native government of that rich province had become so corrupt, a few months ago, that the English dethroned the king, and added his dominions to their own. Now you may have

thought that this prince was treated very badly ; and you may have pitied him in your hearts as the victim of a great wrong. But here is a story that will show what sort of a man he was, and it will teach you an important lesson.

This king of Oude has always taken great delight in cruel sports. He has had wild animals caught and brought before him, that he might see them fight. Tigers were made to tear each other in pieces ; and tame elephants were exposed to furious onsets from wild ones. It sometimes happened, moreover, that men were wounded or killed in these dreadful encounters. You shall see how it came about in one instance.

A favourite elephant, whose name was Malleer, was once pitted against a formidable antagonist of his own species. You can easily suppose that the conflict was terrible. It took place in a large arena, around which the king and his court, with thousands of his people, had assembled. Just when the vast multitude were looking upon the scene with intense interest, Malleer killed his keeper ! He had become enraged during the struggle, and scarcely knew what he was doing. He really loved the man, and would never have hurt a hair of his head, if he had not been maddened by the fight.

But the wonderful part of the story is yet to come. "Our alarm and horror," says an eye-witness, "were increased at seeing a woman rushing from the side whence Malleer had made his appearance, directly towards the animal. She had an infant in her arms, and she ran as fast as her burden would permit. Frantic with grief she exclaimed, 'Oh, Malleer, Malleer ! Cruel, savage beast ! See what you have done. Here, finish our house at once. You have taken off the roof ; now break down the walls. You have killed my husband whom you loved so well ; now kill me and his son.' To those unaccustomed to India this

language may appear unnatural. But the keepers and their families live with the elephants which they attend, and talk to them as to reasonable beings, in reproof, in praise, in entreaty, in anger. A strong affection seems to subsist between them.

What became of that daring woman? This same eyewitness shall answer the question. "We expected," he says, "to see the fierce animal turn from the mangled remains of the husband to tear the wife and child asunder. We were agreeably disappointed. Malleer's rage was satiated, and he now felt remorse for what he had done. You could see it in his drooping ears and downcast head. He took his foot off the shapeless carcass. The wife threw herself upon it, and the elephant stood by, respecting her grief. It was a touching spectacle. The woman lamented loudly, turning now and then to the elephant to reproach him, whilst he stood as if conscious of his fault, looking sadly at her. Once or twice the unconscious infant caught at his trunk and played with it. He had doubtless played with it often before, for this is no uncommon thing. It is no uncommon thing, indeed, to see the elephant waving his trunk over a child, allowing it to go to a little distance, and then tenderly bringing it back again, as tenderly as a mother would."

But we have not come to the end of our story. At length the king shouted, "Let the woman call him off, he will obey her." It was even so. He did just what she told him to do. Again the king spoke: "Let her mount the animal with her child, and take him away." She ordered the huge creature to kneel down, and he did so. She mounted; but what happened then? Poor Malleer gave her the mutilated body of her husband; and after she had received this, he placed in her arms her little boy! She sat upon his neck in her husband's place, and led him

quietly away. From that day she was his keeper; he would have no other! When most angry, she had but to command, and he obeyed. The touch of her hand on his trunk was enough to calm his most violent outbursts of temper. She could lead him without fear or danger to herself; and the authority which she had thus obtained was expected to descend to her son.

Children may learn two important things from the conduct of this elephant. Yes, a brute animal may become your teacher. 1. *No one can tell what he will do when he is angry.* Just remember this story of Malleer. It may keep you out of some great crime. 2. *If any little boy or girl shall ever get angry, and do some very wicked thing, the wrongful act should be mourned over and repaired.* Think of this elephant after he had killed his keeper, and the lesson will guide you into the right way. —*Dayspring.*



### THE FATAL LEAP.

MR. HOPFNER, a Missionary at Ghazeepore, in Northern India, gives the following account of a remarkable spot he lately visited:—

“During our last Missionary tour in the Arras district,” he writes, “we visited several interesting places. Among others was a mountain called the Rotasgurh. If you look at a good map of India you will see it marked about sixty miles south-east of Benares. It is fifteen hundred feet high, and with a base of more than fifty miles round. On the top is a large old castle, from which we get a good view over the whole mountain. It is built entirely of stone, which is even used instead of wood for the beams and rafters. There are at least two hundred rooms in it. Some of them are nearly in ruins; but others are kept in good repair and occupied by an Englishman. There is

also a very good well of water, besides an orchard and an old fish-pond on the mountain. It used to be the home of a king until the year A.D. 1517, when it was treacherously taken by the Mohammedans. We are also shown the tomb of an Indian king, whose dead body was burned on the top of it. According to heathen custom his widow was standing by, quite ready to be burned on the funeral pile of her husband; but while she was preparing to place herself by his side the Brahmins told her she could choose either to be burned or to jump over a precipice. And as they also assured her that the latter way of dying would be more pleasing to the gods she chose it. She then walked to a part of the mountain where there was a steep precipice straight down to the bottom, and took the fatal leap to the depth of *fifteen hundred feet*, fully believing what the false Brahmins told her, that, by so doing, she would gain salvation for herself, her husband, her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren! Is not this frightful—the work of the devil himself, who is the father of lies? We suppose there are no people in the world that Satan has more deceived and enslaved than the Hindoos. And yet they believe that no nation on earth is holier and purer than they are. But we hope the day is coming when the chains by which Satan holds fast his wretched slaves will be broken. Already the work is going on; for Jesus Christ, by means of his Missionary servants, is proclaiming “liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.”

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THE MISSIONARY SHIP “JOHN WILLIAMS.”  
OUR readers generally, and particularly those of them who gave and collected so much to repair and fit out the “John Williams,” will rejoice to hear that she safely reached Cape Town on the 1st of October, after a pleasant and prosperous voyage.

## A CALL TO THE CHILDREN.

O YE rising generation,  
 In our happy Christian lands,  
 There is earnest work preparing  
 For your strong united hands !  
 In your times of quiet study,  
 In your merry hours of play,  
 Let the hope of high achievements  
 Nerve your spirits day by day.  
 There's a noble harvest waiting,  
 But the labourers are few ;  
 O ye band of youthful reapers !  
 Is there nought that you can do ?  
 Will you leave that whitening harvest  
 For the enemy to spoil,  
 While the reapers, over wearied,  
 Faint amid their noon-day toil !  
 There's a mighty battle waging,  
 But the warriors soon must go  
 To the heavenly Church victorious,  
 From contending hosts below.  
 O ye bands of youthful soldiers,  
 To your Captain's cause be true ;  
 Come and fill their vacant places,  
 For the Lord hath need of you.  
 There are crowds of starving beggars  
 In a land of want afar,  
 While within your Father's mansion  
 There is plenty and to spare.  
 Oh ! if you have ever tasted  
 Of the true and living Bread,  
 See that from your large abundance  
 All these hungry souls be fed.  
 There are countless numbers lying  
 All abroad on heathen ground,  
 They are languishing and dying  
 Of the Serpent's deadly wound.  
 Will you stand and see them perish,  
 When a med'cine you can give ?  
 O by Him who died to save you,  
 Bid them look to Christ and live !  
 Do you cry, " Who is sufficient  
 For such vast momentous things ?"  
 Holy Spirit ! come upon them  
 With thy rushing, mighty wings ;  
 Speed them forward on their mission  
 With Thy all-prevailing Word ;  
 Then shall earth's divided kingdoms  
 Soon belong to Christ the Lord !

ANNA.

—Carrier Dove.

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